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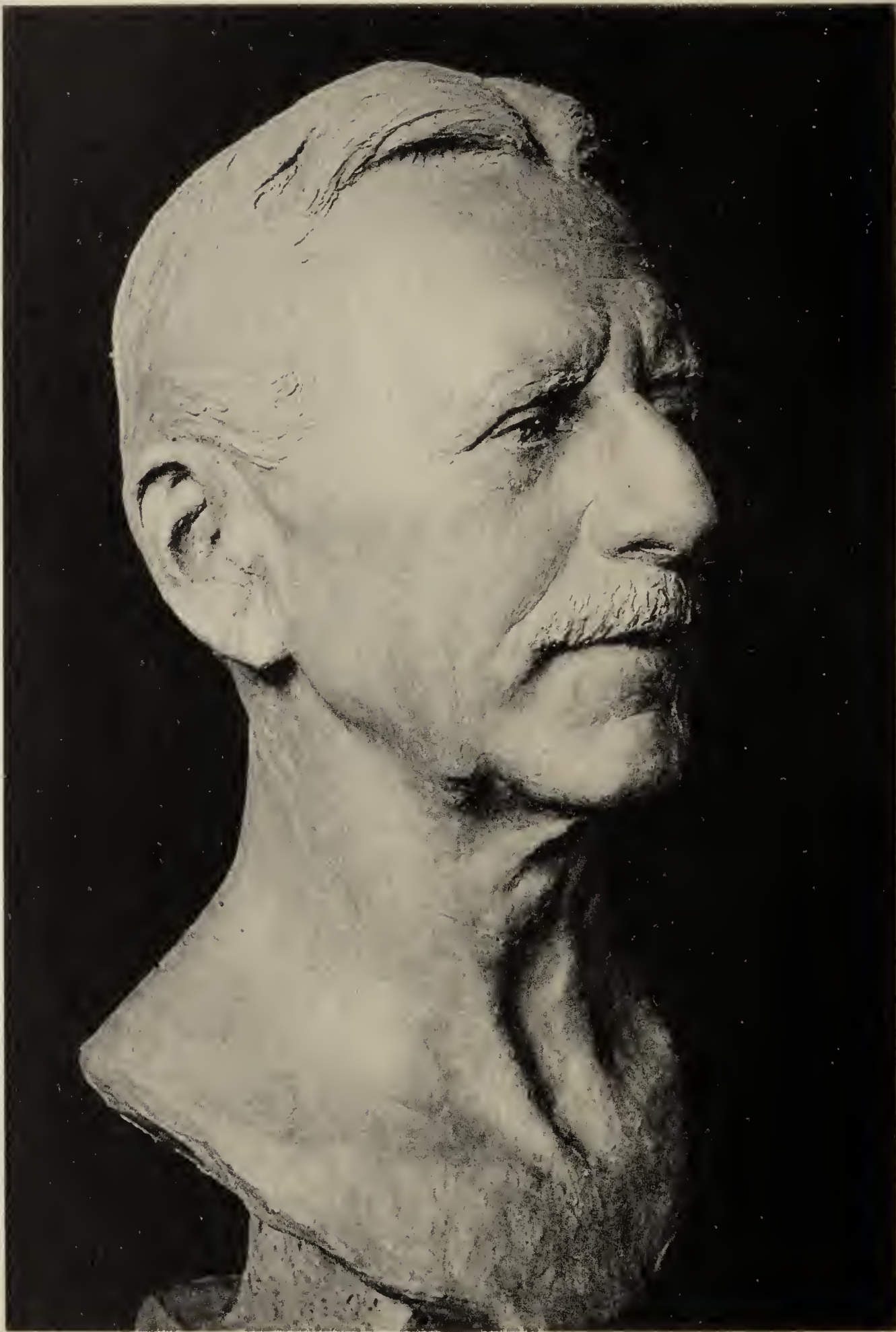
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George White Marston:
A Family Chronicle



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Bust by Cartiano Scarpitta, 1921

GEORGE WHITE MARSTON

GEORGE



WHITE



MARSTON



A Family Chronicle



COMPILED BY MARY GILMAN MARSTON

VOLUME I

THE WARD RITCHIE PRESS : 1956

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BY
MARY G. MARSTON

PRINTED IN U.S.A.
DESIGN BY JOSEPH SIMON

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Foreword

 HIS RECORD of my father's life has been compiled with the assistance of my brother and sisters. Our purpose is to preserve for our family some of our dearest memories and to hand down to his descendants an accurate account of our father's long and useful life. Because of their self-revealing qualities many of his letters, articles, and addresses have been quoted. The book, although written especially for our families, will be happily shared with old friends and with all who are interested in the things he stood for and in the contribution he made to his community.

We have called our account a family chronicle because it includes what we know of our paternal ancestry. In telling the story of three generations the record contributes, however slightly, to the history of these periods in three widely different environments. Father's grandparents belonged to old New England families, one living in the rural village of Orford, New Hampshire, the other in the aristocratic commercial town of Newburyport, Massachusetts. In 1849 father's parents established their home in the pioneer state of Wisconsin. In 1870 our father, a product both of the New England tradition of his family and of the less conventional and more venturesome spirit of the West, moved to California, where the traditions of Spanish culture and the legacy of gold-rush days united in forming an environment as foreign to him as could have been found in the entire United States. For more than seventy years he lived and worked and gave of himself for the benefit of his fellows in the town to which he came as a boy of twenty. Because of his life the standards of the community were higher. His leadership in mercantile, religious, educational, and civic life extended throughout southern California and was recognized nationally.

Though an active man of affairs whose devotion to public work often deprived his family of his companionship, our father loved to play. He was the life of family parties and never ceased to enchant the young relatives by his gaiety and humor. These endearing characteristics we trace to his gallant father, as we trace to his deeply religious mother the seriousness of his character. It is our hope that these records may bring to life the goodness, the strength, and the charm of his many-sided personality.

In quoting the old family letters, which date from 1835, a few very slight changes have been made. For the old-fashioned constant use of dashes, commas generally have been substituted, and occasionally careless spelling and punctuation have been corrected.

As the chief compiler I wish to thank all those who helped me: my brother and sisters for their advice and for their contributions to the text, my brother-in-law Leal Headley for his many valuable suggestions, Mary Barnes for her constant encouragement, Hamilton Marston for his assistance in writing about father's business career, Winifred Davidson and Harry Hargreaves for advice on certain chapters, Marie K. Jordan for her service of typing the greater part of the manuscript, and the many kind people who made available to me material not found in my father's files.

MARY GILMAN MARSTON

July 25, 1955

The New England Heritage

Ancestry and Early Family History

T
 HE COMMON ANCESTOR of the two Marston families that were united in the marriage of Harriett Marston and George Phillips Marston, father's mother and father, was William Marston of Norfolk County, England, who settled in Hampton, New Hampshire. William probably was born in Ormesby Saint Margaret about 1590. It is thought that he was a widower when he came from England to Salem, Massachusetts, between 1634 and 1636 with his three sons, Thomas, William, and John, about seventeen, eight, and four years respectively, and two daughters, Ann and Prudence, about twelve and six. They came with a large party of emigrants from Ormesby.

William first lived in Salem, receiving a grant of land in 1636 from the General Court of Massachusetts, but he soon settled with other immigrants on land granted in 1640, where they formed the community which they called Hampton. He was a Quaker who suffered for his religious beliefs and for harboring and aiding other persecuted members of the Society of Friends. Felt's *Annals of New England* records that he petitioned the court of Hampton on October 14, 1657, to remit a fine of 15 pounds imposed on him for keeping a paper and two books which inculcated Quaker doctrines. In 1660 he married a much younger woman, Sabina, and they had a daughter, Triphena, who was nine years old at the time of her father's death. His will is preserved in the office of the Registry of Deeds in Salem. To each of his sons he left the sum of five shillings, and "all the Reast of my estat goodes Chattelles Debtes moveables . . . I give unto my Dauter Trifana."

William's son Thomas, the boy of seventeen and oldest of the children when they came to America, became the grandfather

of a long line of Jeremiahs of whom the fourth was the father of Harriett. William, Jr., who was about eight when they crossed the ocean, became the great-great-great-grandfather of Stephen Webster, the father of George Phillips. Thomas and William both were farmers. Records of the province show that Thomas was active in community life, in 1654 being one of two men appointed by the town of Hampton to meet with two men of Portsmouth to determine the line between Hampton and Portsmouth.

According to tradition the name Marston originated on the Continent and was taken to England by one of William the Conqueror's soldiers, who was rewarded for his services by rich lands in Yorkshire and became the head of a distinguished family. But the first immigrants to America came, we know, from Norfolk County. In order to trace their ancestry a study has been made of the manuscript calendars of wills and other court records of Norwich, capital of Norfolk County, between the years 1416 and 1661.* Through this work a line was established covering five hundred years, including six generations in England and ten in this country. The first Marston in this line is mentioned in the will, dated 1507, of one Thomas Marston of Bastwyke, "of good remembrance," who asked that his body "be buried in the Churchyard of Saint Sebastian of Bastwyke, beside my father Thomas Marston." This earlier Thomas is thought to have been born about 1435.

The wills left by these our English relatives do not remotely suggest the noble and wealthy family of Yorkshire tradition, but they give us strangely intimate glimpses of those who made them. They were men who, while yet "heyle of mynde and good of memorye," made careful disposition of their worldly goods, mindful both of those who followed them and of the welfare of their own souls.

Thomas Marston of Bastwyke, son of the earlier Thomas, in the will quoted above, left 4d. (pence) to the Cathedral Church

**Marston English Ancestry* by Margaret Lowering Holman.

of Norwich, to the House of Sickness at Yarmouth 12d., and many like legacies. Each godchild had 8d. or 6d. or “a cow, a bright dunned,” and each “nevy and niece, except afor except” 8d.

The will of John Marston of Ormesby Saint Margaret, Yeoman, contains revealing detail of daily living in an English village in the late sixteenth century:

To Lettice, my wife, 10 pounds a year for life, in consideration of her thirds. She to dwell in the west end of House where my Mother lately dwelt with a chamber over it. Also to her a milch cow and pasture for it, and 100 of wood yearly for firing, or 20s. Also bedstead and feather bed and belongings and linen, the frame table in the parlour and 6 buffet stooles, two best cushions, one chayer, 2 chests of her own choice, 2 brass potts, a posnett, 2 keattles, 6 pewter dishes, fower platters and 12 of a smaller sort and 2 silver spoones.

Among smaller legacies in the other wills we often find “pair sheets and piece of pewter” or “5 combes of seed barley.”

The place-names mentioned, Norwich, Yarmouth, Bastwick, Martham, and Ormesby Saint Margaret, are parishes which lie among the Broads, the canal-like sloughs and reedy marshes of eastern Norfolk County. Here the mists of the North Sea roll in, blotting out farm and marsh; but clear days, when they come, are said to bring a special beauty of sunshine and moonlight on slowly flowing streams. Even in modern times it is a region rich in wild birds. There are beautiful churches in the villages, while Norwich has one of the finest, though least well known, of the English cathedrals. Its spire may be seen above the trees and the towers of the many other old churches of this little city, for centuries the ecclesiastical and trading center of the county. To its market place our ancestors may have brought their dunned cows and seed barley. In this countryside they farmed for many generations, and from Yarmouth they sailed to America.

In America not only Thomas and William, Jr., but their

descendants through eight generations were New England farmers. William of the fourth generation of the *William, Jr.*, line, born in Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, in 1722, left the vicinity where his fathers had settled to establish a home in Vermont. About 1767, with his wife and nine children, in constant peril from Indians and wild animals, he traveled for six days through the wilderness, guided only by marked trees, until he reached the Connecticut River. He settled on the west bank where the town of Fairlee is now. His son Peter inherited his lands. Peter was twice married. His first wife was Rebecca Webster, and their children were Peter, who lived in Orford and Fairlee; Stephen Webster, father's paternal grandfather, who established himself in Newburyport; Martha, who in family parlance married "that rascal" Peter Swift; and William, who died at the age of eighteen.

Directly across the river from Fairlee in Vermont is the village of Orford in New Hampshire. To this region in 1769 came Jeremiah, fifth in descent in the *Thomas Marston* line, to take possession of lands given him by his father. After working on the land in the summers he took his family to settle there in 1781. His father and grandfather, Hampton farmers, both had been captains in the English Colonial army, serving under General Amherst in the French and Indian Wars. His grandfather was killed at the Siege of Louisburg, and his father witnessed the surrender of Canada by the French to the English Crown. He himself fought on the American side in the Revolution. He was married three times and had three children, Sarah, Jeremiah, and Hannah by his first wife Hannah Towle, and one daughter, Tabitha, by his second wife Lydia Cummings. His son Jeremiah, father's grandfather on his mother's side, was born October 27, 1780, a year before the family moved from Hampton. He lived on the paternal homestead and held many responsible positions in Orford until his death in 1867. He married, first, Elizabeth Gilman of Exeter, who lived for only two years after her marriage and whose baby daughter died in infancy, and second, Theda Sawyer of Orford, by whom he had six children: Henry,

who died in infancy, Gilman, Charles, Arthur, Jeremiah and father's mother, Harriett.

Only a few of these family names were known to my generation until, after the death of father's sister Mrs. Burnham, a box of old letters came to light. The letters, commencing in 1818, covered, with wide gaps, a period of sixty years in the history of the two families that after five generations had been reunited by the marriage of our grandparents, George Phillips Marston, son of Stephen Webster, and Harriett, daughter of Jeremiah. These letters, from which I shall quote extensively, have enabled us to feel acquainted with our grandparents and even with our great-grandparents, Stephen and Mary Marston, whose portraits have hung on our walls since our childhood and whose lives in the old house on Green Street in Newburyport we now can reconstruct to some extent.

We were familiar with stories of early Newburyport history through our mother's family. Our maternal great-great-grandfather, Peter LeBreton, of Nantes, France, had come to Newburyport in 1766 where he eventually became a ship's master and shipowner. He had married a Newburyport girl, Elizabeth Pearson, built a gambrel-roofed house which is still standing at the corner of Middle and Fair streets, and, in spite of his alien birth and traditions and the feeling that ran high against the French during many of those years, had become an honored citizen of the New England town. His son Peter, also a sea captain, was one of the first directors of the Institution for Savings of Newburyport. His daughter Elizabeth married Captain David Stickney in 1805.

In 1813 Captain Stickney bought the handsome square house at 209 High Street. Here our maternal grandmother lived during her childhood. In our mother's book, *Records of a California Family*, we read that the little Elizabeth Stickney admired the plumes in Mrs. Marston's hat as she sat behind her in church and that her mother and Judge Marston discussed the sermon as the two families walked home together.

The Stephen Marston Family

*****STEPHEN MARSTON was graduated from Dartmouth in 1811, the year that Elizabeth Stickney was born. He was then twenty-two years old. He left his father's farm in Fairlee and went to Newburyport, where he read law with Edward Little and William B. Bannister, and also with Daniel Appleton White, whose brother-in-law he became. In 1815 he opened his own law office, and on December 31, 1816, he married Mary White. Thus commenced our cherished relationship with the White family, with continued friendship through succeeding generations and another intermarriage four generations later, when Katherine Burnham, daughter of Lilla Marston Burnham, married Sidney Ostrander, son of Eliza White Ostrander.

Mary White was born in Methuen, Massachusetts, October 29, 1784, on the extensive and valuable farm owned by her father, John White, formerly of Haverhill. The farm is now the site of the city of Lawrence. She was one of a family of seventeen children, five of whom were her half brothers and sisters. She went to Atkinson Academy "for one quarter to finish her education." An interesting account of her parents and a beautiful memoir of her distinguished brother Daniel Appleton are to be found in the genealogy, *Descendants of William White of Haverhill, Mass.* The story of Daniel Appleton's first wife, who had been the lovely Mrs. Mary Wilder van Schalkwyck—her tragic experiences as a young bride and widow on the island of Guadeloupe and her short years of happy married life in Newburyport—are told in *Memorials of Mary Wilder White*.

In 1817 Daniel Appleton White, a widower, with his two little daughters Elizabeth Amelia and Mary Wilder, settled in Salem, where for thirty-eight years he was judge of probate for

Essex County. In 1819 he married Mrs. Eliza Wetmore, who died in 1821. Their son was William Orne, whose life of ninety years is happily portrayed in a biography by his daughter, Eliza Orne White. When William Orne was three years old Judge White married Mrs. Ruth Rogers, who survived him. Their son Henry Orne was Dr. White of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. In the first chapter of the life of William Orne there is a charming picture of Judge White's "composite household" in which the half brothers and sisters grew up in congenial and loving companionship.

Our grandfather's letters show a close association between the Salem and the Newburyport families, but they deal with later years. Much interesting family history must be lost to us in the letters of our great-grandmother which, with only one exception, were not preserved. Early letters of hers might have told us of visits to her brother's Newburyport home before her marriage, of her Newburyport friends, and of the first years of her married life when she lived in the house on Fruit Street.

In 1830, when the portraits were painted by Thomas G. Cole of Boston, our great-grandparents were in the prime of life. They had a family of five children*: George Phillips, twelve years old; Stephen Webster, eleven; William Augustus, nine; Mary Wilder, six; and Charles Story, three, all named for relatives or family friends. At this time they were all at home and were living on Green Street. The house, built before 1790, was one of the square, three-storied mansions of old Newburyport, with wide central hall, mahogany-railed staircase, and beautiful white-painted woodwork. Behind the house was the garden with its summer house and fruit trees. Newburyport was famous for the quality and variety of its pears. Our great-grandfather delighted in the pears, cherries, apples, and berries which he grew and also in his flowers. Throughout his long life he was a man of energy and of varied interests, though greatly handicapped in his later years by extreme deafness. As a young man

*A son, named Daniel White, born in 1823, had died at the age of six months.

he was a selectman of the city for three years, and he was a member of the Brutus Fire Society when there were only volunteer fire organizations. From 1830 to 1836 he was a trustee of the Institution for Savings.

In 1820 Newburyport had not recovered from the terrible fire of 1811, when sixteen and one-half acres of the most densely populated part of the town had been destroyed. Through the Embargo Acts and the War of 1812 she had suffered the loss of her rich maritime trade with the East, the West Indies, and Europe, and even her coastal trade and much of her shipbuilding industry. The city on the Merrimac, so prosperous at the turn of the century, had been reduced to commercial stagnation. From the third largest city of Massachusetts she had become a town of less than seven thousand population. But her civic beauty was unimpaired; she had her fine old churches, her mall, and High Street with its handsome residences surrounded by gardens. Intellectual interests survived in clubs, libraries, debating societies, schools. Here was a pleasant place in which to live, if not an easy place in which to make a living.

Either his law practice did not bring in enough for his needs, or business ventures interested Stephen Marston for their own sake. Four old letters on thick yellowed paper, folded, sealed, and franked, written to him by a college friend in 1818, '19, and '20 from Cincinnati, tell us of an unsuccessful speculation in western lands shared by the two friends. In 1836 he was president of the Newburyport Steam Cotton Company, organized in the spring of that year, but he appears not to have been connected with it when the company failed in 1843. He held the office of justice of the Newburyport police court, to which he was appointed in 1833, for thirty-two years.

In Mrs. E. Vale Smith's *History of Newburyport* we read that Stephen W. Marston was president of the Newburyport Bank, third of its name but not connected with the earlier ones, that the bank was incorporated in 1836 with a capital of \$100,000, and that "during the disastrous money crisis of 1837-9 it became

embarrassed and finally suspended payment in 1841. In 1845 its affairs were wound up, the Bank redeeming in full every bill in circulation.' This quotation gives us some idea of the business worries of our great-grandfather as his family was growing up. A paragraph from a letter written long afterwards by his son Stephen adds to the picture: "My father evidently intended that I should go to college, as a good portion of my studies were Latin and Greek. But when I was fourteen years of age I decided to go into a store and spent a few months in one at Newburyport and on the 14th Feb., being then a little over fifteen, I came to Boston. My father I knew was not over-burdened with money and I guess that may have inclined me to take the business chances."

The year that Stephen, Jr., went to Boston was 1834. It was about this time that George, then sixteen, followed the custom of Newburyport boys of going on a cruise. The voyage was by freighter to New Orleans, and he was to do a seaman's work. His father had told the captain to give his son no special consideration. George returned disillusioned by the roughness of a sailor's life and cured of all desire to go to sea again.

A charming letter from his little sister lets us know that shortly after this he was in New York City, probably clerking in a store.

Newburyport, April 4, 1835

My dear brother George

Father thinks that Mr. Caldwell will not go to day, it is so rainy, & I had better write you a letter. I shall be very happy to do it, if I can think of any thing that would be interesting to you. Cousin Charlotte has left us & gone to Salem to make a visit. I became very much attached to her & was very sorry to part with her. I have not been to school this winter, but expect to go to Mr. Pigeons in Browns square next Monday. Cousin Sarah Marston is with us now & is a very good girl. We are all very fond of her—she likewise will

attend school next Monday at Miss Hodge's she sends love to you. I have been taking lessons on the piano with singing of Mr. Cooper, and Father and Mother think I have improved very much—I have learned two songs this week *The Winding way* and the *Lavender girl*, without any assistance—and this I believe is what you was anxious that I should do. Cousin Peter Swift was here week before last he was going to Boston to purchase dry goods, he is going into business for himself in Orford, he left our friends all well in that quarter we received a letter from dear brother Stephen last evening he is well, we hope he will continue in Mr. Morse's store longer, for it is so difficult to get a good place in Boston—Stephen says that a son of Mr. Varnums, formerly member to Congress, has come into his store, & works for nothing, his age is 18 or 19, and a pretty good schollar. "Green enough to be sure." But what do you think of that? I hope you have a good place and will like it till a better one appears for you. I hope you will write to your Sis Mary often, & I will do the same—All join me in love & good wishes for your happiness—From your affectionate Sister

Mr. G. P. Marston

New York

Kindness of Mr. Caldwell

Mary W. Marston

The fifteen-year-old William, whom today we should call a problem child, was at school in Plainfield, probably New Hampshire. In the one letter of hers that has come down to us, his mother writes to him:

Newburyport, April 14th, 1835

My dear William

They have all congratulated you on the prospect of a change in your character. You may feel assured

that no one is more grateful on this occasion than your mother.

You recollect, my dear, when you left home that I told you that if you was a good boy—learnt well, pleased the Master and others—you would hear from your friends very often, but if, on the contrary, you did not do well, but was idle, disobedient, and spent all the money you could get for things which you did not want and which could do you no good, you must not expect to hear from us often, for we should get discouraged and feel that we had done all that we could do and given you the best advice in our power, and that you must take your chance with others. My health and eyes have been such this winter that I have not been able to write you myself, but I know that you have had the best advice from your kind and affectionate father that a child could have, and I trust it will be blessed to you for your good, sooner or later. I am sure you can not forget all the good advice you have received. I beg of you to keep your last resolution to apply yourself diligently to study. Let nothing banish that determination from your memory. It is high time for you to be manly and to establish your character. You will never find a time when you can do it under more favorable circumstances. You may feel assured that as long as we have a good account of you, from your *Master*, or *elsewhere*, you will as often have cheering letters from home.

I shall be very happy to have you cultivate your musical powers, hope you will learn to sing & play, & this you can do without interfering with your studies. Mary plays very well, and is learning to sing of Mr. Cooper of Portsmouth. I believe you took your tooth brush with you. Use it often and keep your teeth white. I shall be very sorry to see them black and

neglected. We shall all be happy to see you home again & hope to see you much improved. George and Stephen are as steady as men & very happy. I hope you will not think of going to Vermont at the next vacation. It will be much better for you to stay where you are, as you are so soon coming home after the vacation. Only think, 8 weeks. Stephen and I may come for you. I shall not need a trunk, therefore you could bring yours home as well as not.

I am sorry to hear that your boot breaks so often, you must be careful as you can be with it, and do as well as you can. You will not need your jacket, I hope, except on Sundays and other public days. I can enlarge the sleeves when you return home. I must close soon, and only have time to request you once more to be a good boy, mind everything your Master says to you, and always be thankful for all advice which you may receive from any quarter.

I am glad to hear that you are punctual in attending meetings, and I hope they will not be barren to you. You must hear for yourself, and hear as though you expected to give an account for what you *hear*. I hope, my dear William, that you will seek Religion young—it would be the greatest comfort to you, in this life of changes, and uncertainty, and prepare you for Death, which is the lot of us all, and we do not know how soon our time may come.

Good-bye, dear William. That God may bless you and prepare you for his kingdom of bliss is the sincere desire of your affectionate Mother

Mary W. Marston

William Augustus Marston

P. S. I am very glad to hear that you have so good a man for a room-mate, and hope you will treat him

with all the respect and kindness in your power so as to gain his *love* and *esteem*. Give him our regards.

Give our regards to Mrs. Shattuck. I have heard that she is a kind, good Lady, and I am pleased that you should be so fortunate as to be under the care of such a person. I hope you will give her the *privilege* of speaking of you as the Lady with whom George boards speaks of him, that "he is one of the best she ever had."

You must be a good boy, make as little trouble as you can, keep your clothes clean as you can, brush them and keep them in good order. You know how. I shall feel very much grieved to hear that you have made any trouble, in any way, in the family, for you know so well how to conduct yourself that there could be no excuse for you in not doing well. I am sorry to hear that you eat sugar so freely—you know that your father and mother think it to be very bad for the health and teeth—therefore I should think that you would not wish to take it. Let it always be a pleasure to respect the opinion of your parents.

M. W. Marston

On July 30, 1836, our great-grandmother died. Two letters from nieces of hers give us a very slight knowledge of the circumstances of her illness. One, signed "Sarah," is written from Providence, June 17.

My dear Uncle

You may believe I received the sad particulars which your last letter contained with deep regret and tender sympathy. I do, indeed, anxiously wish to hear of Aunt's amendment; her life seems to *you*, especially, and to her children so very important that I hope and pray that the Lord will raise her up; "To

Him belong the issues of Death.” We shall be anxious to learn how she is from time to time, whether she suffers from great pain and weakness, and if her mind is peaceful and resigned. I can not but hope that the disorder which has before threatened you with the loss of her will yield to the power of medicine and other applications. . . . I am aware that your domestic arrangements and comfort would be greatly affected by our dear Aunt’s decease, a person so active and who had occupied so conspicuous and important a place in her family to be taken away must give a kind of electric shock to the sphere in which she moved—to say nothing of the pain of losing one whom long habit and ardent affection has mixed with your very being and entwined with every thought. But your situation will not be as distressing as many widowers’ are who are left with young helpless families. Your children are companions to you and the youngest is old enough to be put to school.

The other letter is from Eliza Amelia Peabody, daughter of Major Moses White of Rutland, Vermont, the niece who until her marriage had been a beloved member of Judge White’s family after the death of his second wife.

My dear Uncle

Springfield, July 13th, 1836

I thank you for writing me in this hour of your calamity, for it shows me that you do but estimate my interest in you and your family as it deserves. I have felt that you must be deeply afflicted, even before I knew that Aunt was so very ill, and since I received your letter I have thought of her and yourself continually. . . . It sometimes seems as if trials were accumulated upon us to show us at certain seasons of our life that “surely our help is in Jehovah.” I pray

that both you and she may be enabled to cast all your care upon Him, feeling intimately assured by His own spirit that He "careth for you." That "whom He loveth He chasteneth."

.
I feel obliged to you for encouraging me to hope that you will let Mary come & see us. I long to have her & Fanny form an acquaintance with each other. Fanny is now in Charlestown, spending the summer with Mrs. Henry Dwight & attending her school. She takes music lessons and attends to all her studies. I hope when she comes home, which will probably be in Oct., that you will let Mary come. And if the dear child is to be so early bereft of her best earthly friend—and you should wish the care of another to supply the place to her—I hope you will believe that so far as affection for her mother, & interest for her, & sympathy for you can qualify me to be that friend, you have none who would be more true to the charge. In other respects there are many who would be more capable, but no one would consider the charge so much as a pleasure & a privilege, or would feel a deeper sense of responsibility, or be more anxious to discharge its duties faithfully & affectionately.

My husband joins me in love to Aunt, for whose sufferings we feel the truest sympathy, but we feel as if she had a hope which would make her a conqueror, and rather crave her prayers than offer ours. Our love to your children, & you will receive from us both the assurance of warm and affectionate regard.

Your friend
E. A. Peabody

We can read between the lines of this letter from George from New York, dated August 15, 1836:

Dear father

Mr. Plummer told me last evening he should go home tomorrow afternoon and will take this letter. He is a very steady and smart young man, and expects soon to go into business for himself, I believe. He will stay in Newburyport but a few days and anything that you want to send . . .

The great failure and forgeries of Rathburn of Buffalo have created a great sensation in this city, especially in Wall St. His paper was always considered here and everywhere else as good as Bank bills. He fortunately owes us nothing of any consequence now, though we have had pretty large dealings with him and his last Note for one thousand Dollars was due about three weeks since and paid at the Bank. . . .

I found on my arrival here our folks all very busy and my presence was much needed. We have been very busy ever since.

I have enjoyed perfect health since my return. I don't know the reason, but I was more unwell when home than I had been before since my first living in New York.

How do you get along now? Does Aunt Charlotte stay with you yet?

I hope your health is good and all the rest. Give my love to all the children and family.

Your respectful and affec. son

Geo. P. Marston

Our next letter from George is from the West, where he has gone to try his fortune. He first took a country school in Illinois, but he did not enjoy teaching farm boys, some of whom were bigger than he, and gave it up as quickly as he could to go to Chicago. Here he spent a short time as clerk in a clothing store. His letter describes his Chicago experiences.

Chicago, Aug. 15, 1837

Dear Father

I have been waiting with the greatest patience imaginable for sometime past expecting a letter from you in every mail. It is a long time since I have heard from you—upwards of three months, as I see by referring to your last letter.

I have been this week past in the clothing and hat establishment of Messrs. Wilde, Nolony & Co. They have two stores in Chicago. Two of the Partners tend one & two the other. Both Partners of the house I am in have gone down east, and I have taken their place for the present—for what length of time I do not know. I trust I shall make some arrangement with them which may keep me in their employ. I don't know what compensation they will allow me—but not much—if I get my board at present I shall be satisfied. There is hardly the shadow of any business doing at present. We don't, some days, sell the first sixpence worth of goods—and unless there is a great change for the better this fall, I fear I shall be pretty poorly off as well as every body else here. If business should revive, I think I may [make] some bargain with Messrs. Wilde N. & Co. to stay with them.

I suppose you have received the draft with Mr. Wilde's letter ere this and that all is right. How does Woodman get along with his dearly beloved? I suppose he will soon be married now.

Last Wednesday I enlisted in the United States service, only for a short time however. The circumstances are as follows. You have doubtless heard of the famous "Beaubien Claim." It is a large piece of ground situated at the mouth of the river on which stands Fort Dearborn, reserved by Government for military purposes. Lately the Troops have all been

withdrawn from the Fort, & it is only occupied as a recruiting station. It is not quite settled yet by government whether Beaubien shall have it, whether it should be sold by auction, given to the city, or still be reserved for military purposes.

Last Wednesday Beaubien attempted to put up a building on the "Reservation," which Capt. Jamison, the Comdg. officer at the Fort, immediately ordered to be torn down, and then had it fenced round. Old Beaubien immediately went and raised about three hundred men, and with axes in their hands drove the officer into the Fort and tore the fence down. Not liking to see a rascally Frenchman with his mob driving a U.S. officer before them for doing his duty only and who was entirely alone, about thirty young men including myself went down to the Garrison and offered our services to protect it and the Property thereon, which Capt. J. gratefully accepted. He immediately opened the arsenal and furnished us with a U.S. musket each, Powder & Bullets. Expecting some pretty hard work & not wishing to have us answerable for anything that might happen, he enrolled us in the U. S. service—\$6.00 per month & rations—subject to his orders & making himself answerable to Government of course for anything *we* might do. We were marched out on the "Reservation," heavily armed loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, brace of pistols each, & in short time and under our protection the fence was put up. Three days and nights we were on duty relieving each other every two hours. We have had pretty hard work to keep the mob at a proper distance, but were not obliged to resort to the last extremity. The excitement is now pretty much over and nothing more will I think be done and this morning we were dismissed—sorry only

for one thing, that the Irish had not forced us to fire on them. There is nothing that cools an Irishman's courage down so quick as a loaded musket pointed towards them—& especially when the company had rather fire upon them than not—which was case with us.

I hope I shall get a letter from you shortly. Where is Mary now? I will write her as soon as I find out—I ought to have done it before. Is Woodman coming out here again this fall or is he not?

Yr afft. son

Geo. P. Marston

Mr. Wilde sends his best respects

Stephen W. Marston, Esq.

Newburyport

Mass.

Six years went by in which no letters were kept. Four years after his mother's death George's father married again, another Mary, a widow, who was living with her father, Captain Jenkins, in Green Street just opposite the Marston home.

Probably as early as 1838 George decided to go farther west and try his hand at farming. He settled on land in Koshkonong County, Wisconsin, gradually clearing and sowing it in wheat. This property of six hundred and forty acres was purchased from the United States General Land Office by his father and William Cutter. After passing through his brother Stephen's hands it finally came into George's possession in 1847. To it he added other purchases of public land. In a long letter from his father, dated May 15, 1843, we learn some of the difficulties with which he contended.

He had been ill, the last winter had been bitterly cold, his crops had failed, his hogs had died, and he was in debt. But he must have been hopeful and confident of the future as his father wrote: "Your remarks about your debts and the bank-

rupt law I admire. They are right and honorable. The reason I wrote as I did was from what you said—that they could not wait any longer and you expected to be sued—and I have to say, if such were the case and they knew you were trying every possible way to pay by being poor and working hard and yet would not wait, it would be proper to pay them by the Bk. act. But if they will wait I would by all means pay them the last cent.”

The father seemed to be as badly off as the son. “I still owe a grt. deal,” he wrote, “and do not know as I shall ever get clear but hope I shall. My business is about good for nothing and that is pretty much the case with everybody here. I never knew anything like it.” He blamed the depression on the Jackson administration. “Such a government as we have had since Old Hickory first came into power is enough to ruin any country under Heaven, as it has nearly ruined this.” His affairs were in such condition and money was so hard to raise that he could not pay a debt of \$15 which he owed in Milwaukee.

Many of the businessmen of Newburyport still were feeling the effects of the financial panic of 1837. The letter mentioned Captain Jenkins’ loss of “nearly all his property by the failure of the Newburyport Steam Cotton Co. . . . His daughters are in Boston trying to get a living by school keeping—but I fear they will never succeed—there are too many others seeking the same employment.”

Of special interest are the reports of the four children. The frail Charles, now sixteen, had come home from sea, a voyage of six months, first to Mobile and then to Liverpool. “He did very well however—much better than I expected. He came home with a hearty gain of 30 lbs. though they had a very rough passage of 50 days to Boston. Such an one as 20 years at sea might not again occur. Yet he was at all times aloft, by night and by day—blow high or low—cold and all weathers—and the mate said before they reached Boston he was almost as good as any of their hands. He appears much better since his return

and a week today took his pack and went to West Newbury to live with Captain Heath and be a farmer. I have not heard from him, but it is an excellent place and I have much hope that Chas. may yet become a man. I tell him that he must now do well and when he is 21 he can go to Wis. and be a farmer with you. That he can then have land enough and a good farm, and I believe he is pleased with the idea. By that time I hope you will have a splendid farm and be in a comfortable situation."

William, the willful one, left Dartmouth College in his second year, squandered the money his father at much sacrifice had sent him, and wandered about the country without funds, without work, without connection with his home. "Oh, George, what will become of him? He is a poor, wretched, wandering cripple and what can he do? God help him. I have done every thing I could and tried in all ways possible to have him go through college and be a man. He had good talents—but I fear he is now ruined for sure!! It may, however, and I can but hope it will lead him to a proper sense of his situation. It will either *save* him or *send him headlong to destruction*."

The accounts of Stephen and Mary were happy ones. "Mary W. is at school in Bradford—it is much cheaper to board in Bradford than in Newburyport, costing only half as much and it is an excellent school. Mary is pleased and happy and a good scholar—has experienced religion there and is happy and a fine young lady. Looks more like me than any of the children and is much like her father, I think. Chas. looks much more like you since his return from sea. Stephen—you know how good he is—He is a first rate young man and I do hope he will by and by get into partnership with some good, strong house and make money. He works very hard now for barely a living and a little more. He is very prudent—makes the best of everything and yet lives like a gentleman as he is in all respects."

Two years later George received a letter from William which acquaints us with this talented but unstable member of the family.

North Chester, Vt., July 13th, 1845

My dear brother

I have for a long time been thinking of writing to you, but have kept ever putting it off & putting it off—until now, the new postage law reminds me of my duty, and I will delay no longer. There is something in it rather curious, but I believe I never rec^d but *one* letter from you in my whole life! And yet I have always thot more of you than of the rest of the family, except it be poor Charley. For some how there seems hitherto to have been much similitude in our fortunes. We have both of us been “unlucky Devils” and the rascally imps of darkness have delighted to *track* us. I trust in all conscience the time will come when the case will be different. And for myself I believe I have thoroughly *reformed*—and I must admit too that I needed it enough, for after all, however much we may delight in attributing to *destiny* the ill success of our enterprises, we may generally fairly set this down to our gross ignorance or grosser folly. Perhaps you have not heard that I have left Hanover. I did not do it *quite* voluntarily—as when I set out on my absurd, ridiculous travels two winters ago—but I took what we sometimes term in common parlance “French leave.” I got into a confounded scrape for having a *woman* in my room and before the Faculty had time to invite me to a *tête à tête* I mizzled. I knew very well that if I staid, I sh^d be expelled, and to avoid *that* my chum & I *left*. So far as myself and the Coll. were concerned, it was of no great consequence, for I had got about through, and as for the Diploma, it is of no consequence any farther than as it might afford a little personal gratification. But I felt terribly for father. It was with the greatest grief that I contemplated bringing upon him new troubles—and I vowed

to myself that if I did get out of this difficulty, I w^d give up any habit wh. might by *possibility* be the source of new sorrows. And if I can keep my reason in the ascendant of my passions, I will do it. He has been to me the kindest Father, and I have been a most reckless son, although I am not *at heart* undutiful. But somehow or other I never had the faculty of warring very successfully against the Devil. Heretofore he has always got the upper hands of me and I have finally concluded that I won't do battle against him any more, but will cut his acquaintance, and if I see him coming *run*, for if I can't out-fight him perhaps I can in this way outmanoever him; for, as old Butler (Hudibras) says "When the fight becomes a chase, Those win the day who win the race." I shan't let my legs stand by any longer and see my body so woefully abused. I am now reading law. Shall not probably stay here longer than till October or Nov. The intention is now, after I have been admitted to the Bar, to settle in Nyport with father. His business is now worth but little, but I shall take up a different branch and prepare to be an Advocate, and if I succeed I can get business there as well as anywhere. And besides our town is different from what it used to be; there is much more enterprise & spirit manifested there now than there was eight or ten years ago. The introduction of Stearn Mills has given quite an impetus to the prosperity of the town and as it is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful places in Mass. I think its present symptoms are quite auspicious. At any rate I have no doubt that I shall locate there for a few years at least, until I can try of what metal I am made. Father has a valuable law library and I can hammer away upon some of his superannuated cases wh. will do just as well to *learn on*,

you know, as fresh ones—very much after the manner of the boy who perfected himself in fifeing by practising his ten digits on a round stick and making up a mouth at the “school marm”—of which most wonderful & extraordinary performance I have somewhere read—or perhaps it may be I dreamed of it. I have not been in NP. but very little for a few years past—was there last summer & staid nearly a week—my vacations I have mostly passed in Orford. Dan^l. has got to be quite a doctor. He has wonderfully improved since you saw him, and I have no doubt will do well. He is married and attends strictly to his profession. That damnable scamp, Peter Swift, has ruined Uncle Jerry*, and almost every body else who had any connection with him—& what is worst of all, he seems rather to be rejoiced at it, than to be grieved. In a word he is lost to all sense of shame or decency—Miserable man! How Jerry will get along or what he will do with his some dozen of children & prolific wife is more than anybody can foresee. At present he & his wife too seem to have lost all energy & given up all care. She, especially, passes most or a good deal of her time in visiting, neglecting her family & household. Some think that she is at times a little deranged. As to the rest of our friends there, they are all getting along I believe pretty much after the old sort. I forget whether you was ever at Lancaster but think you never was. I was there last winter nearly a fortnight, and had a delightful time. Col. White has a very pleasant place, & himself is one of your plain, jolly, goodnatured, intelligent farmers and likes a game of whist as well as any body I ever saw. He has a fine family of sons & daughters, the latter all grown up to

*This Jerry was a stepbrother of Stephen Webster Marston and not of the Jeremiah Marston line.

womanhood. What a blessing to have *such* cousins! But it is decidedly too hot to go into ecstasies today, as I most certainly shall if I continue this theme & so I forbear. Speaking of the heat—we have had a very cold season this year. The farmers are all complaining. The grass crops must be very light for there has been no rain. It has now come on *hot* & if it holds, everything will be parched up in a few days. I see it stated in one of the papers that your prospects in Wisconsin are good this year. I sincerely hope it is so. I believe you have not had very good luck with your farming. What with your sickness & your misfortunes I fear you have not been very pleasantly situated. You aint married yet? Faith, I dont think I c^d live so! But necessity will reconcile us to a good many hardships. Stephen appears to be doing well. I had a letter from father a short time since. He says Mary & Charles are both very sick—Poor Charles undoubtedly in a settled consumption—& of dear Mary he speaks very discouragingly. I spent nearly a week with her last summer at Pelham. She is a most lovely girl. Her health was then very feeble. I cannot believe she is to be taken away from us—God forbid it! But it may be so, and we must be resigned. Chas. has never had any health. His constitution is very poor. He was always a delicate plant at the best, and has undergone much suffering, but his disposition is such that he appears happy & contented. He is a noble boy—beloved by all who know him—but he is too gentle, his sensibilities are too keen for this rough world—and I fear we must give him up. If he is in a consumption there can be no hope. These must be dreadful afflictions to our father. Tried in adversity and troubles as he is, this last is the severest of all; these two children especially were the idols of his life—and when in connection

with this, I think of the sorrow *I* have caused him I feel as if it wd have been better had I never been born. I cannot cease condemning myself for the recklessness of my past life. Henceforth be it for me to make what atonement I may be able. What talent & powers God has given me I will dedicate them to his comfort & happiness. What is done to be sure I cannot obliterate, but I can swear in the future that my course is different. It is time I sh^d begin to pay my debt of gratitude wh. I can never wholly cancel—for I have delayed too long. I have sent you papers occasionally, and always direct to Fort Atkinson. I have never rec^d any from you & do not know as it is right, but I shall venture this letter as I know it was your direction once. Write me soon.

Yr aff brother

W. Aug. Marston

Geo. P. Marston, Esq.

Fort Atkinson

(via Milwaukee)

Wis. Ter.

In August the dearly loved sister died. Twenty-nine years later Stephen wrote to George: "The death of our dear sister affected me more keenly than any other event of my life. She had a sweet disposition and was taken away at a period of life when it seemed the most attractive." The following month Charles died. William returned, to be alternately a comfort and a sorrow to his father. He practiced law in Newburyport, where he died March 22, 1853, at the age of thirty-two.

The Jeremiah Marston Family

IN THE CORRESPONDENCE of the Jeremiah Marstons between the years 1837 and 1849 we learn about our grandmother and her brothers during their youth. In the old homestead in Orford, as in Newburyport, there were four brothers and one sister in the family; in this household the sister was the youngest. Gilman and Jeremiah, the oldest and the youngest of the sons, went to college and eventually became lawyers. Gilman reached distinction in his profession and in legislative and military service to his country. Charles and Arthur followed the family tradition of farming. Harriett married and went to Wisconsin and later to California to live. In the earliest of the letters Harriett, almost sixteen years old, was at home and going to school in the village, Gilman was in his last year at Dartmouth, and Jeremiah was in the academy in Meriden, a preparatory school for Dartmouth College. Most of the letters were written by these three.

Orford was one of the loveliest villages of New England. The old farmhouse, several miles from Orford's one long street and high above Orfordville, commanded a wide prospect of distant peaks, wooded hills, and grassy valleys. The beauty of the countryside was a constant and enduring influence in the lives of the young people. Their love of home and their warm affection for one another and for their parents made them a particularly united family. Away from home the brothers longed for the evening circle around the "cheerful and blessed old hearth, so familiar to us all, and which will be remembered with pleasure through all coming time." The mossy seat in the garden and the mineral cabinet in the house were treasured in memory. It is evident that the family was poor in this world's

goods but rich in affection and in friendships that reached beyond their village circle.

Before going to college Gilman studied law in Craftsbury in the office of Judge Wilcox. He was twenty-six years old when he was graduated from Dartmouth. On March 24, 1837, he wrote to Jeremiah, eighteen years old and just starting his preparatory course at Meriden:

Why can not you take a walk to Hanover, when the roads become settled, and spend a day or two—come on Saturday and stay over the Sabbath. Or does the Latin entirely absorb your attention? If you like it, and are anxious to stand high in your class, I am glad of it. If one is dilatory and unambitious in the first entrance into classic ground he need not expect to arrive at eminence. To one who is prepared by a thorough training to appreciate the beauties of the classic authors they afford, I imagine, an inexhaustible store of delight. Virgil and Horace among the Latins, Homer, Hesiod, Anacreon, Euripides, and Sophocles among the Greeks. I trust you will one day be as familiar with them as you now are with any poet in our own language. And now I will repeat what I have always said to you. Be thorough. If you lay deep and broad the foundations of your knowledge of the ancient languages your subsequent studies will be comparatively easy and incomparably more pleasing to you. You will not only be a great gainer in self-satisfaction but you will make an immense saving in time.

Jeremiah, in a letter to Harriett on December 23, 1837, described his days. If he was not as enthusiastic a classical student as his elder brother wished, he certainly was industrious. He dug away at Latin and Greek from early morning till late at night, interrupted only by meals and morning and afternoon

prayers and by a composition to write and a piece to speak alternate weeks. He inquired:

Harriett, how do you prosper at home? I suppose you go to school every day as you had always rather brave the storm than lose a day; how do you like your master? and how do you get along in your astronomy? I think that it cannot fail to interest you, certainly it must be much more pleasant than to study history where every word must be looked out in the Lexicon and perhaps the grammar looked half through to find where it is made, or to unravel the logical reasoning of the most celebrated heathen orator.

Harriett, will you point out the mistakes I have made (for I am aware it is full) and I will do the same by yours if there should be any.

From Indianapolis, where he was teaching in 1838, Gilman wrote to Harriett, then at boarding school in Plymouth:

My Dear Sister Indianapolis, April 8th, 1838

After a long, a very long time Harriett, I have received *one* letter from you, and it was with much joy too I assure you. I am always happy to hear from you, but now when I am so far away from all our family and friends, the value of a letter from any of them is greater perhaps than you can appreciate. But you have yourself left our sweet home to reside for a time with those who have hitherto been strangers to you, and perhaps for the first few weeks you felt rather lonely.

I am glad you are so well satisfied with your location, your teachers and your roommate, Miss Allison. With these three essentials so much to your mind, your stay at Plymouth cannot be otherwise than pleasant; and from your disposition to improve to the utmost all your opportunities, it will, of course be

profitable. Miss Allison, you say, contemplates coming West for the purpose of teaching. I am very much in want of a female teacher in my school and the people are desirous that I should engage one from New England. Now if Miss Allison can give instruction in French, and is (or can be) a Methodist in religion, I shall be happy to employ her to take charge of the female department of my school; and I think she will find this as eligible as any situation in the West; because it is quite healthy here and because there is better society here than at almost any other place in this part of the country. That she should be a Methodist is desirable on this account; in this town the Methodists outnumber all the other denominations together, and they have agreed to patronize this School exclusively on the condition that I employ a competent female teacher of their own persuasion. You know that I should be entirely indifferent on that matter, myself.

Your studies you say are Arithmetic, Chemistry, & Rhetoric. Very good; but I wish you would take up Euclid or Algebra and French, for this reason among others, that you will probably be engaged in teaching sometime hence, and if you are competent to instruct in those branches your services will be in much greater demand and you will also receive a better compensation than you could otherwise. However, your parents & teachers together with your own judgment must direct your course. How should you like to come west Harriett, and spend a year or so? A great many of the N. England girls are all in a fever to emigrate hither, but I believe a very short residence here is sufficient to make them entirely reconciled to the land of the puritans. This country is too monotonous—too flat for one accustomed to the mountains of N. E. It has been

too recently settled and the people are not yet surrounded with the same conveniences and comforts as in older states. This remark does not apply particularly to *this place*, for there is a great deal of wealth here, and a degree of refinement which is not exceeded by any city in the West except Cincinnati, Ohio, and Louisville, Kentucky. Enclosed I send you a leaf which I plucked yesterday from a locust tree; so you see vegetation is much earlier here than in N. H.

Cousin Hannah A. you say is married! Pray to whom? Is she to reside hereafter at Orford or where? Alas! I am afraid there will be sad changes in the little circle of our acquaintances at O. before my return. But the most painful thought is that there *may* be sad changes indeed in our own fireside circle. I cannot bear to think it possible that I shall not find all things at home on my return, if indeed I ever do return, as they were when I left. Yet we know that even a few years must necessarily change essentially the conditions of those we love most dearly as well as ourselves. The hills and mountains with which we have been familiar from infancy will remain unchanged; the hill side, the green wood, the murmuring brook will all remain, and smile as sweetly as in years gone by; but the eyes that have gazed on them in gladness must grow dim, and the hearts which have beat with rapture at the contemplation of their loveliness must grow cold. Harriett, it is true we cannot all dwell together again under the same roof, and I doubt very much whether we shall all be as happy again as we have been; but, my Dear Sister, we must not think too much of what we cannot again enjoy, but rather consider how much joy the future may have in store for us, if we rightly prepare ourselves for the stations we are to occupy in life and faithfully perform all the

duties which that Future may require. There is one thing, Sister, I trust we shall never forget, and that is to do all in our power to promote the comfort and happiness of those who have hitherto nourished and cherished us with so much anxiety and care. They are now in the decline of life, and will look to us for consolation and support, rejoicing in our prosperity and sympathizing in our misfortunes.

Harriett, you must not delay writing me *six months* again! No, but you must write immediately on the receipt of this. Every thing will be interesting that you can write. I am pleased with your letter for several reasons. You express yourself very correctly, in that particular you have improved. Your hand writing is improved also. I am very glad to learn that your teachers require you to devote a good deal of time to composition. It is one of the most essential things in a good education, as I have often told you. And now Harriett I must bid you adieu for some weeks at least and in closing I will say, be kind to your school mates, be sociable, be agreeable, be punctual in attendance upon all the exercises of the School, and you will hereafter look back to the time you spent at Plymouth as a bright and sunny spot in your existence.

Very truly, dear Sister,
Your affectionate brother

Gilman Marston

On April 29 Gilman wrote again:

My Dear Sister

It is Sunday morning. The sun is shining as clear and bright as it ever shone since the Creation; the air is soft and balmy—not cold enough to chill, nor so warm as to produce languor.

I have just returned from a stroll in a neighboring wood. The trees are putting on their beautiful summer dress—flowers are springing from every turf and birds are singing on every bough. A walk in the woods here on a sunny spring morning is certainly delightful. The ground is entirely level and no underbrush to obstruct ones progress. You move about among the tall, majestic forest trees, many of which are encircled by grapevines entwining every branch and bough, and then you are disposed, if ever, to draw a comparison between this country and the sterile, rock-bound soil of New England, unfavorable to the latter. But nature is beautiful everywhere when seen in her most attractive dress. Some three or four weeks later than this and you may walk out on a clear morning and enjoy much more than one can here. As far as the eye can reach you will see the blue mountains rising to the sky, the hills on all sides affording every variety of prospect, and the bright waters dancing through every vale. But when you turn from the contemplation of nature and seek communion with your own species, your advantages are far superior to those of the females in the West.

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Here there is but very little social intercourse between members of different families, and there is also less intelligence, less morality, less religion, less refinement, than in the quiet and beautiful villages which lie scattered among the hills of N. England.

The youthful letters of Jeremiah and Harriett were a combination of everyday details and of the moralizing fashionable at that time.

On March 4, 1838, Jeremiah wrote to Harriett in Plymouth:

It is Sabbath eve, and I am alone, I shall let my mind and feelings take their natural course. Harriett,

how often have we gathered around the old family fire on this evening, happy in each other's society, unaccustomed to any sorrow and unthinking in regard to the future. But alas, how changed the scene! Time has carried down its rapid current with such amazing velocity that the past seems but a dream; one after another has stole from the paternal mansion to mingle with the busy crowd till at length it has come our turn to leave the scenes of our youth and to prepare to engage in the more active duties of life. How sudden the transition! How short the duration of time! But Harriett, let us remember that we were made for a higher and nobler state of existence, when we shall have passed into the unseen world, when our mortal bodies shall have put on immortality, time will then have no dominion over us. May we all be so happy as to be prepared for this great and last change, and at last be received to mansions of eternal rest, where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

I shall be obliged to close off this hasty epistle by urging you to write as soon as this reaches you, write all about your situation and studies, etc., etc.

Adieu, Dear Sister, Adieu
Yours with brotherly affection

J. Marston

In the summer of 1839 Harriett was at home, and Gilman, back from the West, was again in Craftsbury. On July 13 Harriett wrote to Jeremiah:

My dear Brother

I have passed many resolves that I would turn over a new leaf (as the proverb runs) respecting letter writing; that I would never again omit for so long a time sending you testimonies of my eternal and unchanging

affection for you, but partly from a procrastinating habit, day after day has passed away and I have neglected writing until the present time.

You are I suppose *more* than busily employed. Hope you will take exercise enough that your health may not be impaired by too close application to your studies. I expect, from not hearing anything from you except by brother Charles, that you are becoming something of a book worm, or at least that you do not allow any thing to take your attention from your pursuits, but I know if you cannot spare time to write us that you often think of that dear place *Home* and of your *affectionate friends* there. Thoughts of those dear to us creep in unawares. This I can say from experience. For often do the images of my dear absent brothers appear in imagination before me, and then their transactions of other days pass before me, when they were not *absent*, but *present* brothers. Yes, all sheltered by one roof, and fed from one table. O happy, happy period, sunny spot in life's dreary road! Return once more—but no—as well might we ask the sun, which has just risen, to roll back its mighty car of lurid fire, into the depths of darkness, or all the wonderful works of creation to return to chaotic state. But when we look at the subject with candour, we may soon perceive that “it is all right.” The growing intellect, though it may enjoy much under the paternal roof, yet it is continually soaring after something more. It begins to taste of that fountain whose perennial springs never cease to afford pleasure and happiness, of the most pure and exalted kind.

Though we must *sacrifice* much, yet *much is gained* and that too, which could not be, if the enjoyments of the present moment only were considered.

A few weeks will bring us *all together*, I suppose,

if nothing unusual happens. (When shall we ever say this again? It is hard to say it, but yet I fear it is too true that it will never be said thus again!!!)

Does it seem as though you were almost in college? I suppose not, you have been so long at Meriden, that it must seem almost as though that was your abiding place.

I make it a rule to study or write every day, but have not studied so much as I intended to have done, this is generally the case with me, when I am at home. Had some thought of going to Uncle Marston's to board, and recite my lessons to Gilman but concluded it was not best. You have not seen Gilman. I know you must be very impatient to see him. He is coming home this afternoon to spend the Sabbath with us. He is very studious, I should think, for he has not visited us for nearly two weeks, although the first part of his being at Wilcox's he used to come out once in two or three days.

There was a Picnic party on Col. Biffel's hill on the 4th of July. The refreshments were taken in a bower tastefully adorned with roses. Mr. Youngman was present and sang a few songs.

You have not heard our preacher I believe. He is rather dull I think.

If you can take any books from the Library at Hanover I wish you would bring some home with you. Have not had any book to read this summer.

I remain your most affectionate
sister

Harriet

I think I should like to go to Meriden to school this fall very much. Dr. Shadduck thought it possible that there might be a female Department by that time.

In November Harriett wrote to Jeremiah:

Now about Library Books, which is my business with you. I suppose you think I am going to speak for a dozen novels, but I shall not for quite that number. But I *do* want two or three *good ones*. Now you will laugh at me perhaps. I mean however such as Miss Edgeworth's, Scott's, etc. etc. Will you not get one at least. I mean "Helen" by Miss Edgeworth. Mrs. Perrin says it is one of the very best novels, and you will not presume to dispute her authority. You recollect Mrs. Willard's journal, do you not? Can you not get something similar to that also? Do not think that I do not want anything but light reading, but you are a little apt to overlook *such reading, for more substantial*, so I thought I would remind you of what I thought you might possibly forget.

Harriett's next letter to Jeremiah, March 24, 1840, gives an important bit of family news. Charles, who had been living at home and teaching in the vicinity, was engaged to be married to Emeline Emery of Strafford, Vermont. "It seems rather queer, don't it, to think that Charles is going to have a wife? However I guess Emeline will make a *good companion*. She is certainly a girl of good abilities and upright character."

Harriett wished to teach, and if Jeremiah could not engage a school for her, Charles would try to find one in Strafford. Gilman proposed to make another change. "When do you suppose Gilman will go away? I don't believe but what he would do well here. I can not bear to think of his going away. I have been almost tempted to ask leave to go with him but I guess it would not do much good if I should. Rather think I should wish to come back as soon as I was there."

The letter was full of reflections about herself:

I believe you were going to write my character and I am not a little anxious to see it. I can hardly perceive

what it will be for I don't think myself that I have any character. One day I feel happy and contented and life looks bright and gay and perhaps the next day I shall feel unhappy, gloomy and sad and life looks like a dull dreary void while I feel no power to rouse myself from such a state. And this even happens sometimes in one day. I wonder what will ever become of me. You always seem to act from principle while I follow the impulse of the moment. I won't say that I have *no principle* about me, for I do intend to have in regard to some things, but I find myself every day doing something which I ought not to do.

Jeremiah, you are increasing your stock of knowledge continually I suppose while I am going backward, if I can get any farther back than I now am.

I wish you would send us a paper now and then. I mean to take one when I get some money of my own. O Jeremiah, don't you wish somebody would give us a few thousands? I guess I would make some of it fly quick. But a contented mind is after all of far more value than riches.

Jeremiah, who had a lively interest in politics, described the political atmosphere of the day from the Whig viewpoint:

Dart. Coll., Hanover, Oct. 10th, 1840

Dear Father

I perceive by the Whig papers that there is to be a grand rally of the sturdy yeomanry at Orford on the 23d of this month. That looks right. It looks like bringing the town back to its old republican principles. The reign of locofocoism there will be brief.

There is a handwriting on the wall and I am glad to hear that Mr. Webster is coming to interpret it. If it don't make the knees of the locos smite together

it will be because they are made of sterner stuff than Belshazzar. Since the late election in Maine the locos are desperate, and it makes me think of a sentiment prevalent among the ancient pagans that the God often made mad those whom he meant to destroy. If the weather should be favorable on the 23d it will be such a day as Orford never saw. Arrangements have already been made by the citizens of this town for attending. The students will go en mass if the "veto" of the faculty does not prevent, which, I think, will not be the case. They would rather the students would attend forty conventions than have the scenes of last summer acted over. Have also heard from Canaan that they are taking measures for a full representation, which you know means now-a-days that the people are going themselves. The name of Webster will call a great assembly any day and especially in these days of political excitement.

The present term will close on the 19th Nov.—one week after thanksgiving. If His Excellency Gov. Page had not been in quite so much haste for his thanksgiving he would have accommodated the students quite as well.

I send in the trunk my measure and buckles for a pair of shoes. Will you please give him who shall make them the following directions. Make them high so that they will not look different from boots when my pants are strapped down close; with high heels and not very peaked at the toe. Square toes with the corners rounded would be preferred.

I have one word to say about my financial affairs, though like the government I am bankrupt. If you should see Mr. Andros before the convention I would thank you to say to him that I should like about thirty

dollars at that time if he has it to spare. That sum will square up for this term.

Yours very Truly, J. Marston jr.

In September of 1840 Gilman went to Harvard Law School for a term of law study under Judge Story. In November he took a few days' trip to Salem, Danvers, Newburyport, and Hampton, where he saw old friends and relatives. In Newburyport he spent one day with Judge Marston.

On December 1, in a letter to his father, he wrote:

I stayed one day [in Salem] and then returned to Boston on the Exeter and Haverhill R.R. in two hours! These railroads annihilate distance almost.

The term closes in about seven weeks. My present intention is to go into an office in Boston and remain until I get admitted. I want to see some practice in an office before commencing business myself. I have been looking about for a place to commence business. There are two or three within fifty miles that I like tolerably well; one in N. H. Were it not for the money I am owing I should certainly go south-west or settle in Boston, but it takes time to get business in Boston and it is expensive living there, and I want to get out of debt as soon as possible.

If I have health I will be square with the world in a year and half.

To Harriett at South Strafford, Vermont:

Cambridge, Dec., 27th, 1840

My Dear Sister

You are teaching School at Strafford I understand. What in the world possessed you to take such a step? Well now, Harriett, you must do well, very well indeed, since you have engaged in such an under-

taking. You must spare no pains to make your pupils learn and make them love you too. I know you can do very well if you try and I know too that you don't like teaching any too well. Tell me all about your situation—your pupils—your associates—the acquaintances you have made which you regard as any way agreeable. I wish to know how you are situated—how you enjoy yourself—how *you feel* and all about it. Say, should you not rather be at Orford this winter, going to school with Ann, attending Lyceums, singing schools, cotillions, parties, etc.? I should like to spend a week at Orford right well. I think I should enjoy it capitally. A week ago yesterday I called on Mary Britton and Susan W. in Boston. Mary will enjoy herself finely I think.

When will you write me as good a letter and as long a one as your last? It was very excellent, Harriett, and I felt proud of a sister who could write so well.

Good Night

Gilman

In June, 1841, Harriett was teaching in Wentworth, a town near Orford, and Gilman had begun his practice of law in Exeter. Harriett was at home again when Gilman wrote to her in 1843:

Exeter, Feb. 12th, 1843

My Dear Sister

I received your letter of the 4th inst. last Friday. I began to think I should never hear from you again. Do you know how long it is since you have written to me? But no matter now for your recent letter was full of sisterly affection and the pleasure it afforded quite obliterated all feelings of vexation which your long silence occasioned. You must not neglect your brother

so long again. I imagine you do not know how rich a treat it is to receive a long and familiar letter from home, full of incidents, gossip, affection and nonsense, all written where every voice and every object are as familiar as the things we daily gaze upon.

I don't feel entirely at home here, though I like the people very much. There is no place I like so well as Orford. However, with plenty of business it makes but little difference where we are. Exeter is not a gay place, but there is enough of good society if one choose to frequent it. Besides the permanent residents here there are always many intelligent young gentlemen at the academy and agreeable young ladies at the ladies' School, and in the summer season people from the city and the country, and so there are daily excursions to Hampton Beach.

I had about given up the idea of going home this winter but if mother is much unwell I shall certainly go. Last week I was at Portsmouth pretty much all the week at Court. I expect to be obliged to go to Boston and Cambridge in a week or two, though I hope not for I am not fond of journeying in the winter. I shall send you two of Bulwer's novels the first opportunity—Ernest Maltravers and Alice. Read the former first. You will like them very much. Kind remembrances to all.

Your affectionate brother

Gilman Marston

Exeter, June 6th, 1843

My Dear Sister

Your letter of the 23d of May was received with more pleasure than you are aware of. I was very glad to learn that the wine and fruit I sent mother were acceptable to her, and I am sure they would be much

more acceptable if they could do her as much good as I wish they might. But you say Mother is gaining in health and strength and so I hear from other sources. You report Jeremiah to have been very studious while at home, which is certainly not the worst thing that might have been said of him. One can't usually do much else but study during the spring vacation, the weather is so terribly unpleasant. Have you had any pleasant days at Orford this season? Here the east winds have prevailed for most of the time and it has been cloudy and cold. Fires are as necessary as in the winter season and I have not been without a day since October, eight months ago!

You said nothing about your *reading* in your last letter. I hope you have read the *Neighbors* and the *H—family*, works of Frederika Bremer which I sent you some time ago. Three more works of Miss Bremer have been published—*The President's Daughters*, *Home*, and *Strife and Peace*. I have them all and will send them to you as soon as *all Exeter* have read them, for every one reads these works and a great many people borrow them of me. Miss Bremer's works are very popular and I think deservedly so. Her pictures of life are admirably drawn and her observations are truthful.

Since I wrote you we have had a temperance tea party in Exeter at which there were about 400 ladies and gentlemen present. The Bird family, two brothers and two sisters, were here from Watertown. They are celebrated singers, and their presence at the party was one of its principal attractions.

Next week, you know, is to be celebrated the completion of the Bunkerhill Monument, on the anniversary of the Battle there. The assemblage there will probably be one of the largest ever known in the

country. The President and heads of Departments are to be present. I will give you an account of the proceedings if you will be very good and write me a long letter so that I can receive it before I go there.

Remember me kindly to all who inquire for me, and believe me

Your affectionate brother

Gilman Marston

Exeter, Oct. 22d, 1843

Dear Sis

I believe I have not written home since Jeremiah was here, have I?

The fellow was in good spirits enough while he was here—better than I should have been if I had had time to reflect upon the fact that he was going so far away. But he has arrived at the end of his journey in safety, & without losing a particle of his natural assurance and impudence, for he stopped on the way and made a call on Henry Clay!

But the queerest news I have heard was contained in your letter—that Arthur is to be married soon! Thunder & Scissors! What next—But you don't say a word about who the *thing* is that is to be my sister. This compelling folks to have sisters without their consent I don't think much of, do you? But I hope she will be good tempered and pretty—a sort of Jane Wilcox*—and by the way where is Jane now, and when is she going to return to Orford? Home would hardly seem like home without seeing her there too. I have been accustomed to see her there so long. You and mother must miss her sadly, and it makes me feel sad to think of her. She deserves a better fate, but

*A young woman who lived in their home as friend and helper.

Simonds seems destined to live forever! Jeremiah told me mother's health was improving. You must take the best of care of her and tell her to write me a letter herself. I was in hopes to have seen Father and Mother here this fall. Why did they not come? I want to see them, and you all, and so I must, without fail, see Orford thanksgiving.

'Tis Sunday evening and since I began this letter I have been out 2 hours or so with an old maiden lady with whom I usually spend my Sabbath evenings. Then I met the Minister's wife and son, and we had a pretty gay time for such people & such a time. I wanted to be at home this fall during the pleasant days we have usually in October, such a day for instance as yesterday was. I always think of you on such days, and indeed no day passes that I do not think of you—You must write me soon—Tell all the news—You know what gossiping off hand kind of letters I like.

Good night—pleasant dreams—

Your brother Gilman Marston

On November 9 Arthur was married to Philabe Stimson. From then on Philabe enters the letters as a member of the family living in the old homestead. Jeremiah, after his graduation from Dartmouth, went south, looking for an opportunity to practice law. Not finding an opening immediately, he taught school for one year in a small place called Pleasant Grove in Murray County, Tennessee. On February 2, 1844, he wrote to Harriett:

With a large and constantly increasing school on my hands it is not often that I get time to sit down and fill a page of foolscap. My success in my school has exceeded my most sanguine expectations. The first

session has not yet expired, yet such has been the increase in the number of scholars that I have found it necessary to employ an Assistant.

The assistant, an "intelligent and agreeable young man from Virginia," and Jeremiah visited the "Female Institute" at Columbia:

This is undoubtedly the best institution for the education of young ladies west of the Alleghenies; and perhaps the best south of the Potomac. The institution, an elegant Gothic structure of brick and painted a slate color, stands on a slight elevation just out of town in a beautiful and somewhat romantic country. Directly in front of the building is a hill, a high one for Tennessee, to which the pupils have given the classic name of Parnassus. We attended only the afternoon and evening of an examination which occupied three entire days. The exercises were of a novel and interesting character. In the spacious study hall elegantly trimmed with evergreen—the cedar and ebony—were ranged, in their several classes, two hundred and twelve young ladies—the beauty, if not the chivalry of the South-West. In the evening they gave a concert at which the Tutoresses and older pupils played on the organ, piano, harp and guitar, accompanied, in some instances, by the voice. The music was fine, their faces charming, and, on the whole, the exercises went off with a good deal of *éclat*. Mr. Smith, the Rector, is one of the most polite of men and is universally known here as the American Chesterfield. It is said that he has never been beaten but once in making bows; that was by Mr. Van Buren. Ex-Gov. Polk honored the occasion with his presence. Col. Polk is a fine looking man. Was offered an introduction, but for special reasons declined the honor. From this town

I have just returned over a road which by a Yankee in Yankeeland would be deemed impassable by reason of mud. It has rained almost constantly during the whole winter. Methinks I can hear the bells jingling right merrily over the snow-covered hills of New England while here the sun is shining as warm and pleasantly as in May. But for pleasure, give me the cold and bracing weather of a northern winter—which does not drive one to the unpleasant alternative of suspending all locomotion or making his perambulations in a clay pit.

Our class, which graduated only five months since, is scattered to the four quarters of the Union, and one, as you see, in Victoria's dominions. How is Dr. Daniel prospering? Charlie Kimball, too, is he married? Does Ellen still maintain her rank of belle of the celebrated beauties of the Aristocracy of Orford Street?

Write me often and *long* letters.

He sent a sprig of mistletoe and ended with a postscript: "Tell mother to give herself no uneasiness on my account."

His second letter from Pleasant Grove was written in June. After commenting on the Orford news received from Gilman, who had made a visit home, and telling about scenery and events in Tennessee, he wrote:

Let me talk more of home before closing this letter. I see you all often in imagination, sometimes in dreams. That is all I can promise myself for a long time to come. I can see as distinctly how you all look, and how every thing looks around you, as if I were there with you. Father sits at table, for the most part silent and thoughtful, looking a little older and grayer every time you notice him particularly, and occasionally says a funny thing that sets you all in a laugh.

Mother places her elbow on the table, draws a long breath and says, "Why don't we hear from Jerry? I am afraid he is sick. It's so long since he has written." Sister then, with her ready invention, as sisters always do, offers some excuse. To check the incipient alarm and hide her own fears, says, "It is not *very* long since he wrote me. Then, you know, he has school to manage and has but little time to write." After this speech Arthur makes some good-natured remark and takes another supply of butter. And Philabe says—I don't know what. Nothing, I guess though. The garden too looks pretty much as usual—a little weedy about the moss seat I guess.

Yesterday a rumor which has been afloat of the nomination of Gov. Polk as a candidate for the Presidency by the Baltimore convention was confirmed. It was the occasion of the first beam of joy that has lighted up the countenance of a Locofoco in Tennessee for a long, long time. They have before given it up that Tennessee would go for Henry Clay and most of them believed that he would be elected. Now they prefer to believe otherwise. Their rejoicing will not be of long continuance. The hopelessness of their cause is too evident, too palpable to be resuscitated by the Ex-Governor.

From Gilman in Exeter to Harriett, November 23, 1844:

My Dear Sister

That part of your letter was the most interesting that described the events of Thanksgiving day and your various occupations in the evening. I wish I could have been one in your circle then, and I am almost sorry now that I had not done so. It is a long time since I have been at home at Thanksgiving—

four years, is it not?—never I believe since the time I had a present of a cake and a pie. You remember about it, don't you? At any rate you remember the succeeding winter—Ann was at home then, all full of life and joy—Susan, alternately smiling and pouting and on the whole doubtful whether she was happy or not—Ellen, the fairest of earth's opening flowers, glowing with generous emotion and making every heart glad with her beautiful brightness. But that circle is scattered far and wide.

I wish you could have been here this summer; it was very agreeable indeed. You must be here next certainly. Had I been boarding at a private house I should have sent for you in June. I made a great many agreeable acquaintances at the Beach the past season. There was a Miss Amelia M. E. from Mass., one of the gentlest and most winning of her sex. I liked her very much. She with several other ladies and a gentleman came up from the beach and spent a day with me in Exeter. I wished you were here then. Alex Whelen stayed with me three days and we had a glorious time at the beach.

Sunday evenings you know I always pass at Mrs. Gorham's or Miss Emery's, when business does not require me to be at my office. But I must inquire about Mother—I shall begin to scold you by and by if you let her expose herself and take cold—though I suppose it can not be helped. It always makes me nervous and unhappy to hear that she is sick. Make her life as happy as possible, Harriet, the recollection of it will be your greatest joy. I have not heard from Jeremiah since April I think, except by the way of Orford. Does he say anything about returning home? I don't know but I may go South in a year or two. What do you think of that project? I should certainly

leave Exeter with regret for I have found it an agreeable residence in all respects.

Although Exeter remained Gilman's home, his election to the state legislature the following year and many times thereafter, his services in both houses of Congress in Washington, and his Civil War service made it necessary for him to spend much of his time in other places.

Only two more of his letters are known to us; one is a short note to Harriett, written September 10, 1845, to tell her about the visit his parents are making him. The other is a very long letter, written to Harriett on August 11, 1850, after she had gone to Wisconsin to live. It described a trip which he took with several friends to the White Mountains. On their return the party drove down the Connecticut Valley, arriving in the evening at Fairlee.

Orford looked more beautiful than ever before from the Fairlee side. Before crossing to Orford we drove down to the Morey farm, left our team and all walked to the pond. You remember that grove of trees by the pond where was once a celebrated picnic. All the ladies of our party united in pronouncing this one of the loveliest spots we had anywhere seen. After loitering about there for nearly an hour we drove over to Orford. By the time we had finished supper it was nearly dark. We all took a stroll however through the village, through Bissell's grounds and wherever there was anything worth seeing.

About 8 o'clock I left the party and drove to our own home. Father, Mother, Arthur, Philabe and all were well, and surprised at seeing me at such a time. They had some splendid blueberries and after feasting upon them, chatting a couple of hours about you and Jerry and Charles and anything pertaining to home

I went to bed and slept soundly till four the next morning when I took my departure. At six our party took the cars at Fairlee and at one o'clock that afternoon we were all safely landed in Exeter, delighted with the excursion, and regretting only that it had ended so soon.

We have a little insight into the place Gilman filled in Exeter society through letters to Harriett from one of his friends, a Mrs. Gordon, with whom Harriett became acquainted when visiting Gilman. He was in the habit of running in to see Mrs. Gordon about once a week; he "tumbles over my books and often reads me some pleasant thing in poetry or prose. At table I see him each day with all his fascinations and peculiarities. Mrs. Gorham says, you know, that he is a very fascinating man." With respect to his introducing a lecturer on *Hamlet*, Mrs. Gordon wrote: "You would have been very proud of Gilman—I was—He never looked more handsome, so every one said, and very gracefully presented the lecturer."

Something of a character was this great-uncle of ours. Although he enjoyed the society of women he never married. In later life he owned a pleasant home next to the playing field of the academy. Here he indulged his taste for beautiful china. When father and mother visited him on their wedding trip he picked up from the breakfast table the porcelain plaque on which the coffee pot stood and gave it to mother. It is still in use in our dining room. The black gate-legged table in our library also belonged to Uncle Gilman and was sent to us after his death by his brother Charles.

The best likeness we have of Uncle Gilman and the most interesting stories we know about him are in Martin A. Haynes's *History of the Second Regiment of the New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry*. A representative in Congress at the time of the outbreak of the Civil War, Gilman Marston enrolled in the Cassius M. Clay Battalion for the defense of Washington. On

June 4, 1861, he was commissioned Colonel of the Second New Hampshire Regiment. He was then almost fifty years old and had had no previous military experience. Although severely wounded in his first engagement at the Battle of Bull Run, he returned after several months to his command, which he held till 1863. At this time he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general and was assigned the duty of establishing a prisoner-of-war camp in St. Mary's District, Maryland. The following year he was glad to be released from administrative duties for service at the front again.

One of the amusing stories about him concerns his circumvention of an order of his commanding general who came to inspect camp the first winter. The general, thinking the building in which the prisoners were lodged was too good for them, ordered a log dungeon "without a crack or an opening, so that it will be perfectly dark" to be built. His instructions were carried out to the letter. When he returned to inspect it, he was first pleased and then puzzled and asked how the men could be gotten into it. Uncle Gilman is said to have replied: "That's not my look-out. I have obeyed orders strictly. How does it suit you?" The general gave no further orders, and the prisoners remained where he had found them.

A similar story concerns "Colonel Marston's famous tilt with General Grover." Quoting from the history:

For some reason the Second was not paraded, one morning, according to orders of the brigade commander. Grover sent for Marston and a conversation ensued about as follows:

"I noticed, Colonel, that your regiment was not out this morning. What was the reason?"

"The reason was, I did not order them out."

"You will order them out now, then, and remain under arms two hours."

"I will do nothing of the kind."

“What!” in profound astonishment.

“I said the regiment will not be ordered out. If there is any fault, it is not of my men, and they will not be punished. If you want the officers to parade, we will come out and stand as long as you please.”

This was rank insubordination. “I would have you understand, Colonel Marston,” said Grover, warningly, “that I am the brigadier-general commanding this brigade.”

“And I would have you understand,” was the quick response, “that I am a member of the body that makes brigadier-generals.”

The matter dropped, right there, and the regiment was not ordered out.

In a Memorial Day address delivered by General Charles H. Bartlett in Manchester in 1891, the year after Uncle Gilman’s death, General Marston was portrayed as a man of ardent, youthful spirit and of unflinching courage; as a warmly humanitarian officer; as a patriot wholly lacking in self-interest and deeply devoted to his country’s welfare.

The following paragraph from the address describes General Marston’s action at the battle of Drewry’s Bluff:


In his brigade was a regiment that had never before been under fire. The storm of battle was bursting over the parapet, behind which his command was stationed, and shot and shell were falling in their ranks. A terrific onslaught had been repelled and another was impending. Under the terrible nerve strain the raw troops wavered, and their lines showed that a panic was imminent. The Colonel commanding went to Gen. Marston in great distress and informed him of the situation. He knew that if his regiment broke he was disgraced. The general saw the danger of such an example and instantly resolved to reassure and give

confidence to the wavering line. Taking his field glass in hand, in full view of his brigade, he deliberately ascended the parapet in full exposure of the enemy's shot, and slowly walked its entire length, pausing occasionally to survey the enemy's movements through his glass, and then as deliberately descending, passed in front of the untried troops, speaking words of cheer and confidence as he did so. The panic was averted, and the force of heroic example put fear to shame and not a man faltered when the crisis came.

The men who served under General Marston had the warmest affection, as well as deep respect, for "Old Gil," as they called him. There could be no more fitting monument to their hero than the great granite boulder they placed on his grave in Exeter.

The Family in Wisconsin

Father's Parents


 DURING THE 1840's George Phillips Marston was making a valiant struggle in the Wisconsin wilderness. When he began to convert his timberland into a farm he did not know wheat from barley or barley from oats. In later years he would tell his children stories of those pioneer days, stories which our father passed on to us. One day when felling trees alone he had been pinned down by a log and would have perished in the snow if someone had not come by in time. All his life he walked "with a kink," as father used to say, due to this accident. On another winter day he actually had become frozen while driving, but his horse kept going and took him to the Green Mountain Inn where he was cared for. A first crop of wheat was finally sowed, harvested, and carried by wagon to Milwaukee. It brought just five dollars. With this meager compensation for all his labor in his pocket, the disillusioned young man passed a restaurant with a sign announcing, "Fresh Oysters—\$5.00 a Plate." He immediately went in and ordered the oysters.

Later crops proved more profitable. Gradually he was able to pay for the land bought for him by his father and brother, and in 1849 he felt himself in a position to marry. There is no record of his friendship with his sixth cousin Harriett, nor of his courtship, but it is likely that he had visited in Orford from childhood days and that a correspondence between the cousins while George was in Wisconsin had culminated in their engagement. They were married in Orford on October 2, 1849. George was thirty-one, Harriett twenty-eight. We have no account of the wedding, but we can imagine the stir it occasioned in the old farmhouse, and we feel sure all the brothers except Jerry, who

was too far away, must have been there. We have a few letters written just before and just after the marriage.

George's father wrote to Harriett:

Newburyport, Sept. 6, 1849

I cannot let George set off for N. H., my dear Harriett, without a few lines from one who hopes soon to have the pleasure of calling himself father and you his dear daughter. George is quite well and I hope he may find you so on his arrival. He has been necessarily detained here several days. I have not urged his stay one moment beyond what seemed to be absolutely necessary.

Of course I hope you and your kind friends will not keep him too long in Orford. I fully admit their claims to as much time as he can devote to them, especially of your dear father and mother, who, of course, will feel a strong desire to have some reasonable opportunity of becoming acquainted with a man to whose protection and care they are to yield up their affectionate daughter. But I hope they will not feel quite a stranger to his character and standing at home, and so may have all reasonable confidence in his honor, integrity and kindness. It is a matter, you know, for better and for worse, and I sincerely hope and pray it may be for your mutual happiness and that you may never, for one moment, either of you, have occasion to regret this most important step which belongs to our temporal existence. Although your lot for a while may be cast among strangers, yet if you shall find that mutual peace and happiness at home, which belongs to all those who are rightly brought together in Christ, it will be a happy and fortunate era of your lives. That it may be such will ever be my unceasing prayer.

Having admitted fully your friends' claim upon George for all the time he can spare, I trust they will not forget that we have some claim upon you also to make us as long a visit here as possible on your way to Wisconsin.

From Mrs. Marston to Harriett:

My dear Miss Marston

I have but a few hurried moments this evening in which to write—yet I can not feel willing that George should leave us without offering you my best wishes for your mutual prosperity and happiness — and expressing the hope that I may soon have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you.

Be assured, my dear Miss Harriett, that Mr. Marston and I will feel a cordial pleasure in claiming relationship with you, and we trust, if you enter our family, that you will there find warm-hearted friends.

I hope you will come to Newburyport on your way to the West, and give us the pleasure of a long visit.

With my kind remembrance to your parents, in which Mr. Marston unites,

I am yrs. with much esteem,

M. T. J. Marston

Newburyport
Sept. 6th

During their visit George and Harriett wrote to Harriett's parents:

Newburyport, Oct. 10, 1849

Dear Parents

Harriett requested me this morning to carry home some paper as she wished to write you. Without her permission or knowledge I will scribble a few lines on

one side of the sheet. We have seen but one pleasant day since we left you, and that was yesterday. We improved it by visiting Plum Island and walking around Town. We intended today visiting some of the new Ships lying in our Harbour but the storm prevents. You would like to know I presume how H. behaves herself, etc. etc. Very Well, this far—but I felt it my duty to give her a little scolding today—a *little* one mind you. She took it very meekly & humbly however, and promised better fashions. The cause of it was her going out to walk on the damp ground with thin shoes—which she promises not to do again. I am happy to say that she appears in good Spirits, and happy & contented and I think she will remain so. In this my first letter to you, I will renew the promise I have before made, to carefully watch over and protect her. To add to her happiness is my chief desire, every thing calculated to promote that will be my constant study—but I must leave the rest of the sheet to her, or I may be in my turn scolded. Give my love to A. & Philabe & believe me truly Yr. Aff Son

Geo. P. Marston

Newburyport, Oct. 10

Dear Father & Mother

Agreeably to my promise before I left home, I will sit down this morning, and tell you how time passes with me, now that I have left all my former friends, and every familiar object.

I wrote you a few words last week which I suppose you have received before this time, together with a bundle of cards which George sent by Express.

We left Boston on Friday of last week, and we were very cordially received by our friends at Newburyport. It has been raining much of the time since we

arrived here, we have had only one sunny day, but I have found so many kind friends that the days pass pleasantly, very pleasantly, notwithstanding the bad weather. My new Father is in good health and is I believe a true friend to me.

Mrs. Marston is pleasant and sociable and very kind to me. I am enjoying my visit highly, but I do want to step in and see you sometimes very much.

Yesterday Mrs. Marston and I went to the office and as it was rather damp and not very comfortable walking the gentlemen reproved us making them a call on such a day. On our return home she stepped into a shop and purchased a nice pair of Indian Rubber shoes for me, lined and such very nicely.

She is a very energetic woman and one of the best housekeepers in the country. She is not afraid of exercise or care and is certainly one of the most active women I ever saw. Her Mother, Mrs. Jenkins, is with her this week. She is a very agreeable lady and I like her very much. Last Monday we were all invited to take tea (William included) with a Mrs. Proset, an Aunt of Mrs. M's. She is eighty five years of age and I wish you could have seen how pleasantly she entertained her company and with what ease and dignity she presided at her table.

William drives and takes dinner at home very often. Mrs. M. often invites him and sent word to him the day that we arrived to come in often. He treats her kindly and respectfully as he would any other Lady.

Gilman wrote me a very good letter Monday morning and Mr. and Mrs. Marston requested me to invite him to meet me here, but I think it likely that he will not be able to leave home until the latter part of the week when he will meet me in Boston. We expect to leave this place tomorrow at half past eleven o'clock.

George intends to stop at Salem and dine with his Uncle, Judge White, and then we are going out to Cambridge to spend the evening with Miss Cate. William intends to go to Boston and spend Saturday with us. Thus you see there will be quite a company of brothers, four of them, and I wish the three others could be there also, and the good sisters with them. Gilman says he will go with me to see Mrs. Gordon, but it is such stormy weather all of the time that I am afraid I shall not be able to see her.

I want to hear from all of you very much. I can walk around the house in imagination and see your faces, but I cannot hear you talk. I am anticipating a great deal of pleasure in meeting Aunt Ann next Saturday evening and hearing all about you. I hope, Mother, you take good care of your health this damp weather, though I suspect Philabe has that to attend to. I want to know whether P. was sick after I left or not. O how I should like to sit down with you today, but I intend to keep up good courage, for if I get homesick it will unfit me for every duty. My health is perfectly good and I have enjoyed myself thus far very well indeed. I think I shall enjoy my journey very much. I have so good a friend to take care of me that you must not feel anxious about me. Our Heavenly Father will direct all events, therefore all will be well.

I think I told you that I saw Miss Gould the day that I arrived here. She was a very intimate friend of George's Mother. You often see some of her poetry.

Last Tuesday a lady of this town called on me who had resided with a married sister in Racine, Wis., two years. She was well pleased with the country and thinks she shall return at some future time. She has one sister, visiting at that place now, and a younger sister who called with her, said it would be her turn next to go.

They both promised to visit us. A brother of these ladies goes out from Boston three times a year.

I think Newburyport is a beautiful place. There are a great many fine residences here and a great variety of trees and shrubbery which must give the town a fine appearance in the summer season. There are a great many Horse chestnut trees. I thought of sending Arthur some of the nuts that are now falling from the trees. But he can get them I suppose from Col. Bissell. George has some to carry home with him. It is a hardy tree and would grow well with you. A gentleman here told George that he had one four years old that was now ten feet in height.

We have very nice peaches and grapes to eat that George's father raised in his garden. There are a great many fruit trees in all the gardens about town.

How is Aunt Sarah? Give my love to her. When she wears a very long face you must give her some of my cake, and tell her she must enjoy herself, if her nieces *don't* please her.

I want to hear from all of you. I hope you will write so that I can receive a letter soon after I get to my new home. If you do not write till you receive a letter it will be an age before I hear from you. Philabe and Arthur must write too. You don't know how anxious I feel to hear how you are at home. I am afraid you are all sick, you had so much to do. Give my love to Lucy. I shall always remember her kindness. Little Mary has not forgotten, I hope. You must give her a kiss every day, Mother, for me, and you and Philabe must believe that you have one as often. I shall write you, dear Father & Mother, very often and tell you all about our plans and how we get along. Ever your affectionate daughter

Harriette

Tell P. I should like to walk about and look into the shops here with her very much & I think we should find it very convenient to have plenty of money with us.

I saw Mary Sawyer a few moments last Thursday I believe. She brought my bonnet. It is quite plain. I like it very much, so does George.

Mrs. Marston sends her respects to you.

It was so stormy on Sunday that we could not go to church. Since I commenced writing the wind has ceased and the clouds are dispersing and I think we shall go and see some of the fine ships that are here now. A great many vessels are going from this port to California.

Considering how little Harriett had been away from her family and to what a strange and distant environment she was going, her repressed homesickness was natural. Her seriousness was characteristic of a religious faith which became very important to her in the years between school days and marriage.

There is an undated statement of hers which undoubtedly belongs to this period. It implies that the Calvinistic preaching of her village had led to the religious experience of conversion:

Nearly eight months ago, I became the subject of religious impressions. But so gradually were my eyes opened to my real condition, that I have never been able to remember the precise time that I first began to think seriously of Religion.

The Bible became more and more interesting, and seemed to speak with a meaning I had never before conceived of, and the instructions we received from the Pulpit were so thrillingly interesting as to absorb every thought. At length the consciousness of the guilt I had incurred by so long rebelling against the great

and holy God, and resisting the kind invitations of the Saviour, pressed with a heavy weight on my mind until to receive the pardon of my sins, and become a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, seemed infinitely more desirable than all things else.

Several weeks elapsed without any material change in my feelings, nor was there at any time any very sudden change in my views and feelings. But at length the burden of sin was removed, and the preciousness of the Savior was exhibited in some degree to my mind.

And though a sinner and a great sinner, yet I think my trust, and only hope of salvation, is in the love of God through Jesus Christ.

Harriett Marston

All her life she kept her strict orthodox beliefs, bringing up her children in an almost Puritan atmosphere, although her husband, perhaps influenced by his Unitarian relatives, took a broader view of religion. George's uncle, Judge White, who had suffered in his boyhood from harsh theology, in which environment he was brought up, and who became a warm friend of William Ellery Channing during their college days at Harvard, had turned ardently to Unitarianism. Whether or not his sister, George's mother, held the same views we do not know, but George's father remained in the orthodox faith, belonging to the First Parish Church, Newbury. His religion, however, seemed to reflect his sunny nature and philosophical disposition.

Harriett's spontaneous friendliness and charm and the breadth of her sympathies made her loved wherever she went. Her spirit of helpfulness made many people rely on her. One of the first letters to reach her in her new home in Wisconsin was from the minister of her church in Orford. In it he said: "I shall confidently expect you will do much in your new sphere for the honor of Him who hath called you to his service. A

ready heart and hand may find enough to do anywhere. Cultivate a spirit of active benevolence and earnest sympathy with human woes. Aim at a high standard of personal religion and draw your purest spiritual nourishment direct from the Bible. Remember how deceitful the heart is and how much vigilance is required to keep it fixed on God. But I presume you need not this counsel though it is given with affectionate interest in your welfare." Harriett's own purposes and character were entirely in accord with this counsel as her whole life exemplified.

The two letters which follow continue the story, so far as we know it, of our grandparents' departure for their home in the West and their arrival there.

From Judge Stephen W. Marston to Captain Jeremiah Marston:

Newburyport, Oct. 19, 1849

My dear Sir

One week ago George and his dear lady left us for Salem. I went up with them & dined at Judge White's. I went out after dinner to attend to a little business & was detained longer than I expected, & on my return found they had just left for Boston. So I lost the opportunity of bidding them adieu. William left here with their baggage in the afternoon train which they took at Salem for Boston, & he remained there, with them, until Monday morning when they set off for their home in the west, & he returned to N'yport. In Boston they had quite a collection of Marstons. Sister Ann,* William her son, our William, Gilman & Stephen, & George & his wife. And they all had a nice time of it. I should have been happy with them, but could not leave home. We were all very much pleased

*"Sister Ann" was the wife of Peter Marston of Fairlee, brother of Stephen. Their children included the Daniel and Ann mentioned in Harriett's and Gilman's letters.

with Harriett. She is a very lovely woman; & while I rejoice with George in getting so fine a wife, I cannot but hope that she will find him a kind & affectionate husband, & that they may be happy & prospered in all their undertakings.

Harriett was in good spirits all the time she was here, though we had nothing but rains & storms, which kept them indoors almost the whole time. But they have had fair weather, I trust, since they left us & with good luck, they are now in Milwaukee! I do hope & pray that Harriett may not be disappointed in her new home, but that she will be contented & happy, & a blessing to her husband & all around her. It is a new country, but I told her there was a wider field for usefulness, & if she went to do good, & with a missionary spirit, I thought she would be happy & contented, & that she & George might get along & be among the most useful, respected & happy people in their circle, all which she seemed fully to appreciate. With the smiles of kind Providence, with health & prudence, I trust they will succeed & be blessed. Harriett made friends of everybody she met with here, & I cannot doubt she will find them in Wisconsin. The longer they remained here the harder it was to part with them. But they are gone & I hope they will reach their new home in health & safety. While it stormed here, the winds & storms upon the lakes were very severe. I hope they had all subsided before they reached Buffalo. We long to hear from them. Harriett promised to write us soon as she could after their arrival, & we shall be looking for letters in about ten days. May God bless & prosper them.

You will please give our love to Mrs. M. & all friends. I am with great respect your obt. servt,

S. W. Marston

From Judge Marston to George and Harriett:

Newburyport, Dec. 5, '49

My dear children

Your letter, dear George, was duly rec^d. I know, though I have forgotten its date, & it is not now at hand. I sent it up for Stephen's perusal, & he has not returned it. Before I rec^d. your letter I had seen yours to Stephen, & had, of course, heard of your vexatious disappointments & delays on the way home. I can well conceive of it, but so long as you finally reached home in safety, it is of no great consequence.

I was really very happy to know that Harriett was pleased with her new home. I do hope she will continue to like it & that you may both be happy, prosperous & contented. You must remember that you are both young—just setting out in life, &, of course, must expect to find many trials & disappointments, such as your own fathers & mothers had to contend with in their early days. Indeed, it is right it should be so. Privations, trials, toils & consequent sufferings are the common lot. If you can only be blessed with health, I shall not distress myself about the rest of it. Happiness does not depend upon riches—far enough from it—indeed, I think riches & happiness are by far less often united than happiness & competency. But contentment with our lot & that domestic love & tenderness, which I hope will ever be your lot, is of priceless value & will make many a rough way smooth & agreeable. But I did not begin, nor have I time, to write a sermon. I should have answered your kind letter before this, but have been waiting hoping to have a letter from Harriett. But I suppose she is so taken up with her new abode that she has not yet found time to fulfill her promise to do so. I have often thought of

her being left there alone so soon after you reached home. But I hope she practiced philosophy & made herself happy under the conviction that it was necessary & proper. I long to hear how you succeeded in your business & trust you did not get ill, off to Cold Spring, if that be the town wh. wanted you so much to join them.

Stephen wrote me the other day that he had just seen a western man from Wis. & he spoke of the Chicago & Galena road as progressing rapidly, & would undoubtedly be extended to Janesville before long, & that it would probably go up Rock River, which would give you the benefit of two markets. This will greatly enhance the value of all your lands & improvements, & therefore, Stephen says he hopes you will be able to get along without selling any of your land at present. And I hope so too. I suppose Wilby has moved into his new house & I think you will find it quite as well to live without a hired man this winter, as you suggest. How did you get along with your trees & grape vines? I hope they will all live & do well.

I fear Harriett's shawl is gone past recovery. The conductor made search & enquiry but could not find anything of it. Judge White told me that Mrs. Foote* said she saw it on George's arm, when you were racing down to the cars! & I think he must have dropped it in Salem, & so it will never be found, for which we are very sorry. If this be the way it was lost I suppose it was all owing to my absence so long. I got engaged in the delightful employment of trying on boots! & overrun the time, & did not find a pair which I could wear, after all. I regretted very much that I could not have

*Mrs. Mary Wilder Foote, daughter of Judge White.

made one of the Marstons at the U.S.* We are all well, & send great deal of love. I have said nothing about the awful murder of Dr. Parkman** as you will know it all at length in the papers. Good bye, dear children. Write soon.

Your aff. father, S. W. Marston

Your mother desires her love.

P.S. I enclose \$20. 2, 10\$ bills, Ocean Bk. No. 7281 & 7289, which I hope will make up the extra expense of getting on. Perhaps I shall be able to send some money by & by, as you proposed. Write soon.

Wisconsin in 1850 was still the frontier. The Koshkonong farm was four miles from the nearest settlement, Fort Atkinson. The railroad from Chicago ended at Milwaukee; to reach "the Fort" it was necessary to drive fifty miles. We may be sure that the little house in which Harriett began housekeeping was hardly more than a cabin. We can imagine how much, in this unfamiliar environment, the letters from home meant to her.

One letter of January 21 from her father gave, as did all his letters to her, details of family and village happenings. It ends: "You cannot think how much you are missed in the long winter evenings. It seems so lonely, but we have this for consolation—you have a good and quiet home of your own and a kind man to provide for you and to take care of and protect you in this world of toil and sorrow."

Much of the material for reconstructing the first year of our grandparents' married life we find in the comments on Wisconsin affairs in the letters from George's father:

*The hotel in which Stephen lived.

**Doctor Parkman was murdered by Professor Webster of Harvard, in defense of whom President Jared Sparks said: "Our professors do not often commit murder." See Cleveland Amory: *The Proper Bostonians*.

Newburyport, Feby. 4, 1850

Your kind letter, dear George, of 18 Jany. was recd two days since & I will answer it now. We are very happy to know you "are well & in good spirits—happy & contented with each other." These are truly the greatest earthly blessings that any of us can expect. I often think of your cozy little house & the quiet & delightful honey-moon which shines so brightly around you.

I rejoice that your session at Jefferson turned out so favorably & if the Cold Spring people choose to migrate to California, it is no great matter. I am somewhat surprised however that the fever rages so extensively in your region. Here it is dead—I hear of nobody who thinks of going to California. I rejoice that your R. R. is progressing so famously; that will do more for your town than 40 Californias, as you will see half a dozen years hence. I do not think the prospect of your R. R. will enhance the value of your farms so suddenly as to make *this* a good time to sell; & therefore if you can get along without parting with any of your land, I advise you to keep it. Your back may be better in the Spring—I hope it will—but you must be careful & not overwork it. I have recently had an attack of the rheumatism in my back—was confined to house a week—part of time could not dress, or undress myself. But am now well again. I am very sorry your Chestnut trees were not packed better. I am sorry your horse is so sick—You will surely lose it. You do have bad luck in horses, so you must try & get some sheep & try your luck in them. Step. thinks that is your best plan. Give a great deal of love to Harriett & tell her I am glad she has an appetite & can eat "a Farm." Write soon.

Your aff father

S W Marston

Feby. 4, '50

Dr. George

I have but a moment more now to write a line or two—I have been trying to find some money for you but have not yet succeeded in getting it, tho. I hope I shall. But in case I do not, I wish to say that you may draw on me any time for \$100. Perhaps you may want to do something about getting timber to enlarge your house. But you & Harriet will determine about that. If not, I suppose you will be able to find use for the money. I want you to get some sheep, & try that. But I must close, with great deal of love for you & H.

Yr aff father

S W Marston

On February 21, writing again to George about business conditions and the difficulty of getting money for him for investment, George's father concluded with an affectionate note to Harriett:

This blessed privilege of letting off our thoughts at our fingers' ends is one of the brightest enjoyments of this life, and I hope we shall improve it often. I am getting along far in the journey of life. You are young and have many years before you, and I hope you will not withhold that which will be so great a source of enjoyment to me, until I am beyond the reach of it. Do let me hear from you often, dear H. You must remember you are now one of *my* dear children, and I must claim that affection which belongs to a *father* and trust I shall return that wh. belongs to a *daughter*. We often talk of you, and all remember the dear visit wh. you made us with great pleasure.

Stephen, Jr., commenced his first letter to his sister-in-law Harriett with a reference to his sister Mary:

Boston, Sunday, Feby 25/50

My dear Sister

It affords me great pleasure to address you by this endearing title, for I feel that you are worthy of it, & it brings to my mind visions of the pure & gentle being whose memory I cherish with the deepest affection, & whose early loss I so deeply deplore, & the recollection of whose kindness & sympathy may, I pray, ever exert its influence over me and make me a wiser & better man. Even if I were ever so much more worthy of it than I feel I am, I could not expect there would ever be the *same* affection existing between us, but may I not claim some place in your heart, which shall remind me that I have *still a Sister*, whose confidence I may hope to merit, & whose pleasures & trials be permitted to share.

I often think of you in your new &, I trust, happy home & often in imagination wander there, & trust before many years it may prove reality. I have feared you might be a little lonesome & perhaps *homesick* during some of the cold & blustering days which must have passed over your residence in Wis.; going so far from the home & friends of your childhood & with few or no acquaintances about you it could hardly be expected otherwise, but if such has been the case I hope & do not doubt that you have received, from him who has taken you away from all those friends & early association, all the kindness & encouragement which you have ever expected or desired.

It has been with us a most unusual mild & pleasant winter, very little snow & altogether not a week's sleighing; today the air is like May, not a particle of snow to be seen, the Grass on the Common is *almost* beginning to look Green. I passed the night at Uncle White's in Salem a week or two since; Mrs. White was

absent, he & Mrs. Foote enquired very much about you & were quite delighted with *yourself* & with your visit. Mother has been staying a few days at Cambridge—they are all quite well at N—. Your bro. Gilman I met some few weeks since for a moment, as he was hurrying thro the City.

I have ventured at Geo's suggestion in his last letter to write you & I assure you it is quite an effort for one so wholly unaccustomed to female correspondence as myself, & which I trust you will duly consider & appreciate & answer as early as convenient.

Am still at the U.S.M. & for ought I see am likely to be; matters remain pretty much as when you were here, it has not changed much, a ten year's residence is sufficient to make me feel at home here, however. I regretted very much that your shawl could not be found.

In Mrs. Wilby I think you have a kind neighbor; altho not exactly such a person whose society you can very much enjoy, it is still pleasant to feel that in case of sickness you can depend upon her attention. It is a long while since I have seen her, but I have always felt considerable interest in the family, they both having so long & faithfully served Geo. Please remember me to her.

With much love to Geo & yourself

Believe me

Your aff bro

S. W. Marston Jr.

Evidently Mrs. Wilby, whose importance to the family increased with the years, came from Newburyport.

The next letter is the only one of this period that we have from Harriett herself:

Fort Atkinson, May 31st, 1850

My dear Mother

I have just received your letter of the 11th of this month & I hasten to answer it, and to tell you how much I thank you for it & how happy it makes me to read those kind messages of affection written by your own hand, & in that home that I have always loved so well. I thought I knew how to appreciate my friends before I left them, but I know now far better how to prize your earnest love & that of my dear father & brother & sister & the friends & companions of years that are past & gone.

O how earnestly my heart longs to see you, it is impossible for me to tell you. I want to know more particularly about your health & every thing that interests you.

I have seen some sorrowful days since I wrote you last. I believe George was quite unwell at that time. He grew worse very rapidly & I was greatly alarmed as lung complaints had proved fatal in this vicinity the past winter in almost every case. He had a very severe cough which seemed to prostrate him in a few days. I knew that his physician thought him in a very dangerous condition, although he never told me so. But God rebuked that disease, & those dark days have passed away. If you had known the sorrow & anguish of my heart at that time you would have had weary days & sleepless nights. But he recovered sooner than any one thought it possible. I have had a very severe cold myself this Spring, something like the influenza. Yet our Father in Heaven has been very merciful to us, & I am surely under the deepest obligation to love & honor Him with all my powers of soul & body. He has given me a pleasant home & an affectionate husband.

Mother, you must not say that you have given up all thought of coming to see us. I have been hoping that some of you were planning to come out this season. We shall soon have a railroad, Mother, & then it will be a very short ride from Milwaukee. Jerry says he shall come here when he goes home but does not say as he thinks of coming this season. He seldom writes, I suppose it is because I have not very often. Does Gilman talk of coming to see me this season? I am hoping all the time that he will come. And, dear Mother, you & Father must come & see me. I will thank Philabe beforehand for the slippers. I shall forget all I ever knew of fancy work. I shall write Philabe in a few days. I think a great deal about you & P. and I feel as though I must see you. Yet you are happy I hope, & that is a source of great comfort. I could not enjoy anything if I did not think that you & Father were happy.

You need not have any fears that I shall lead a gay life. We are as far removed from anything of that nature as possible. George would not enjoy such a life no better than father would. I get along quite well for housekeeping articles, but I should like some of the old budgets that I used to like to burn up. You know we have only a small house & do not need a great deal. I have three straw beds & the two beds you gave me & these answer very well. Don't be troubled, Mother, at all. I can have all that is necessary. I have no room for much furniture if I had it. I do not think much about any addition to our house for I think George's health is not good enough to attend to any business like that, if he had the means. My home seems very pleasant to me as it is & we are both happy & contented I believe.

The season is a hard one for farmers. It is so very

dry that nothing can grow. We have some beautiful wild flowers, but I shall not have any in the garden. Such a season was never known in this country.

Have you got some new feathers, Mother, for your beds? I do not know the name of this little vine but it looks very pretty growing.

George's postscript, in its breezy, confidential tone, reminds us of the young farmer who bought the dish of oysters:

Dear Mother

This page Harriett tells me is left for me to fill up, which duty I most cheerfully comply with. I suppose that something respecting my wife will interest you as much if not more than any thing else I could write about. I will therefore say that thus far we have kept along in perfect harmony and peace, no quarreling or discord, and I believe the same good feeling and confidence in each other exists as when we left *our* home in Orfordville. Her health is good, and *she says she is happy*, that of course will make a wise parent reconciled to a separation. I do not deny that now and then she seems to have a blue day, and red eyes. They proceed, not from any real unhappiness and are soon banished. Now as for myself my health is good, tho not able to work much. I have let out most of my farm, keep no hired man, have nothing to do myself but milk three cows, and kill time as well as I can. Our family consists of three, our glorious selves and hired girl, but my sht. is out. Many thanks to P. for those Slips that are on their way, and much love to you & father, A. & P. Yr. aff. Son

Geo. P. Marston

And now we come to the letter of greatest interest to us, the one announcing the birth of our father, George White, written

by his father to Harriett's parents. It is dated October 25, 1850. Carefully sewed to the top of the sheet is a little curl and a strand of light brown hair of extreme fineness. The major part of this important letter is as follows:

It gives me pleasure to inform you that you have now a Grand Son residing in the State of Wisconsin, born on Tuesday about 2 o'clock P.M., 22nd instance, a nice chubby little fellow weighing nine pounds, and that Harriett is doing *very well*. Sat up today without being fatigued two or three hours. The child appears to be perfectly healthy with the exception of having had several Spasms or Convulsions. Wednesday morning he had the first which lasted some minutes, and after which he did not appear natural for some hours. Thursday morning about the same hour he had another similar one. Friday morning (this morn) he missed, and as he has appeared perfectly well all day we were in hopes that he would have no more, but about sun down he strangled for a short time, perhaps two minutes, which was followed by a state of apparent unconsciousness for nearly an hour, during which time he appeared nearly lifeless. We sincerely hope he will do well, but when I see him lying with scarcely any life for so long a time as he has, I have fear that he will not live. Although he has been with us but a very short time he has become very dear, and we should feel his loss a great affliction. Mrs. Wilby is with us taking care of the baby, and an excellent hand she is. So we are very fortunate in that respect.

I almost forgot to say that the little fellow has got my eyes, but has Harriett's nose and (can you believe it), don't laugh, her ear to perfection.

The "little fellow" must have soon outgrown his frightening illness; no further mention of it occurs, and all the later

letters imply that he had a healthy childhood and youth.

At the time of his son's birth George was considering leaving his farm to go into business. Both his father and his brother Stephen advised him to start in a small way on capital which he could raise by mortgaging the farm and to sell principally for cash with goods bought in Boston rather than by taking over a credit business which could be bought from "Peck, a sharp, shrewd fellow." Stephen wrote:

I do not like the idea of your selling a place upon which you have passed so many years of your life & have changed from a wilderness by your own labour to its present condition. I feel a pride, which must be felt still more strongly by yourself, that it should be retained & if possible the whole of it. Again you might be unsuccessful in business, the confinement of a store might not be agreeable, & your health might not be improved & you might be glad to go back to the Farm. Once more—for all these & other reasons I would prefer not to dispose of the Farm if you can well avoid it. I will contrive to have an eye open for a partner such as you require. Your acquaintance with the country & people about you will not make it so necessary & important as it would otherwise be for you to succeed Peck. You are one of the *original* settlers & that is a good deal to start with.

It was George's intention to move to Fort Atkinson in the spring of 1851, as we learn from Harriett's father in a letter to George and Harriett, written March 17. It begins: "O, how we want to see that little blue-eyed boy, and you too. O, think, think if we don't want to see you, Harriette." He gives her all the family and village news he can think of. Gilman has been in Concord half of the winter, a member of the convention for revising the state constitution. Uncle Peter and Aunt Anne, to his great regret, are going to Fairlee to live. "We seem to have

but a few near and dear friends to associate with and we don't know how to spare any of them." As to the move to Fort Atkinson: "I think it may be easier for you than it would be if you were on the farm and I hope that George will prosper in the business, but I think it precarious; business needs much care and good management. Now I say, son George, don't never go to Boston or New York without coming to see us and fetch Harriette whenever you can."

There are two letters from George written during the previous month, from which we learn of a trip to Illinois to look up the lands his father had bought more than thirty years before. They are quoted in full for their accounts of what traveling in the Middle West was like in those days and for what they reveal of our grandfather's personality.

Canton, Feby 8th, 1851

Dear Harriett

I am here tied up, I want to go South about 150 miles, but no conveyance, & will be obliged to remain here till Monday, by which time the Ice I hope will be out of the Illinois and I may be able to take a Boat. If not I shall take Stage and get along as well as I can. I missed it greatly in not coming in my Buggy. It would not have cost me half as much as it will now. I could have done up the business a great deal easier and quicker, and it would have been pleasanter. Such delightful weather as we have had I never saw before at this season of the year; it is now clouding up however and looks like rain. I have almost got the horrors this afternoon, sitting here in the Tavern all alone, and blaming myself for not coming in my Buggy, then I could have kept moving. But it is no use to fret, is it?

I wish, dear H., you could see this delightful country. The part I have been over is chiefly Prairie interspersed with streams, which are bordered with Tim-

ber. I am much surprised to see how rapidly these Prairies are becoming settled, they are dotted all over with farms, ten or twelve miles from any Timber. I suppose you would like to know something about my Journey. I arrived in Janesville at Sundown, left there about 11 o'clock (at night) and breakfasted in Rockford, 30 miles down the river, from there we went on to *Oregon City*, a miserable little hole, and set down to a more miserable dinner. Could not eat scarcely anything, & by the way the breakfast was no better, every thing was so *nasty* I could not eat. Left Oregon after dinner, got about 3 miles and down went the Stage, the Axletree was broke, the driver had to take the horses back to the *City*, & in two hours came back with a Lumber Wagon—no seats, etc. We squatted down in bottom, one lady in company, on the straw and rode in that style 20 miles to Dixon, where we hauled up about nine o'clock P.M. As I had not been to bed since leaving home, I thought I would try it. They told me the stage would leave at 4 o'clock for Peru and they would call me. Instead of that the Stage started at 11 o'clock so I did not get much sleep, rode some thirty miles to Breakfast, where I made out to get down Tea & Buckwheat Cakes, which nothing but absolute hunger compelled me to do. Got in Peru at 12 o'clock. The Stage going to Peoria had just left, so I found a farmer going down with his Lumber Wagon and got conveyance with him. At night we staid at Magnolia, a pretty place where I found good Eating & Sleeping. Next morning put out and arrived in Peoria by night, 65 miles from Peru. It is the prettiest town I have seen in the west, about Six thousand Inhabitants and very busy place. From thence took stage and arrived in Canton last evening, 35 miles from Peoria. Mr. Wright is here and I have

concluded my business with him, and now I want to see the lands, but they are scattered all around the State & I am afraid I can't get to them all. There are no Stages going in the right direction & I ought to have my Buggy—there it is again! I set down to write you this mornng. but the mail carrier came & I had to quit; now this will not leave here till Tuesday. But I shant hear from you till I reach home again, only think, and I want to see you now, and that little one, how I would like to hold him now! But two weeks more and I think I shall be at home, but I may be away 2 or 3 days longer. But rest assured *dearest* I shall not stay away one day longer than necessary. And now good bye, kiss the baby and believe there is one in these parts would like to do the same thing to you. This is a pretty place and I am in good quarters. Good bye.

Yr. aff husband

Geo. P. M—

Mount Sterling, Feby, 1851

Wednesday Evening (date I don't know)

I arrived here this afternoon, dear H., and as I now think I shall not be able to reach home by next week Saturday, I will give myself the pleasure of writing. This place is Seventy five miles S. E. of Canton, settled principally by Kentuckians, a race of people different from the Yankees, as is a highly bred intelligent man from a rude Hottentot; there are exceptions, of course, but the common people, those with whom I come in contact, are hard cases. Tomorrow I go out on Horseback to see a gr. Sec. of land lying some eight miles S.W. from this place that will take all day. Friday Morg. shall go to La Grange, 12 miles distant, the

landing place on the Ills. River, and take the first Boat that comes along going down stream and go to Hardin, the Co. Seat of Calhoun Co., situated on the river. I shall there lose two days, probably, in hunting up a lot and passing the Sabbath; from that place will take Boat and ascend the river to Peoria, when I shall take Stage for Monmouth, County Seat of Warren Co. There is a lot lying near there which will take a day or two to hunt up; from Peoria to Monmouth is a day's drive in Stage; then from there I shall go to Lafayette in Henry Co., another day's drive, where the remaining two lots are situated, examine them, and then steer for home as fast as I can, and I am afraid that my absence from you will be nearer four weeks than three. Oh, how can I stand it, dear wife, I do so want to see you and the dear little one! But now I am here I want to see every lot & get all the information I can respecting them, for I never want to come down quite so far in this State again. I hope you and Geo. are well, I can't bear to think I shall not see you for a fortnight yet, it seems now an age since we parted. I never before knew what homesickness was, I am constantly thinking of you, and I believe that you think of me as much, but you have that little fellow to play with and amuse you and remind you of his "daddy," while I am rambling about here among people whose manners and habits I do not like, and with whom I do not feel at home. Oh will absence only prove how much attached we are to each other, and when we again do meet, we will be better able perhaps to *appreciate* each other's company. I expect *our Son* is growing finely, and will wholly forget his father.

It was pretty cold riding yesterday, but today it is again warm and very muddy. Monday we had some snow but it has disappeared. I staid in Canton three

days, on Sunday went to church twice, I boarded at a Tavern kept by a Mr. Clements, who I found, about one hour before I left there, came from Newburyport and was an old *School Mate*. Was that not singular, and how provoking, not to find it out till about leaving. But I must now close and go to bed, and think awhile of home and the dear ones there. How I want to hear from you, but I cannot till I see you. Kiss that little fellow for me, tell him to be a good boy. Dad will be home bye & bye and then we will have many a good time again. I hope you are all doing well and getting along in my absence without any trouble. Take care of yourself, my dear wife, and do not get sick, and don't worry about me, I am quite well. I shall be careful of myself and endeavor to get home in good health. Remember me to all. God bless you, dear H.

Yr aff Husband

Geo. P. Marston

CHAPTER 5

Father's Boyhood

BY HELEN MARSTON BEARDSLEY

* I *
* * *

IN 1851 the family moved from the farm to the village of Fort Atkinson in which they were to live for twenty years. The history of this pioneer settlement, mingled with the legends of Indian warfare, was of special interest to the boys of father's generation. Fort Atkinson had its origin in the Black Hawk War.

It was in July, 1832, that General Henry Atkinson had come up the east side of the Rock River hoping to trap Black Hawk and his warriors in the marshes of Lake Koshkonong. While the chief was escaping toward the Mississippi, Atkinson's men searched the woods along the Rock and Bark rivers and their horses foundered in the marshes. An independent company of Illinois rangers, in which Abraham Lincoln is said to have been a private, left for home when the search proved fruitless. General Atkinson, however, had a stockade with two rude blockhouses erected near the junction of the rivers. More than four thousand men were encamped about the fort. When, in a few weeks, accurate information came as to the whereabouts of Black Hawk, the fort was abandoned and rapidly fell to ruins. Only the name remained.

Five years later the first settlers of Fort Atkinson, Dwight Foster and a companion, built a log cabin about fifteen feet square near the abandoned stockade, a cabin used as post office and inn as well as home for the settlers' families. In 1837 two travelers, reaching Rock River just after sunset, saw a light in this cabin. "Reader," writes one of them, "if you are ever cold, hungry, weary, *dry* and wet at the same time, you can imagine our feelings at that time. The accommodations were somewhat limited,

it being a log cabin of about the usual size and contained but one room, occupied by two families. Ten travelers beside ourselves had bespoken lodgings for the night, still we were comfortably provided for."

From this beginning gradually grew a charming village with tree-lined streets and comfortable houses. Grandfather, in spite of precarious health, took an active part in its development. His general merchandise store made him the leading merchant. When he had disposed of his farm lands he bought some property in the town, laid it out in lots, and sold it to advantage. Other business ventures, lumber and the hapless "knitting machine" of which we shall hear, interested him also.

Here in Fort Atkinson two daughters were born, Mary White on April 13, 1853 and Lilla Gilman on May 5, 1855. Here the children grew up in a western pioneer home of strong New England traditions. Father's stories of his Wisconsin boyhood are one of the pleasantest recollections of our own childhood. We realized at an early age that these were often embellished, but we never knew just where the make-believe began.

In the fifties Fort Atkinson was small enough for one to know almost everybody. Houses were safe without locks. About once a year, however, this staid community was visited by a gang of lumbermen who came down the river on rafts. When drunk they would go through the stores of the town, helping themselves to boots, blankets, and food. Our great-grandfather, visiting his son at the time of one of these raids, was shocked at the lawlessness of the West. Our grandfather assured him that it was less expensive to submit occasionally than to maintain a police force.

When father was six years old he was taken downtown one brisk fall evening to his father's store where the men gathered around the stove to talk politics. He remembered for nearly ninety years the hot stove and someone's saying, "I guess Frémont will be elected."

Wisconsin winters had to be reckoned with. Father remem-

bered the storing of apples and potatoes in the cellar in autumn and that the first house they lived in was banked with a trough of sawdust in winter. He remembered the building of their new house, which was preceded by the digging of a well in the backyard. During the following summer, when he was twelve years old, he watched the carpenters sawing and preparing the timbers for "the raising." The house had "modern" improvements, a bathroom and a wood furnace. However, the central heating did not extend to the bedrooms and on cold mornings the three children dressed in front of the register in the sitting room. Although it had a cupola, which was the special pride of the children, and a bay window, it was without gingerbread work, a good-looking, plain square house, so substantially built that, with renovations and additions, it is today one of the pleasantest residences of the town. Our grandfather planted evergreen trees on the grounds. There were berry bushes in the backyard, a gravel walk which required weeding by the boy of the family, and a picket fence to mark the front line of the property.

The Rock River, joined by the smaller Bark River just above the town and fifty yards wide when full, flowed through Fort Atkinson. Life for the boys centered about these streams. In summer they fished and boated and swam, undressing among the trees which lined the banks of the Rock. Father had his own boat and was permitted to explore the river with his friends. It was on these trips that the boys caught glimpses of Indian life in the woods. The narrower Bark River was the stream for fishing and here they caught bullheads, perch, and pike. Father himself was once caught in the cheek by a fishhook. The boys decided it would have to be pushed through the cheek and took George to the dentist's office for this operation. When the dentist easily took the hook out the way it had entered it was found to have no barb.

In winter they skated down the Rock to Lake Koshkonong. Father learned the art of figure skating, which in later years, when ice rinks came into existence in California, made him the

envy of his San Diego friends. His teacher was John Dargavel, a Canadian, whose sister married Dr. Henry White, his father's cousin.

Although the White children* were younger than the Marston children the families grew up together, seeing a great deal of each other. Dr. White was the Marstons' family physician. He was also the town wit. One day, in passing the minister's house, he was asked by that worthy gentleman how he could take care of the water that had settled in his backyard. "Throw in some of your old sermons," said Dr. White. When the Marstons moved to California the Whites moved into the Marston house where they lived for many years.

Pets had a large place in the lives of Mary and Lilla. The sad fate of one of their families of kittens was a story father enjoyed telling us. When the kittens lost their lives, the task of burying them was given to George while his sisters were away from home. When they returned he escorted them to the burial place in the backyard, where for markers he had carefully left three tails to wave above ground. The little girls burst into tears and their mother sternly ordered George to rebury the kittens. Bantam chickens absorbed Aunt Lilla's interest for a while; but her pony, Lady, was the pride of her heart. The girls enjoyed fishing and skating and seem to have led a more outdoor life than was usual for girls of that day.

Once when a circus came to town our grandfather was determined that the children should see the elephants. Grandmother looked askance at circuses and must have been shocked beyond measure at the idea of going to one on a Sunday afternoon. How-

*Mary White was married to George T. Fulford of Brockville, Canada; Emily White to Sidney Wilcox, a Fort Atkinson boy who had established himself as a physician in New York City; and Eliza White to Frank Ostrander. In 1886 Dr. and Mrs. White came to California to live on a ranch in the Ramona Valley, a ranch which became the property of their son, William Dargavel White. Here the children of the next generation spent many happy vacations with their dear "Cousin Will" and "Cousin Minnie." Here the fourth cousins, Katherine Burnham and Sidney Ostrander, who were married in 1917, met as children.

ever, the circus came to Fort Atkinson on that day only and, taken by their father, *the children saw the elephants*.

There was a piano in the Marston home; all the children took piano lessons and Lilla, who had a beautiful voice, had singing lessons as well. Both girls became accomplished musicians. George's lessons were for only a few years, but he was always able to read music well enough to accompany himself or a group in singing hymns, college songs, Negro spirituals, and Mexican folk songs.

Father was in his eleventh year when the Civil War began. A company of Wisconsin Zouaves were to pass through the town on their way to the front, and the women of Fort Atkinson made bushels of biscuits and hundreds of doughnuts. The troop train went through without stopping, and the boys played soldier and lived on biscuits for days. Father persuaded his mother to let him sleep in his clothes in a blanket on the hall floor.

Among the closest of father's companions were Milo and Mel Jones whose father, an early settler in Fort Atkinson, owned a farm later to become famous for the "Little Pig Sausages" it manufactured. Ed Curtiss, the minister's son, lived across the street and was father's friend from the time father was five until Mr. Curtiss' death on August 6, 1938. The four boys went together to Beloit Seminary when father was fifteen. It was on the farm belonging to the Wilby family that father spent his vacations, and it was Mrs. Wilby who served the salt pork in cream gravy on big baked potatoes and the yellow saleratus biscuits of which we heard so much as children.

Father once said that he thought he had been rarely fortunate—in his parents, his teachers, and his opportunities. It is hard to think of a happier environment than that of his childhood. His mother was devoted to her family, hospitable and friendly. His father was a person of humor and understanding, who not only wanted his children to have every educational opportunity that he could give them but who appreciated the importance of play as well as of work in their development.

The setting of father's childhood was a frontier village in which a man's standing depended on his worth, a community unconsciously practicing equality, a community of good neighbors. Father's liking for people undoubtedly began in these free and friendly surroundings. He was always to feel at home in his world.

Fort Atkinson had been settled by people from the northeastern part of the United States. The few "foreigners" were Scandinavian Protestants and George heard the terms "Catholic" and "Democrat" mentioned with lowered voice. His mother's influence on him was strong; he joined the Congregational Church, of which she was an ardent member, when he was fifteen years old; nevertheless, and this may be of importance, his honored father was not a member of the church and so, perhaps, seeds of tolerance toward the nonconformist were planted early.

The influence of the out-of-doors on father's youth can hardly be exaggerated. His happy explorations by boat and on foot gave him not only independence and self-confidence, but an unusual responsiveness to nature. There were no impressive hills in the neighborhood but there were spacious fields and splendid trees, the endless interest of the rivers, the autumn woods, the stars. Surely, to quote Wordsworth as he so often did, "the earth and common face of Nature" spoke to him "rememberable things" and laid the foundation for a love of nature which all his life was to be a source of joy and rest and spiritual development.

When a human being achieves a more than usually harmonious personality we ask, "What made him so?" In natural beauty, in the freedom of the American frontier, in the security and affection of his home, and in his ancestry we find some of the elements which gave father's character its balance and sweetness.

Life in Fort Atkinson, from letters of 1854-1868

***** DURING THE FIRST ten years, while the children were
 ***** **D** ***** little, their father was frequently away from home
 ***** on business. On his semiannual buying trips to
 ***** Boston he visited his father in Newburyport and
 his relatives in Salem and Orford. On April 10, 1854, he wrote
 from Newburyport to his wife:

Here I am at father's Monday morning. In one hour I start for Boston; shall stop at Uncle White's and dine. I hope Mary is well. I have thought a good deal of her since I started, it was so unusual of her to go to sleep in the morning. You had better not get the clerk at home because it will only increase your cares. I shall expect to get a line from you this week, for I feel anxious about Mary. Tebbetts* starts for Europe next week, and Step. will not go West this summer, but I think father will and will accompany *us* back in September.

In early September George was again in Newburyport. Harriett was prevented by the illness of little Mary from carrying out her plan to make a round of family visits. George wrote:

I left Boston on Thursday; staid Thursday night, all day Friday and last night in Salem with Judge White; this morning came down here and find father very well; expect Step. this evening to spend Sunday. I feel much better than I did, and expect to go to Boston again Monday and finish up my business; hope to get through there so as to go to Orford by Thursday and

*A member of the firm with which Uncle Stephen was associated. His son was Marston Tebbetts.

stay with your folks till Monday morning, when I shall start for home.

George's letter was very interesting indeed, and I hope it is the forerunner of many more, and that I may never receive one from him that will give me less pleasure.

If the dry weather continues with you I hope you will think to water the Evergreen in front of the house.

Father keeps busy with his police court and works hard for a man so old, though his health is good and he continues strong. His garden looks very well; he takes great interest in that and spends much of his time in it during the summer season. He has abundance of fine fruit.

Mrs. White wrote from Salem to Harriett:

You will not doubt that I was much disappointed not to see you and the two little children and that I very much regretted the long indisposition of the baby. Under all circumstances it was certainly wisest for you to stay in your own nest and take care of the young ones.

I hope you will receive the enclosed worked collar, as it comes with love and good wishes from your affectionate friend and aunt

R. H. White

A few days later George wrote from Boston:

You must kiss Mary for me and Geo. Tell Geo. he must be a good boy and I will bring him a great stick of candy and a Picture Bk., but he must mind what Mother says. I hope they are all well and that things go well at home. I begin to feel a little homesick—after

all there is no place like one's home—when they have a good one, which I have.

Grandfather's next letters were from Toledo, where for a short time he was engaged in business in partnership with the Mr. Cutter who had shared with his father in the original purchase of the Wisconsin farm.

Toledo, Dec. 14th, 1854

Dear Harriett

I arrived here in safety last evening and found Cutter well and anxious to see me; he had letters from home urging his immediate return, and left this morning at 2 o'clock. I am writing this in the counting room of the store, of which I am now in full possession. I am getting up a sign of "Cutter and Marston" which I shall have up as soon as possible; am going to work arranging the goods, shall advertise pretty extensively and make an effort to get rid of some of them before the opening of navigation. I hope and think I shall make a good thing of it, and if I do, as you are caused considerable trouble and uneasiness, anxiety, etc., etc. on account of my absence, I shall consider that you will be entitled to some portion of the profits, bear that in mind, will you. . . . You must try to keep well and not overdo, and if you can arrange matters so as to come on with me next time I would be very glad to have you. I guess you would have to leave George at home. If he could be *put out* in the country it would probably be the best plan.

Yr. aff. husband

Geo. P. Marston

Write often and tell Geo. he must be a good boy.

Toledo, Dec. 26, 1854

Dear Harriett

You see by the accompanying circular that I am holding out great inducements in the way of fair promises to the Hoosiers and Buckeyes of this Sec. to come and buy of me, but whether they will come remains to be seen. Trade is dull enough, but people generally think it will improve after the Holidays are over. I rec'd. a letter from Step. today; he thinks I must do well. I have nothing new to add to my last letter but write knowing you will be glad to hear, and feeling a little lonesome myself, I wanted to talk a little with you. My eye is better, I have lived frugally and kept a wet rag on for a week, and driven, in that way, I think, the inflammation out; whether that treatment would be sanctioned by Doct. Wilby I know not. I hope you are getting along *tolerably* comfortably in my absence. I think now I shall endeavor to be at home next week Saturday and perhaps, if it is pleasant, you can ride down to Janesville and take me home from there. I will write you again. I don't hear from you quite as often as I want to, but suppose you find it difficult to get the time. I want to see you and the children very much, don't you think I do? Do you really think I like this living away from home? I can assure you

I do not.

Yesterday was Christmas and it being a mild and beautiful day everybody was out, tho' very muddy; today it is raining hard, and I will put up Toledo against the world for mud. I went to the Episcopal Church Sunday. I hope I shall hear from you tomorrow, and that you are well. Kiss the children for me, remember me to all the folks, and believe me truly

Yr. aff. husband

Geo. P. M.

There is only one letter of this period from Harriett to George. It reveals our grandmother's strictly orthodox interpretation of religious faith and her longing to have her husband share her belief. Our grandfather's answer has not been kept. Two letters written to his daughter Mary, quoted later, are the only ones we have in which he expresses himself in regard to religion.

Fort Atkinson, Jan. 17, '55

My dear husband

I wish I could see you this evening and talk with you instead of writing you. But I will try to be patient and cheerful in your absence, trusting that our kind Father in Heaven will permit us to meet shortly and again rejoice in each other's company.

George and Mary are as happy as ever. Georgy says he wishes you would come home and bring the rocking horse.

Mary plays so merrily and has so many pretty, loving ways that she is as a ray of light around our footsteps. It seems as though in your absence my heart clings more to our dear little ones. O George, how precious they are! As they grow older I feel that their presence and their love repay me most abundantly for all the care they require.

Your long absence gives me a clearer view of our attachment and the strength and intensity of the affection that unites our hearts. I trust I shall *more truly* appreciate your warm and loving and trusting heart and my earnest prayer is that we may together worship our Creator and constant Benefactor and Saviour. What service so reasonable. O, I beseech you, dearest George, to look unto Christ the only Saviour for sinners and pray unto Him. Thank him for his great love and goodness and *ask for a heart* to love and worship Him.

I long to hear from you and know how you do, and how your eyes are at this time. Write *very* often.

Yours most truly and aff.

Harriett

In three letters written in February, George reveals his great impatience to get home. He longs to see Mary's "sweet little face" and hopes she will remember him; he does not want any clerks boarding with them any longer; he "will recollect the flannel which 'is so nice for little folks' "; he regrets that George has broken his horse's neck: "I am afraid his bump of destructiveness is large, he must take good care of his horse for he cost a great deal of money. There is nothing new here. Every day is alike to me only it brings one day nearer home."

He expects to reach home "at the farthest in *two* weeks from today, and perhaps a day or two sooner. You can't want to see me more than I do you, and our little ones, don't I want to hug them! I coincide with you most sincerely that we may be allowed hereafter to live together. I assure you I am heartily tired of this vagabond life."

He was especially anxious to be at home because Harriett was expecting their third child and was feeling far from well. His letters are full of solicitude for her and of admonitions to her to take good care of herself.

The year 1855 was an eventful one. George returned about the first of March. On May 5 Lilla was born. In June, Arthur and Philabe made their long-expected visit. Not until they were about to leave did her father write Harriett of the severe illness, probably pneumonia, of her mother. "I have not intended to inform Arthur and Philabe of their mother's sickness, for I was aware that it would spoil their visit and I wanted to have them enjoy as much as they could while they were gone. Your mother is quite chipper this afternoon and is enjoying a visit with your Aunt Ann." This was also the summer of George's father's visit, in either July or August. In November he sent his love to "that darling little Lilla, and many kisses" and hoped

that "Mary and George will not forget Grandpapa." On September sixth George, on business in the East, writes: "I tarried last night with Aunt Smith at Newton. She expressed much pleasure with her visit West and is delighted with you."

Considering the distance and the difficulties of travel in those days the letters record an astonishing number of journeys between Wisconsin and New England. Our grandmother must have had her hands full with two little children, a tiny baby, and so much company.

A letter which she wrote in December completes our knowledge of this year.

My dear Father & Mother

You see I have relapsed into my old habit, notwithstanding my promises to Arthur & Philabe that I would write you *every* week this winter, unless I am as badly off as George is. He had an attack of Neuralgia in his left eye which continued fourteen days. His health has been remarkably good the past autumn & it seems very mysterious that he should have this attack of Neuralgia & it has been a very severe one. It is now a little over a week since the pain left him & he is very well and able to be at the store, though not able to read or write.

His suffering was very great. He always bears pain with a great deal of fortitude, but this made him for a time as feeble as a child. He thought he would go immediately to a water cure establishment at Kenosha, a day's ride on the railroad, and I prepared to break up housekeeping and go with him, but he was so feeble he said he could not get there if he set out. We kept his room dark and for several days after the pain left him he could not see at all with the eye affected.

Before he recovered Julia* was taken sick, just as

*Probably one of the Norwegian girls who helped with the housework.

she was last spring, and for nearly two weeks she has kept her bed. Today she set up about half an hour.

My health is perfectly good, so that I get along very well. I feel stronger & better than I have for three or four years. Lily, my youngest Norwegian girl, is very well & as good as ever. We have been alone until a few days ago. Now I have the same girl that was here when Philabe was here, as I want Lily to go to school.

I want to know how you do at home & how Mother is getting along this winter. I have a great many things that I wish to write about. If I could only set down with you & talk with you!

We have now a minister from Brookfield, Conn., a man forty five or fifty years of age, with a very interesting family of five children. His name is Curtiss. He has purchased the house opposite ours, occupied by Mr. Brigham last summer. We are all well pleased with him.

Mrs. Powell, widow of our late minister, occupies a part of the house east of ours just across the garden, Mrs. Butler's. She has a friend with her, an old lady from New York, who has been travelling in the western country for two years. You see we are constantly changing here, but our society this winter is very pleasant.

George has added a wing on the south side of our house. A large airy room for a nursery, bathing room, & a large clothes press. I have got my carpet down & shall have it furnished in a few days. It makes our house seem quite like another house.

George has sold another part of his farm since Arthur was here & bought forty acres of land of Mr. Foster in the village at one hundred dollars an acre. He has laid out a part into lots & has already sold about thirty. There have been quite a number of

buildings erected this season. One three story brick store on the other side of the river, a handsome building; a three story flouring mill is to be raised this week, a two story wagon shop between our house and the Methodist church, & several dwelling houses. I wish I could sit down with you. Our dear children are all well. The baby is a good little child.

Your most aff. Harriett

Love to all our friends & acquaintances

The next summer Harriett was able to visit her family. She took the baby Lilla with her, leaving young George at the Wilby farm and Mary with friends in town. After a month or more her husband joined her and together they visited George's father, whose delight in his grandchild was expressed in his next letter. "That dear little Lilla! What a darling she is. I long to see her again. Her prying curiosity, when she first arrived at our house, surpassed anything I ever saw. I see her now, eyeing with eager curiosity old Milton under the table! A thousand kisses to the sweet little thing."

In January of 1860 the seven-year-old Mary was sent east with a relative to visit both families of grandparents. Her Newburyport grandfather wrote: "We are enjoying her visit highly—she is a little darling—bright—happy—intelligent—quiet—behaves like a little lady. Most inquisitive—nothing escapes her notice, I believe—wants to know about everything. She is as happy as a bird and the most industrious little creature I ever saw. She really works in sewing, knitting, etc."

On their return Mary and "Cousin Anna" were to be met in Grand Rapids by Mary's father, to whom her grandfather wrote: "I hope it will not be long before you will be able to meet them at G. R. for dear Mary did not seem to be very much pleased with that place. Tossed her little head about and said she did not want to go there again. 'Well,' said I, 'but you will have to go there to get home.' 'No, I won't,' said she, 'my pa is coming

after me and I am going by way of Chicago—I would not go to Grand Rapids again for \$100.00!’ ”

In the summer of 1860, Harriett went east again, this time leaving all three children at home. Her husband wrote to her in Orford:

Ft. Atkinson, July 30, '60.

Dear Harriett

I have just been taking the children out to ride, and they have also taken a lesson on the piano. George walked up from Wilby's yesterday, could not come Saturday on account of rain. He does not go back till tomorrow, he says, as the "Band of Hope" meet today and he being an *officer* must not be absent. He says he is contented, Lilla and Mary appear very well contented and happy at Mrs. Hall's; they walk to the village once in a while. Mrs. Hall says they are very happy all the time. Nothing going on here; everybody busy, gathering the largest harvest we ever had. I am well and getting along finely *of course*.

Give my love to your friends, and believe me,

Yr. aff. husband

Geo. P. Marston

The year 1860 was a hard one for our grandfather. His business enterprises were less remunerative than he had hoped, as we learn from his father, writing January 11: "Step. [in Chicago] wrote something, not much, about your affairs—am sorry they are so bad." Plans for a new house had to be deferred. However, the railroad connecting Fort Atkinson and Milwaukee had become an accomplished fact. Six years earlier Capt. Jeremiah had written: "I am sorry to hear that the railroad is not like to get along according to your expectation, for I think it would add much to the business of your village, beside enhancing the price of your produce and of your real estate; but keep up good

courage, it will come along after a while." There are many other references to it until in February, 1860, George's father wrote: "How does the R. R.? Has it as much business as expected? I should think by the *Standard* your folks were pretty wide awake."

In the second decade of the Fort Atkinson years the Civil War was fought and slavery in the United States was ended. Both the Orford great-grandparents died, Uncle Stephen spent three years in Europe, our grandfather built a new home in Fort Atkinson, and Mary and George went away to school. During this period grandfather's health grew worse, until in 1869 he was obliged to seek a warmer climate for the winters. All this and much more we come upon in the letters.

In 1861 grandfather attended the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln with a Wisconsin delegation. On March 5 he wrote from Washington:

Dear Harriett

Brother Step. has been here since the first and is very well. The Splints are off his wrist—and tho he can't use it much, gets along very well. You will have seen that Old Abe *was* inaugurated as per programme & that the day passed off very quietly. There was a great crowd, and a fine show of military, & a *finer* inaugural, indicating that our government will hereafter have a policy, all of which you will see in detail in every paper long before this reaches you, so that I need not say more. I have been today with Step. to Mount Vernon, which is twenty miles down river of Potomac. We went in Steamer. There were over one thousand pilgrims to the shrine, requiring two Boats to take them. The Potomac is a fine, noble river two miles in width, the country on each side presenting a fine appearance. Everything around Washington's old place is very dilapidated, tho the present owners are putting the Buildings in repair, and will, as fast as

their means admit, continue to improve. The old Mansion is beautifully located on the banks of the river. We spent about an hour walking over the grounds, and tho' notices were posted up at corner that no twig or limb must be plucked from the premises, hundreds of the party broke off limbs from the Evergreens, and one man I saw on the Boat as we were returning with a whole Brick which he had stolen from near the foundation of the House. If every party steals as much as ours did today, there will soon be nothing left but a desert. I contented myself with taking one leaf of a Holly tree, & one sprig from an evergreen, from Trees growing on the lawn.

I thought of leaving here for Boston tomorrow, but may stay till the next day. Our Wisconsin men are to call on President Lincoln tomorrow in a body, and shake hands with him; I would like well enough to be with our folks at the time.

I shall be home next week. Hope you are all well, and that the children are good and mind you well. It has been extremely hot here till today, which is a real March day, cold high wind.

Tell Lillie, Mary, & Geo. they must be good children, and that I think of them every day & wonder if they mind you & remember what I said to them. I will soon be back after you read this.

In the meantime, believe me truly,

Yr. aff. Husband

Geo. P. Marston

Concerning the draft, on August 10, 1862, grandfather wrote from Minnesota:

Dear Harriett

I have been here since last Tuesday, enjoying myself as well as could be expected in Sailing on the Lake &

fishing. I leave tomorrow for St. Paul, and from there shall go to Minneapolis to stay a short time.

I don't know but I ought now to be at home, to get relieved from *Drafting*. I presume my health will *relieve* me, but don't know as it will be sufficient reason, and I do not know when is the proper time to make application for release upon that ground, whether before the enrollment or after.

I presume the Physicians at the Fort would all testify as to my unfitness for service, in case of being drafted. Yet it might be of no avail, though in this drafting process I would suppose they would refuse all but able bodied men.

If, however, I am drafted & no consideration given to my condition, I ought to be home to look after a *substitute*, for my health would totally incapacitate me for the duties of a soldier.

I am gaining in strength daily—have a good appetite, and will stay a few days more, tho tired of being here and preferring much to be at home.

You may expect me ere long, I cannot say when.

Hope you are all well. Remember me to Hop*—and with much love for the children, believe me

truly yrs.

Geo P. Marston

If not drafted I consider it a duty to do something towards the Volunteer, and shall do so when I return.

It is a pity that our grandfather's letters to his father, written during the war years, were not kept. They might have contained many interesting comments. Letters from his father to him refer repeatedly to the course of the conflict and to men in public life. Our paternal great-grandfather considered slavery

*N. F. Hopkins, grandfather's associate in business.

a great evil, but he looked on his fellow townsman, William Lloyd Garrison, as a rabid demagogue. Coming upon this point of view in one of his letters was something of a shock, as we had always been proud of the friendship between our maternal great-grandmother and Mr. Garrison in Philadelphia. Judge Marston, who had been associated for a short time in his early law practice with Daniel Webster, was a friend of Webster and shared many of his political views. In 1860 he voted for Bell and was always critical of the Lincoln administration. His son, our grandfather, with his western outlook, supported Lincoln. We do not know why Uncle Stephen took no part in the war, spending the years 1862 to 1865 in Europe, traveling with friends, some of whom were his associates in business. His father wrote of him on May 29, 1863: "He seems to be enjoying himself, as well as a foreigner can in such times as these for our Country. He feels the troubles which we are passing through, I think, quite as much as any of us."

Judge Marston in 1862 was seventy-four years old. As his growing deafness cut him off from social life he found recreation in books and in the garden and he took great pleasure in correspondence with his son George and with his grandchildren. Several of his letters follow. One early one to Mary was carefully printed to make it easy for a little girl to read:

Newburyport, March 1, 1862

My dear little Mary

I think it is about time for you and me to have a little talk together. I am here in my office all alone where you & I used to have some good times. Do you remember them? I hope you do. And then what good times we all had at the house. Those sweet little songs you used to give us in the morning. How I wish I could hear them over again. And I hope you and dear Lilla and George have learned a great many new ones before this, not only to sing but to play on your Piano.

How I should like to drop in and see you all in your happy home.

We have a great deal of snow here this winter. Now I hope you will be able to read this letter, and write me soon. And ask George to write me.

Give my love to Lilla, George, Mama and Papa.

Your affectionate grandpapa.

S. W. M.

To his son:

Newburyport, Mar. 18, 1863

My dear George

I send you and Harriett a Book on Education. I have read it over carefully two or three times, & admire it much, tho I don't hardly expect any more children to bring up. If I did I should prize it more than I can tell. I think I sent H. some years since Locke on education, an old book wh. we used to think contained much wisdom. But for these modern times it inculcated the Solomon principle rather too much, perhaps, which I practiced occasionally, as you may have occasion to remember. But still, I do not think Solomon or Locke were old fogies or fools. A few gentle knocks occasionally may do no harm. But the system pointed out by Spencer is vastly superior, in fact, the only true philosophical principle. I think you & H. will find much valuable instruction in it and I would advise you to read it through carefully, & then have it at hand & take it up often & read little by little as you have occasion, & let the children read & talk with you about it. I think it will bear *study*. I do not mark any passages that particularly please me, for it is all so excellent; if I were to begin to do so, I should have to mark the whole book. I was particularly struck

with his remarks about object lessons—say 130 page & onward—the idea that children shd. be met in every little thing that interests them with like interest & leave them to find out for themselves as far as possible all the properties & facts of every thing interesting to them, & incite their curiosity instead of repressing it, and lead them to learn everything they can comprehend, for nothing is, or can be, more delightful to every mind, from the cradle up, than the discovery of truth, especially to discover it oneself, and it is worse than folly to pretend to cram *learning, knowledge*, etc. into children's heads any faster than they understand it. If people only knew how to instruct children, & there is not one such in a thousand, their school & lessons would be far more delightful than their plays! Then there would not be much use for the ferule & birch. How does *Ravee* (is that the way it is spelt) teach horses? with kindness, sympathy & gentleness. How much more then children? Study Spencer, I pray you. I have not heard from Step. since Jan'y 19 at Palermo, Sicily, tho I believe he is now in Rome.

Yr. aff. father

S. W. Marston

To his grandson:

Newburyport, June 18, 1864

My dear George

I have long intended to write you a letter, but have put it off from time to time until I am quite ashamed of myself. If you only could realize how much I love all my dear children, you would wonder how I could be so negligent. I have heard with the greatest pleasure that you are growing up a thoughtful, diligent boy, "one of the best boys in the town." How delightful to

your father and mother to have their only son deporting himself so honorably, & obtaining such a good name. Nothing can be more delightful to all your friends, or more valuable to yourself. And your father has given me several instances of your perseverance, energy & will to do something for yourself and in accomplishing what you undertake to do. This indicates fully what we may all expect by & by when you are old enough to engage in the active pursuits of life.

I hear also, with great pleasure, that you are a good scholar & pursue your studies with diligence & success. You are getting along to be quite a large boy. I really cannot seem to realize that my grandson is—I forget now exactly how old—but a good, stout, rugged boy.

I have to thank you all for the kind and cordial invitation to make you a visit. I cannot express, dear George, how much pleasure it would afford me to see you in your dear home. But I am an old man—too old, I fear, to enable me to perform so long a journey. But when your father comes on in Aug. I shall be most happy to go home with him, if I feel able. But God will order things right & we must be happy to submit to His will.

I have a number of books & things which I have long intended to pack & send to you & Mary & Lilla, & do not intend to delay it much longer.

Give a great deal of our love to dear father & mother & sisters. Now write me soon, dear George—won't you?—and believe me your aff. grandpa

S. W. Marston

P.S. You know by Uncle Stephen's letter that I sent your father that he was in Constantinople—that he had been wandering about the Holy Land among those vile Arabs—been in Jerusalem—Bethlehem—

Hebron—all along thro Syria—bathed in the Red Sea—the Dead Sea—Jordan, etc. etc. which you read about in the Bible. How delightful it must be to visit those far off, ancient places! But I begin to feel as though he had been gone a great while. Hope we shall see him soon.

Yrs. truly

SWM

The new house in Fort Atkinson was completed and in it the family enjoyed the summer of 1864. The grounds were planted by grandfather with the same interest and care that his father had taken in the Newburyport garden and that his son was to take in later years in developing the grounds about his two homes in San Diego. Perhaps love of trees and gardens was a heritage of their English ancestry; it characterized all three generations and it prompted father to some of his most notable public work.

In August, 1864, grandfather wrote from Newburyport to grandmother:

I am afraid this terrible drought will kill all the Evergreens; I have not much fear that the Forest Trees will die, but do not feel easy about the Evergreens. If you get Mr. Spry, insist upon his digging all around as far as originally dug, and to good depth. *Dig the whole* of the land around and between the Balsam Firs, leaving no patches of grass between the Trees, and so of the Cedars and Arbor Vitaes on the right hand side of the path to little Gate. The White Pines Geo. can take in hand as his special charge. And the Scotch Pines may need attention. I do not think any of the other trees will need attention, unless it is the Butternuts, and if there is no rain Mr. Spry may give them a good digging.

I hope Geo., Mary and Lilla will keep the paths *clear of weeds*, and that Geo. will see to the garden walks, I mean the Flower Garden.

A few days earlier he had written: "Tell George I will get him his football, if one can be found in Boston. I wish he could see father's garden, with the Pear Trees loaded down, as many are, with their luscious fruit. I think it would make him stare. It certainly does me."

To the children he wrote:

Newburyport,

Sunday, Aug. 28, 1864

Dear Lilla

Your nice little letter was handed me by Grandpa Friday evening on my return from Boston where I have been every day lately, coming back at night.

Would you like to know how I have spent my time since I left home? I think you would, and so I will tell you a story, which you are fond of, I know. My Letter to Mother will show you how I got to Grandpa's Sat. eve. Sunday I spent with him talking & chatting about old times and of you at home, part of the time we sat in the House and part of the time we sat in a pleasant Arbor in his garden. Towards evening we walked to the Cemetery, you would call it the "Burrial Ground." It is a beautiful place, with nice winding walks all over it, and protected from Sun & Wind by thousands of Trees which are planted in it. Many of them are Evergreens just like the Trees about our house. On Monday I did nothing but walk about with Grandpa & *catch cold*. Tuesday & Wednesday staid at the House nursing myself & getting better. Thursday morning got up feeling much better, got a good breakfast & started for Boston in the 8 o'clk Train, arrived there at a little before ten and, on walking up from the

Depot, met Mr. McLaughlin who used to live in the Fort and occupy an Office over our Store. Do you remember him? I guess Geo. & Mary will. Well, after having a good chat with him I went up into the city where the Stores are and bought a lot of clothing, which you may tell Mr. Hopkins of. I bought them of Mr. Pierce who was at our house one Evening a year ago. At noon I went with him to an Eating House, took Dinner, & a first rate one too. You can tell Geo. that we had a little Table by ourselves and a waiter to bring us what ever we wanted. I had first some Turtle Soup, then I had some fresh cod fish, then I had on a clean Plate some Roast Beef with Jelly & different kinds of Vegetables, then after eating what I wanted of the Beef, I had on another clean Plate some Roast Turkey, & *if* I had wanted any *more* meat, could have had it by asking for it, but I did not want to make a Pig of myself, (I don't know about that I think I hear you say) and so I told the waiter I would have no more Meat, but would take a *little* Pudding; after that, as my appetite was *very poor*, I only took a piece of Blackberry Pie and ate a few Peaches & left quite *refreshed*. I wiggled around till 5 o'clk. when I took the Train again for Newburyport, reaching Grandpa's House at eight o'clock, when they were expecting me with tea on the table. Friday & Saturday were spent in about the same manner, going to Boston in the morning & coming back in the evening. Yesterday we had a fine Shower, today is beautiful—bright Sun, fine bracing air, & cloudless Sky. Father & I sat in the Summer House this forenoon a good while, and he said he wished he could see his little Grandchildren. Grandpa is quite deaf, and expects to be obliged to give up his Court, and then he will perhaps next year come out to see us, & perhaps he will sell his House here and move

out there to live. Wouldn't you like that! And now, Miss Black Eyes, I have told you a long story, taking two sheets of paper. What do you think of it? Can you read it? I am glad that Lottie is visiting you, I think you will have a happy time with her. Tell Mother I am much better & do not think I shall go home this week. Aside from my cold, I am feeling better than before this summer. Uncle Stephen is in London. You must give my love to Mary & George & tell them I would like to write them too, but this writing to little children is a pretty serious business & hard work, I find, and one letter is about as much as I can accomplish. You may tell Mr. Hopkins that goods are very high and cost a good deal of Money. Now, little Puss, you have got a good long letter out of me. I hope you will be a good girl and help Mother all you can.

Do you clerk it any nowadays, & sell many goods? Give my love to all. Grandpa & Grandma send love.

Good bye, Black Eyes, & believe me

Your aff father

Geo. P. Marston

Newburyport

Aug'st. 31st, 1864

Master George

I was handed your letter last evening by father on my return from Boston, & glad to hear from you, especially glad to hear that you were having so fine a rain which must have been needed. But in regard to its leaking over the Bay Windows, as you say, I do not feel so glad. I am quite surprised as well as sorry that the rain found its way there, for I can't understand why it should. I hope Mr. Rice has commenced work on the fence. If so have him look after the cause of

the leak. I hope the water did no damage to the ceiling.

I notice you remark about Foot Ball—Brush, etc. I have purchased the Ball in Boston and it is packed with my Dry Goods & now probably on its way to Wisconsin. It is made of India Rubber, has a sort of Keyhole in it, with a Key to unlock. It is then filled with air & locked up so that there is no escape of it, when it is ready for kicking. I think you will get some fine sport out of it—tho' rather expensive, for the thing cost \$2.00.

Now I hope you will be a good boy, my Son; be kind to yr. Sisters & assist your Mother all you can. Grandpa thinks from your Photograph that you are a noble looking boy.

Give my love to Mary & Lilla & believe me

Yr aff father

Geo. P. Marston

My Dear Mary

Here is a little space which may be devoted to you, & which Geo. perhaps will not object to. Neither will you probably feel so desirous, as did little Miss Black Eyes, that I should give you a separate Sheet. I trust you are having a good time & enjoying yourself every day. Will you have a *nice new* piece of music to play to me on my return? Grandma & pa talk a good deal about you & wish they could see you. Grandpa asked me this morning if I thought he could buy a good House in Whitewater. He thinks of going out next season with Mother. You are of course having a happy visit with Miss Lottie. I hope every day to receive a letter from you. Good bye

Yr aff father GPM

The following spring our great-grandfather wrote to grandfather:

Newburyport, Ap'l 3/65

D'r Geo.

I have been at work to-day getting off the box which I spoke to you about when you were here & my hand is so that I can hardly write. The box is now in our Ex. office & will be on its way tomorrow as you directed when here. I put some grafts & other things which I hope will please the dear children, whom I think so much about. I put into the box an old trunk, not for its value, certainly not for its beauty, but because it belonged to Mary's precious grandmother. She had it when I first knew her, & since her decease I have kept many of her letters that passed between us, which I have recently perused & destroyed, as I did not wish to leave them behind me. It has her initials on it, & I hope Mary will like it for the reason I have suggested. The box did not hold near all I intended to put into it, but I did not feel as tho. I could pack it over again. I intended to have sent it long ago.

What glorious news we have had to-day!

The trunk is for *Mary*.

My back is very painful to-day. Nothing from Step. since I wrote. Love to all—all well. Yr aff father

SWM

The little trunk, brought by our aunt to California, is now in the possession of her daughter, Margaret Kew Durr. The "glorious news" may have been Lee's withdrawal from Petersburg, as the surrender at Appomattox courthouse followed on April 9.

In May, 1864, Theda Sawyer Marston, the children's maternal grandmother, died in her home in Orford. We have no letter telling of this event and no further correspondence with the

family in Orford except the following exchange of letters between our grandmother Harriett and her father Captain Jeremiah:

Orford, February 9th, 1866

Dear Harriette

I am aware that I ought to have written to you before but I am an old man and writing letters seems to be quite a task for me and so I keep putting it off. . . . We have quite lately heard from Charles, he and his family are all well. Charles has bought a farm in the town of Glover and has moved on to it. I do feel glad for them that they have a home of their own. I think they have had a very hard time where they have been living, so much milking and taking care of milk and churning—it was all hard work. Charles wrote a few days ago that he and his son should be down here the last of this month. Gilman was at home the time of our centennial celebration; he was well and appeared as hearty and robust as I ever saw him; he is now at Washington. I think I had a letter from Jeremiah the first of January, he and his family were well at that time. . . . There is enough snow now to make it good sleighing. There have been some very cold days, the ground is frozen as hard as it most ever was and water is as scarce as it has ever been in the winter season.

Harriette, I want you should write to me soon after receiving this scroll. I want to hear from you all, yes, and I want to see you, indeed I do. Your husband's health I want to know about, but I am almost afraid to hear. I hope you will come and see us soon as you can. I would go and see you if I could, but I am an old man and very clumsy and it would not be prudent

for me to attempt to go so long a journey. If it was but one day's ride I should not be afraid to undertake it.

I am aware it would be a melancholy visit for you to come here and not find your mother, but so it is and so it must be; she is gone and we must submit to allotments of Providence whether they be pleasing or grievous. I have named what ever I thought would be interesting to you and I now close by saying love to your husband, yourself, and all the children. From your ever loving father

Jeremiah Marston

Fort Atkinson, Feb. 16th, 1866

My dear Father

I received your kind letter of Feb. 9th day before yesterday. I had been thinking of you all through the day and I was very happy to get a letter from you when the mail came in and to hear that you were in comfortable health and all the rest of the family.

For six months past I have had a great many duties pressing on me which taxed body and mind to the utmost sometimes, and although I am not sick, I feel weak, but by means of a little quiet and rest I trust I shall have renewed strength shortly. Shortly after Martha Dame visited me, the young girl living with me that we called Nettie had a fever and died, after about ten days illness at her father's home near our own. She was but a year older than George and was converted last winter about the same time with my own children. Mr. Curtiss' son boarded with us, so that there were five young converts in our house together last winter. When Nettie came to her dying day she called for us all, held our hands, looked in our

faces, her own beaming with joy, and said she was going to her dear Saviour. Mary loved her much and, timid though she is, held her hand & stood over her for hours with the same quiet manner she would if she had been well. If I left the room for only a few moments she would call for me and said, "You will stay by me, won't you?" & so she passed away from our family, full of joy & peace, to Heaven.

The latter part of the Autumn George took a severe cold which brought him down very low—I was very much alarmed about him for a long time. But he had the best of care & attention from our physician, Dr. White. He is ready to stay with us day and night when necessary, and Mrs. White is like a dear Sister.

George is now better and able to go to the store except in very cold weather. It is really wonderful how he has rallied this winter. He seems nearly as well as he has for several years, but still, as Dr. White says, he takes cold as easily as an infant.

The children are all very well. We think of sending George to a school in Beloit in this state in the Spring. And then I shall begin to know what it is to have a child go from home. Mary is only a quarter of an inch shorter than I am. Lillie has just been talking about writing you a letter. She is a busy little girl and she must write herself and tell you what she is doing. Just now she is playing chess with her father.

I was glad to hear from Uncle Peter, give my love to him, also to Uncle Taylor. I am glad to hear that Philabe is no worse than she was last year. Tell Arthur I hope he will write me after Charles has visited you. I wish I could sit with you all these long evenings so I could see your faces once more. May we meet in the dear home above.

Harriette

One year later, February 24, 1867, Captain Jeremiah died at the age of eighty-seven. The *Concord Statesman* said of him:

Captain Marston was the oldest person in town—a link connecting the past with the present—the last of a generation of stalwart and noble men. . . . The inflexible integrity and sound judgment of Capt. Marston made him deservedly esteemed by his fellow townsmen, who elected him to various offices of trust and responsibility. He was one of the Selectmen eleven successive years. . . . His latch-string was always out, and distress found him ready to listen and relieve.

Grandfather, commenting on the article in a note to his father, said: "I think it very truthful. Indeed, I never saw in my life a man so simple and childlike in manners and disposition and yet manly in every respect, and commanding the esteem and confidence of one at first sight. He was a kind father and good citizen, indeed."

Early in 1868 the portrait of his mother was sent to grandfather by Dr. S. F. Smith, the author of "My Country 'Tis of Thee," who was the son-in-law of "Aunt Smith," our great-grandmother's sister. Later in the same year the companion portrait of our great-grandfather was sent from Newburyport. The portraits, brought with them when the family moved to California, were hung in grandfather's home in San Diego until grandmother's death, after which they came to father.

Here is the principal part of Dr. Smith's letter:

Newton Center, Mass., Feb. 6, 1868

Geo. P. Marston, Esq.

My dear Sir:

I have today sent from Boston, directed to you, a case containing the portrait of your mother, which we have enjoyed in our rooms for several years, but which

it is no more than just that you should have, and I congratulate you in adding to the adornments of your house so beautiful a remembrance of the best friend of your early years.

I do not cease to remember the delightful visit we enjoyed with you last summer, and shall never fail to be grateful for the pleasure of it.

I grieved to part from you, when you were undergoing such terrible suffering. I hope you have been generally in a better case, and will live long to enjoy your delightful home and surroundings.

Most sincerely yours,

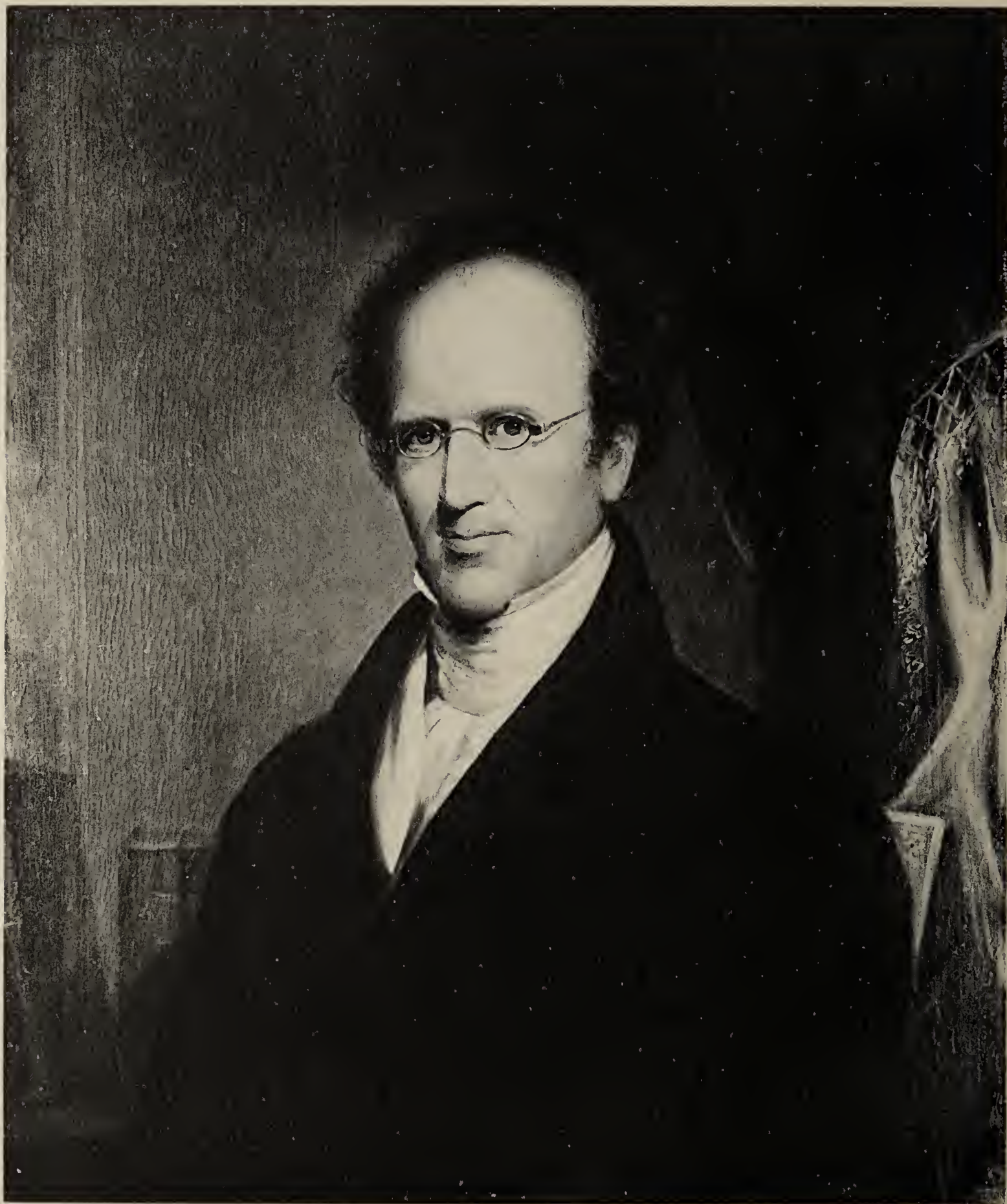
S. F. Smith.



THE STEPHEN MARSTON HOME ON GREEN STREET
IN NEWBURYPORT



THE JEREMIAH MARSTON HOME IN ORFORD



STEPHEN WEBSTER MARSTON



MARY WHITE MARSTON



STEPHEN W. MARSTON, JR.



GENERAL GILMAN MARSTON



GEORGE PHILLIPS MARSTON AND HARRIETT MARSTON ABOUT 1859



GEORGE WHITE MARSTON
AT ELEVEN OR TWELVE



MARY WHITE MARSTON



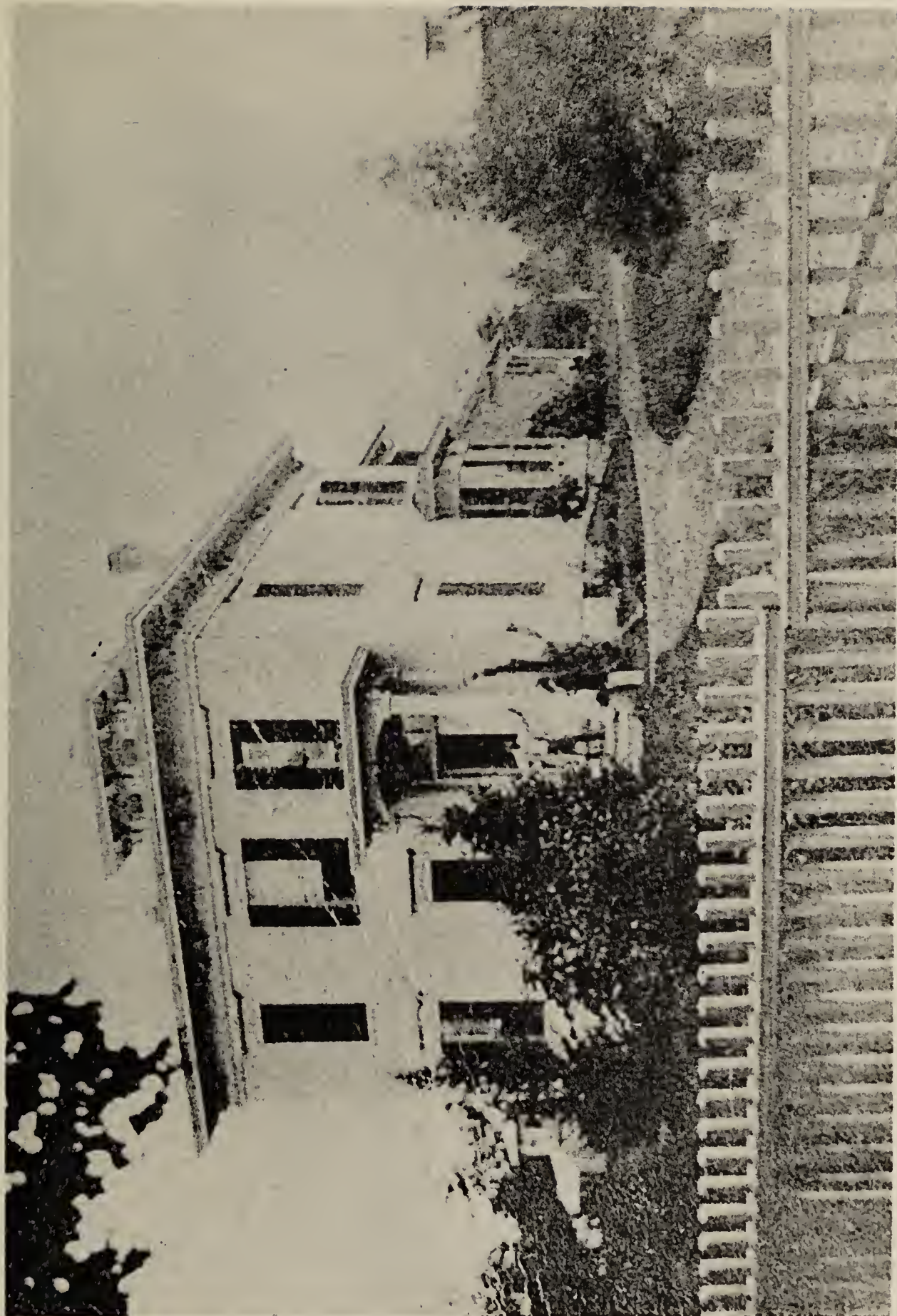
LILLA ABOUT SIXTEEN



MARY ABOUT NINETEEN



GEORGE AT SEVENTEEN



THE HOME IN FORT ATKINSON



THE OLYMPIAN CLUB OF BELOIT

School Years, from Letters of 1866-1870

A *****

ALTHOUGH GRANDMOTHER wrote that George might be sent to Beloit in the spring of sixty-six and although father in his later years referred to his "four years" at Beloit, records make it clear that he entered the second year of the Preparatory Department of Beloit College in the fall of that year. He was graduated in July, 1868. His first roommate was his old friend Edward Curtiss, who was one year ahead of him; his second roommate was Newton Wheeler of Aurora, Illinois. The boys boarded with families and father recalled in a letter to "Dear Friend Newt" that they had enjoyed "quite well" the company of their landlady's daughters. As Rockford Academy, the school to which Aunt Mary was sent two years later, was only twenty miles south on the Rock River, there were occasional visits between the boys and girls of the two schools.

Skating on the river and baseball were the two sports that father remembered. He was the youngest player on the famous nine of the Olympians, Beloit's first baseball club. Years afterward he wrote:

My position was a modest one—right field, but I was mighty proud to be anywhere in the Olympian first nine. My recollection of the games played is very slight. Indeed, I don't think I was a member of the nine for many months. I recall playing with the Club in Milwaukee against the Cream City Baseball Club. I also remember a game we had with the Rockford Club, Forest City I believe was the name. Al Spalding was the pitcher and he gave us our first taste of fast curve ball. It was impossible for us to hit it and the

score was something like 70 to 7 in favor of the Forest City Club.

Other more successful games made the Olympians the champions of the state. In a photograph of the club father's slender frame and youthful face are in amusing contrast with the burly figures and bearded faces of the older players.

Father remembered little of the Latin and Greek which he studied, but he never forgot, because of their rare personalities, the men who were his teachers. Among them were Arthur Smith and Henry D. Porter, brilliant students of the college class of 1867, who tutored in the Preparatory Department, both of them afterward distinguished missionaries to China. Father was able to renew his friendship with them when in later years they came to live in California.

A letter to his father, dated October 20, 1866, gave his schedule:

Monday morning I go to prayers at 9 o'clock, and from 9.15 to 10.15 recite in Latin to Mr. Fisk. Then I go to my room and study Greek until two o'clock, of course eating my dinner and playing some. From 2 to 3 recite in Greek in the Greek Room to Henry Porter of the Senior Class. From 3 to 4 study English Grammar and recite in it from 4 to 5. Then go into the chapel to prayers, after which we go to supper. In the evening I study Latin and read. Tuesday and Friday evenings I study my Praxis lesson for the next day, and once a month write a Composition and learn a piece to speak. Wed. evening go to the Debating Society, of which I have been Treas. the first half of the term. Sat. evng. go to the prayer meeting.

In January of 1867 there were revival meetings in Beloit. Morning classes were given up while the meetings were held. Father wrote his mother about his concern for one of his friends

and his attempts to help this friend in his religious difficulties. He adds, "I pray for father's salvation."

Grandfather, who had been dangerously ill in January, wrote to father on February 1, 1867:

I am again able to get down stairs and move about the House, tho weak and poor in flesh and strength. I don't think I shall get out again this winter much. Shall try and regain strength in the House.

I hope you are finding your studies pleasant and profitable to you this term. Now is the time for you to lay the foundation for future usefulness deep and strong. Whatever you do be thorough; be superficial in nothing. You are now supplying the capital with which you are to operate in future. It will be but a little while ere the responsibilities of manhood will devolve upon you. Play strong when you are playing, take plenty of exercise, but when you are at your Studies recollect it is not for the sake of getting your lesson well, only to have a good recitation, but you are acquiring that which is to furnish your future "Bread and Butter" and enable you to be useful to others.

On March 11, grandfather wrote again:

The mechanics have commenced this morning tearing down my old store. I shall have it entirely remodeled, so that you will scarcely recognize it when you return. We have sold out our Lumber Yard and have nothing left down there now but the lot and Machine Shop with its contents. I wish we could get rid of that, and then I should be pretty free from business.

I begin to feel an itching to get hold of the Hoe and Spade. If able, I mean to make our yard *shine* this season, if attention to it will effect it. The exercise

and outdoor air will, I hope, aid in my restoration to health, which the doctor thinks he can bring about.

Father wrote to his mother on May 10:

If Dr. Willard boards with us next summer when I am home, I shall have some fine times playing chess with him. After this term of hard study I am expecting that I shall enjoy the next vacation very much. But that will not come for some time yet. The daily prayer meetings are not so well attended now as they were in the winter. Most all like to play ball after supper. I suppose that the people in the Fort are playing croquet a great deal. I have no time for Waverley novels now. I read D'Aubigne's Reformation every Sunday.

Ed and I have left Judge Mills' Sunday School class and have gone into Arthur H. Smith's class. He is a Senior and the best scholar in the College. I like him for a teacher very much. We are studying the 7th Chap. of Hebrews and for three Sundays have been talking about what is contained in the first four verses. Melchisedec is an interesting subject, I think.

Last Sat. evening I heard Frank Lumburd's Concert Troupe from Chicago sing at Union Hall. Miss Emma A. Abbott, the soprano, sung beautifully.

Have I answered Lilla's letter yet? She has never told me about the Bird-man's concert. I wish she would. I hope father and Mary will write soon.

My love to all.

Your aff. son

Geo. (P.) W. M.

P. S. When I wrote my name above I was trying to write like father, and in making a "P" instead of a "W" I imitated him a little too much.

Father's summer vacation in 1867 was spent at home, enjoyably enough according to his father's account to Lilla, who was

visiting her friend Lottie Curtiss in Fort Howard, Wisconsin.

George is circulating about in a general way, sometimes playing croquet, sometimes baseball. Occasionally I get a little work out of him, and the balance of the time he spends eating berries, etc. The cats and kittens are well as usual I presume, at any rate I have heard no lamenting over them, which I take as good evidence that their catships are all right.

One can see how much grandfather's humor and his interest in the children's games and fun tempered the austerity of grandmother's Puritan ideas. Not only was Sunday very strictly observed but sometimes on Saturday afternoons she held meetings of a religious character for children and young people. But her warmth of affection could not but make the home she presided over a happy one. Writing to Lilla at Lottie's she said:

My darling Lilla

I received your dear little letter yesterday. It was altogether unexpected but we are all so glad to hear from you.

It is very, very still in the house; just now Georgie is reading on the lounge in the dining room. Della and Mary are in the cellar talking to the kittens. Your father has gone to Whitewater. We miss you everywhere. There is no one to caper about now; only once in awhile George starts up at some of his old plays.

We pray for you, dear one, every day and you will remember to keep near to Good Shepherd who loves his lambs.

Goodbye, my sweet child.

Your affectionate mother

When Mary, starting off to school after one of her vacations and boarding the wrong train by mistake, came home crestfallen to spend the night, her mother put her arms around her,

exclaiming how glad she was for the mistake, because they could have her with them a little longer.

After graduating from Beloit Preparatory School father stayed at home for a year, working six months of the time in a grist-mill, which gave him the opportunity in later life to joke about his "miller's thumb." For a few months he was clerk in a bank where he learned double-entry bookkeeping. Times were hard after the Civil War, which may have been the reason for his going to work rather than to college. On October 2, 1868, his grandfather wrote to his father: "I am rather glad from what I know of George that you have concluded not to send him to college. As he seems to have fine talents and taste for business I think he is in the right line of duty. With his habits, character and talents he surely has a bright future before him."

The fall of 1869, however, found father matriculated in the University of Michigan. He took a special one-year pre-medical course. At the end of the year his father's illness made it necessary for him to leave. Three letters of his to his parents, who had gone to California for the winter, and two letters to him from his old German teacher in Fort Atkinson, with whom he was corresponding in German, give us glimpses into his short experience as a university student. Father's letters are quoted almost in full:

Ann Arbor, Nov. 3, 1869

Wednesday Eve.

My dear mother

Yesterday your patiently expected letter came at last. I do hope you will now write often, and long letters too, for I want to hear everything you see and everything you do. When this reaches you there will be only six more weeks before holidays, our only vacation. R. R. fare is usually half price to students then and if so this year, I can go home as well as to remain here.

I have to say something about my birds every time, I believe, but I'm real interested in them and want you to know what I'm doing with them. Today I analysed the Baltimore Oriole or Golden Robin, both male and female, a sky-lark and a cat bird. You have seen the Oriole, that beautiful bird with orange-red breast. The other day I analysed the bobolink, which is one of the best singers in the woods. This bird study is real charming, mother. I feel quite *scientific*, when sitting at my table with a huge Smithsonian Ins. Report and a score or so of birds before me, perched on their little sticks, heads up and looking right at me through their little glass eyes. This is in Prof. Winchell's and his assistants' private room. Piled up around me are cases of insects, thousands of them, bugs, bees, butterflies, moths, etc., some of them are no larger than the head of a pin. There are also a great many geological specimens in the room and on the walls are charts and pictures of animals, etc.

Their museum is a very fine one and there of course everything is arranged nicely. It has an Art Gallery, which contains fine pictures, engravings and statuary. The Medical Museum is quite extensive also, but you wouldn't care to look through that more than once. You know the medical students have to have dead bodies to dissect and under the med. building is a cellar full of large vats where they keep the bodies pickled. Our boys here tell horrible stories about the ghastly scenes in the dissecting room, but I won't tell it to you as you haven't strong nerves.

I go to the Cong. Church now every Sunday and like the minister better than any other one in the city. Why, he's real *splendid*, I think. I feel much more at home there than in the big Meth. Church. Sunday, 3 p.m., go to Prof. D'——'s Greek Testament class and

will try to brush up my Greek a little. I have just read Minister's Wooing by H. B. S. and like it ever so much. I don't have much time for novels, however.

The well-dressed fellows here wear linen collars instead of paper, gold shirt studs and kid gloves. Must tell father now about my money matters. Good night,

Your loving son

George

My dear father

Now I shall have to tell you how I have made the money fly. Lilla has sent \$25.00 since you left and I am two weeks ahead on board and \$10.00 in pocket at present. My German books have cost over \$8.00, as I was obliged to buy a dictionary which alone cost 4.50. Then there are ever so many things which I have had to buy; for instance, a pair of gloves to keep my hands warm; those are necessary, aren't they? Now my hat is getting seedy, having worn it since April, and must get another. Sold the cap I had. Ought to buy before I come home, for these Ann Arbor storekeepers dock it to us students. *Must* have a new pair of pants by and by, for those were light summer ones that I bought in Janesville and they were nearly spoiled in that big "rush" we had here. Did I tell you about it? Why, I was rolled down two flights of stairs that time. Next term shan't spend much; no tuition nor so many books and etceteras as now. Next year I'll try and earn my own salt if I can.

Last Sat. evening heard Geo. Francis Train deliver his "incoherent" lecture. It was good if he did talk about himself for the whole two hours. He got hissed some and cheered a great deal. Said he: "I like you boys, can strike fire here." It was the oddest thing I ever heard.

Please write me the Knitter news for I don't hear a word from any one else about it.

Your aff. son George

Father spent his Christmas holidays in Detroit where he heard good music in concerts and opera. His former German teacher congratulated him on his musical opportunities and on his improvement in German, but entertained serious doubts as to his social career because he did not dance.

Michigan University,
Friday eve., Feb. 11, '70

Dear mother

I have just come from hearing Miss Kate Field's lecture on the "Adirondacks." She said she was one of "Murray's fools" and told of the vicissitudes and adventures of the "Black-fly Club" which was composed of three young ladies and herself. It was quite a witty and spicy lecture, but I think it would have sounded tame from a man.

I received a letter from you on last Sat. and on Wed. and it is good news to hear that father is getting over the attack. Now that you are so far away, it makes me much more anxious when I know he is sick than it did there at home.

Every Sunday afternoon Prof. Cockers lectures in the Meth. Church upon the "Evidences of Christianity." He supposes we are all skeptics and endeavors to prove the authenticity and genuineness of the New Testament. He has already gone so far in the lectures and next Sunday he takes up the life of Christ. If he is not eloquent his sermons are very instructive and show him to be a deep thinker.

I had a treat this week and it was to hear Mr. Alcott, father of the author of "Little Women," hold a *conver-*

sation with the students. His conversation in a private house here was about New England authors, but at the Univ. on Culture. He sat in a chair and talked on in an easy, natural way, answering the boys' questions. He told his "alphabet" of the faculties of the mind & said true culture was to cultivate them all equally & in harmony. And he defined education to be the drawing out what is in the mind & culture to be the feeding of the mind with what is taken from books, travel, society, and everything outside of one. The questions asked were usually such as, "How can Fancy be cultivated?" or "What is Poetry?" I learned more metaphysics than I ever knew before in my life.

I like my studies very much now and shall be kept pretty busy. The lectures in Chemistry and Zoölogy are very interesting. Dr. Douglas, the chemist in the Med. Dept., lectures to us and has all the necessary apparatus for making experiments. Prof. Winchell lectures on Zoölogy and is an eloquent speaker, I think. This afternoon I went to his lecture on Geology to the Seniors and enjoyed it very much. The first form of earth and all worlds was a *gas. After cooling and contracting it got to whirling; threw off worlds and suns, cooled more and became a liquid mass, and afterwards solid; the earth is still cooling.* That's what he believes.

Your aff. son George

During this year, when father was in Michigan University and Aunt Mary in her second year at Rockford Academy, our grandparents were spending the winter in California, leaving Lilla at home with Mrs. Powell and her daughter Minnie. Mrs. Powell, widow of their former minister, was engaged as housekeeper and remained with the family in that position after our grandparents' return. The severe colds and the past seven years' attacks

of asthma had determined grandfather to try the climate of California. In his letters to Lilla and in one to George we have his own account of the months spent there. No mention is made of the fact that 1869 was the first year of transcontinental railroad travel.

“Williams Hotel”

Gilroy, Cala., Nov. 6, 1869

My Dear Lilla

We have left Petaluma for good, having come to the conclusion that it was no place for me. It was with regret, however, for it was not only a pleasant place but we had made some very pleasant acquaintances. But somehow the air was not suited for my lungs, as I grew worse every day, tho it would be hard to give a reason why for the weather was superb.

And here we are in Gilroy, a place of about the same population as the Fort, though only two years old, eighty miles south of San Francisco, in Santa Clara Valley, between the coast range mountains & the Santa Cruz mountains, the valley here being about ten miles wide, perfectly level from mountain to mountain & noted as one of the prettiest Valleys in the State. The soil is very rich & productive & raises great crops of Wheat & *such* Grapes, Pears, Peaches, etc., as would do you good to look at & more to eat. It is very warm here, Mother says she don't believe she can stand it, but I presume it will be some cooler by & by, tho it is never cold enough to freeze. I wish you could see the beautiful flowers & shrubs & evergreens that grow every where in this country. The charming varieties of evergreens that grow so thriftily here make me feel almost sick of mine at home and the large variety of roses & flowers that bloom here in the gardens & yards every month in the year make the lover of these things

heave a sigh when he thinks of the long cold winters of the States. I was looking today at a Tomato Vine that came up in the back yard of a house opposite our Hotel, & which has run up over the roof of the one story building, nearly covering it with ripe fruit hanging from its branches, & fruit in every stage of growth, full of blossoms also, the Vine growing as lustily as ever & likely to continue growing & bearing through the season & another for ought I know, & to die only from old age. I think my Asthma is leaving me, feel better today. Don't know how long we shall stay in this place, but you may direct your letters here, care of "Williams Hotel."

Hope you are getting along happily at home. Think often of you and wish I could see you, but these two thousand five hundred miles are in the way badly. Give my love to all our friends. Write us just as often as you can, my darling, & let us know everything that is going on at home. Hope your health continues good. The only letter we have had from home was yours, but we hope to receive some soon. Remember me to Mrs. Powell & Minnie & believe me yr aff father

Geo. P. Marston

Mother wants you to return Miss Cole her two books, "Ruskin's Works."

From Gilroy our grandparents went to San Jose, staying for a short time at the well-known Auzerais Hotel and afterwards with the Churchill family. Mr. Churchill had a brother in Fort Atkinson.

My Dear Lilla

San Jose, Nov. 29, 1869

It seems a very long time since we had a letter from home, your last being dated on the 3rd inst., nearly four weeks ago.

I know you are very busy with your various avoca-

tions, & that the hours devoted to school & vocal & instrumental Music must leave but little time for other matters. Then you have the correspondence from Mich. & Ill. to attend to, which must not be neglected, to say nothing of duties that devolve upon you as the sole representative of the House of Marston. But arduous & multiplied as all these labors may be, I trust you will find time to write us as often as once a week certainly. We are anxious to hear about everything from home, of your progress in Music & School studies, if you like your Teacher, how Mrs. Hakes succeeds with her School. Are you *happy*, enjoying School, Music, Singing, etc.?

We want to know *everything*, you see. It is six weeks today since we left home; Mother says it seems three months. We are boarding with Mr. Churchill, very pleasant people. Have front parlor & bedroom, all very cozy. Weather continues lovely.

You will be glad to hear that I am feeling very well. I think my strength & health is daily improving; have gained four pounds in weight & begin to feel quite puffy—at least after dinner. I wish you could be with me in my daily walks through the streets of this beautiful city. You would be charmed with the hard wide streets & broad clean side-walks, with door-yards all full of tropical trees & shrubbery & beautiful flowers. The flowering maple, such as we have at home in the pots, here grows luxuriantly out of doors; I have seen them as high as the cottage houses & full of blossoms. Then there are places about the size of ours, & up to five Acre lots, the grounds beautifully laid out and tastefully arranged & planted with evergreens, etc. The water is all obtained from Artesian Wells, which enables any one to have fountains which flow continually, but I must stop now, darling.

I believe I told you to get money from Willard & Webb to pay Mrs. Powell every week. Give our love to her & Minnie & all friends.

Now, Lilla, you must make an effort to write *once a week*, if only a short letter, for that would give us very great pleasure. The papers speak of Snow Storms East—it don't seem possible to us here in this warm climate.

Yr aff father
Geo P Marston

San Jose, Cal., Dec. 20, 1869

My Dear Lilla

I suppose you are now enjoying your vacation, & that your time is fully taken up in preparation for Concerts, Tableaux, etc., and I hope your anticipations of a splendid time will all be realized, & that you will be successful in *your* part of the same. We shall expect *full* reports of performance from your lively Pen. Your letters are very prettily written & you are improving your hand & style, but there is one *very serious* fault to which I wish to draw your attention, and that is the *Spelling*. That you may realize to its full extent that unhappy fault, I will cull from your last letter the misspelled words. I think there is not one but is the result of *carelessness* because most of the words are used by you several times & generally spelled correctly. You say, "to go any *whares*"—*Horrible!* Also, "our Sunday School are getting up an *Exibition*"—What's that? "John Tenaxis is *Suprentendant*"—"too or three weeks"—Awful—"Mrs. Jones is here *too* day." That little word is a perfect Elephant in your way. "He *heared* that he was not"—too bad—"Mrs. Hakes says they will be *fasinated*"—What in the world is that! I can't find it in Webster's Unabridged—perhaps you

mean enchanted, *fascinated*: Well, that's all, but that's enough for one letter & I know you will thank me for calling your attention to the matter.

It is perfectly evident that the errors are *not* through ignorance, but from haste & carelessness in writing, but they look none the less objectionable on that account. You would feel terribly annoyed if such blunders should be made general in your writings. Your only course is to write carefully and with a Dictionary at hand, and examine it for every doubtful word.

Now is the time for learning to spell correctly. If you continue the habit of misspelling from carelessness, it will eventually become a fixed custom with you & impossible to overcome. Remember that *nothing* looks so bad in a letter, to an educated person, as bad spelling. Miserable writing is common & can be overlooked but bad spelling is vulgar.

The weather continues very pleasant & warm. It is very dry & dusty & rain is needed. Tho the days are warm, the nights are cool & frosty, they call it here *dreadful* cold, but the roses are all in bloom in the yards & shrubbery likewise. It is just about such weather as we have in September, warm days & frosty nights.

It would amuse you to see the Chinese in their odd dress & ways. They shave all the front part of their heads & many the entire head, except a bunch on the back part sufficient for a long queue, which they braid and when at work keep wound around the head, but often it is hanging down nearly to the ankles with a silk tassel on the end. Their dress is generally loose pants & a frock made like a man's shirt, of blue cotton cloth, and slippers with wooden soles an inch thick. Those who live in towns, getting a living as cooks, *chamber Maids*, House Servants, & doing Washing &

other light & clean work, look very neat & tidy. Many of them wear white stockings & clean too, which show off finely in contrast with their odd slippers & loose cotton trousers. A lot of them chattering together make a noise similar to a large flock of Blackbirds in our country.

Mother is well & sends her love to you & Mrs. P. & Min. We shall direct Geo. & Mary's next letters to the Fort. If they do not go home, you can tell the Post Master to forward them. Write me a good long letter, to pay me for the savage criticism on the first three pages. Wishing you all a "Merry Christmas,"

Yr aff father

Geo P Marston

What part do you sing in Esther?

San Jose, Dec. 24, 1869

My Dear Lilla

It's but a few days since I wrote you, but Mother has been writing Geo. and there is just about time for you to get this about New Years and so I will write, if only for the purpose of wishing you "*a happy New Year?*"

Tomorrow is Christmas and we can't help contrasting it with former ones. For the first time Christmas day finds us widely separated, Geo. in Mich., Mary (perhaps) in Illinois, while we are off on the Coast of the far Pacific.

Mary writes that her time is well occupied with her studies & musical performances and is about trying the Fairying (new word, guess you won't find it in Webster's) line. Well, I hope she will succeed in pleasing all who come within her charmed circle.

And you too are having your fun during the holidays. Wouldn't we love to see "Mercy" in that tableau!

I wonder what Geo. will find to amuse himself with. He seems to be plunging deep into the arts & sciences and studies of the old Masters in paintings and Sculpture, is deep in the Mysteries of Anatomy and Physiology-cats, & slashes up dead Bats and flies, and dissects everything that comes in reach, with remorseless activity. Well, after his sanguinary occupations, I presume he will enjoy his Turkey & Mince Pie just as well as the rest of us.

You don't say when your Tableau comes off, but we think perhaps it may be this eve, but whether it does or not, we expect you will have a Merry Christmas, and spend a very happy day.

You may have a sleigh ride, play Snow-balling, or enjoy an hour Skating on the Ice of Rock River—all is possible with you, while here we shall probably have a rainy day. The rain fell in torrents last night. It is very warm and every indication of rain tomorrow, but it is much needed & everybody glad to see it.

We think from Mary's last letter she is with you now, and that will make your holidays much pleasanter and we hope you will be *very happy*. Now good-bye, darling, give our love to all our friends, with many wishes for a "happy New Year." I continue very well, gaining health & strength constantly.

Write us often, with details of all relating to *yourself*. Again Wishing you a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year," with much love,

Yr. aff. father,

Geo. P. Marston

San Jose, Jan. 13, 1870

My Dear Lilla

I took cold in the church last Sunday, which settled on my lungs, as usual, compelling me to take to the

bed. But two days lying there, with your Mother's good nursing qualities, has brought me out all right. We have not heard from you since your letter of Dec. 29th. Since then you have probably had your sleigh ride, & exhibition, and I hope you had a pleasant time, and that we will shortly get a full account of it from your pen. I wish you would tell us how you have succeeded this winter in your Music & Singing. Do you think you have improved much, gained *much information* from Mr. Hakes' instruction this winter, and how have you succeeded with Miss Rockwell? Is she going to teach any longer in the Fort, & what do you think about continuing another term with her, etc.? You have not said anything about these things and I hope you will in your next letter write fully in regard to them. Unless you are rapidly improving, & feeling considerable interest in your Music, I feel that you had better not take another term with Miss Rockwell at present. Our expenses are so heavy here, together with Geo. & Mary, and times are *so hard*, & Money *so scarce*, that retrenchment in all directions is absolutely necessary.

I presume you had a delightful visit with Mary, & I hope you will tell us all about it.

I do not wish to absolutely prohibit you from another term with Miss R. If you are learning well & you & your friends think it advisable to continue, why, do so.

San Jose, Feb. 7, 1870

My Dear Lilla

Your nice letter of Jan. 25th reached me in due season, and I thank you very much for it. You will be glad to learn that I am again feeling very well, but I am very sorry to say that I have lost eight pounds of

the flesh that I had so laboriously accumulated, and must now go to work and make it again. (If I can) Am glad you are having such a fine winter, such nice skating and such nice times generally. Your time, being occupied so much with Piano practicing, lessons in singing, Exhibitions, etc., must pass rapidly away as well as pleasantly & happily. It is a source of much pleasure to me to think, to feel that my dear Lilla is so agreeably situated during our absence. The time is rapidly approaching when we will begin to count the days that intervene before we start for home. We have for some time counted the weeks.

The weather is very warm, the trees are blossoming. I wish you could see the flowering Acacia, a large tree completely covered with long yellow blossoms, so that the whole tree is enveloped in them. You would go crazy with delight. Many shrubs & vines in blossom, roses budding, Peaches, etc., etc. Mother joins me in love to you *all*. Write often, darling.

Yr aff father

Geo P Marston

San Jose, Mch. 31, '70

My Dear Geo.

I returned yesterday from San Diego, about as far away as I could get & not get out of the U. S., it being as you will see by the map in the S. W. corner & only fifteen miles from the boundary line. I rode out one day within one mile of the boundary monument. San Diego is 500 miles South of here. I went in Steamer from San Francisco, three days' voyage touching at three Ports. I like the climate of San Diego very much better than even San Jose. The night air here is very chilly & damp, but in San D. it is soft & delightful. It

is a new place, but growing, and is the terminus of the Southern Transcontinental R. R., sometimes called the Memphis & El Paso R. R. This road will at some time be built, & then San Diego will grow into a large & prosperous Commercial City, for it has a *Splendid Harbor*, second only to San Francisco on the Pacific Coast. There is no Harbor between it & San Francisco & none South for 1000 miles. It is situated on the Bay, six miles from the mouth. The Mountains in Mexico on the South, & the Sierras on the East, the Islands in the ocean, & the lovely Bay, 15 miles long & 3 wide, make up a scenery enchanting enough. Add to that a climate more equable than any in the world, as many say, and it is not a bad place for any one to live in. I have seen no place in Cal. to compare with it, and if I come to Cal. to reside *shall go there*.

The old City of San Diego, containing some 800 people, principally Spanish & Mexican Indians, has been settled 101 yrs. Last fall they celebrated the Centennial Anniversary with a Bull fight among other amusements. But the New City is some three miles further up the Bay, is two yrs. old, contains 600 Buildings & 3000 Inhabitants, & is flourishing finely. My letter to the Herald from S. D. will give you some information which I will not write.

My health has been so much better here than in Wis. that you need not be surprised if I should feel it to be my duty to move here one of these days, indeed I do not think I shall ever winter in Wis. again myself. As for our Knitting Mach., I fear all our hopes & expectations & plans "have gang alee." The impossibility of selling for *Cash*, owing to the failure of crops & the general depression all over the country, growing out of the uncertain state of finances, etc. render it necessary to have a much *larger Capital* invested in

the business than we are able to raise. We have struggled as long as possible, hoping to be able to swing it. We have tried to get up a Stock Co. but a letter from Hop. says he fears they will not be able to do that. As soon as the Mach's. are all finished up for Sale, will close the shop forever in Ft. Atkinson, & I have advised Hop. to go East & try to dispose of the Patent there, & to get out of the whole business soon as we can. What they will do I know not. This will change all your future, and when we are together next summer many things may be decided upon. I wish you could study Book Keeping in your college. Ain't there a chance? It would be a *very great* advantage to you in business. How would you like life on the Pacific Coast? We *may* all be here yet, tho it will be the hardest thing I ever did to *tear myself* from Ft. A & our beautiful home there. We leave here tomorrow for good. Shall go to Grass Valley & Sacramento till we start for *home*.

Yr aff father G.P.M.

You may direct your next letter to Grass Valléy. It is a Mining town in the Mountains.

On April 11 grandfather wrote from Sacramento to Lilla that they would be starting for home on Monday, the 18th, and hoped to arrive by way of Chicago the following Saturday evening. "As the time draws near we get doubly anxious, and the days grow longer, and time passes more slowly—but, it *never stops*, and if nothing happens you will see us very soon after receipt of this. I suppose you know I have been to San Diego, a nice little spot in the corner of the United States where the climate is delightful and Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Olives, and all Semi-tropical productions flourish."

It could not have been long after reaching home before grandfather made the difficult decision to move to that "nice

little spot" in California, where fruits and flowers, cool summers and warm winters were so alluring. The plan seems to have been for father to accompany him to San Diego for the next winter, grandmother and Aunt Lilla to stay in Fort Atkinson and Aunt Mary in Rockford until arrangements could be made for the family to settle permanently in California.

A letter to Uncle Stephen refers to grandfather's financial difficulties, of which the failure of his manufacturing venture, a knitting machine for hosiery, was only a part.

Ft. Atkinson, June 23, '70

Dear Step.

Yr. favor of 20th came to hand yesterday, authorizing me to draw for \$2,000 more, and I cannot sufficiently thank you for your Kindness & liberality.

It will enable me to get hold of a little interest in San Diego that I can but think will prove valuable. Every thing seems to indicate the passage of a bill through Congress favoring road on 32nd parallel & terminating at San Diego, which, if consummated, must *insure* a very great advance in Real Estate.

Am doing nothing here towards raising money, can not collect where it is due me, or sell any Real Estate at any price, tho offering it very low; for instance my Store, which Eighteen Mos. ago I could have sold for \$6,000, I cannot now sell for \$4,000. Every interest depressed here & crops in *this* Sec. are dying from the severest drouth we ever had.

Am glad you found father so well & hope his Horse will prove more useful than the last and be great pleasure & benefit to him.

I would prefer you would send the \$2,000 directly to A. E. Horton (per Wells Fargo & Co. Express), South San Diego, in Draft on New York.

Have had one of the *hardest* attacks of asthma I ever

experienced. It don't seem as if I could live through many more such. My whole efforts now must be towards getting away—even if obliged to make a sacrifice of one half my property. Glad to hear your health continues so good.


Yr aff bro.

Geo. P. Marston

12 o'clk. A.M. mercury 93° in shade—same yesterday

Early Years in San Diego

Journey to California


 HE LEISURELY JOURNEY of father and grandfather to San Diego can be followed in father's own words. The penciled account is in a small leather notebook purchased for "Cash Book and Memoranda" just before leaving Chicago.

On the cars, Oct. 13th, '70

Monday night, the tenth, I said good-bye to all at home and came to Chicago on my way to Cal. I have been in the city until this morning, staying with my old Beloit chum, Wheeler. Tues. eve. we went to the Opera House and heard Mrs. Bernard Richings, Brookhouse Bowler & Mr. Drayton in Verdi's "La Traviata." I did not like the performance so well as those given by Parepa Rosa's troupe in Detroit last winter. Yesterday Wolcott from Batavia was in town to see me and we ran around as well as we could in the drizzling rain. Were at Aiken's Museum part of the afternoon. Father arrived at the Brigg's at 8 P.M. and we both stopped there for the night. Mr. J—— met us there this morning and came to the Rock Island depot with us. I had a pleasant chat with him before starting. Kutchin & Ward go on the excursion and two or three other Fort people, Germans. It's a beautiful day, father is feeling well, we are comfortably seated in one "section," & all is going on as nice as possible. There are 25 excursionists to San Diego on board & twice as many to San Francisco. We are just passing through a magnificent country, the woods are glorious in their October colors. . . . Mother and Lilla are not lonely, I hope, today. Probably mother is very tired.

14th, 2 p.m. We are just out of Omaha. While there I wrote to mother. Mr. Bower's sister met us at the depot; goes to San Diego with us. Reached Rock Island a little after dark, but evening & we did not have a very good view of the "Father of Waters." The ride through was very beautiful. For a good many miles a ledge of rocks skirted the road on one side and on the other side was the canal. Soon after leaving Davenport all in the car *retired*. Our easy seats were transformed in a jiffy to tolerable good beds and I slept almost as well as in a house. Passed through Des Moines before light and arrived at Council Bluffs near 9. Crossed the clay-colored Missouri in a ferry & there was a lively bustle & noise. There are two depots of U.P.R.R. in O. At the first we met Mrs. Horton, returning from Washington. Procured tickets for a section in a Pullman (Jerome Ward and boy are with us) and came up town. Were four hours in the place. . . . From the depot scarcely anything can be seen but hotels, restaurants, saloons & tobacco stores. Railroads have made the city & it's a fast place. This side of it there are rich prairies & the farmers are burning off the grass now. Just saw a great herd of cattle on a slope half a mile away. They looked pretty & something pretty is to be seen all the time. A good deal of hay is made & I notice some fearful large cornfields. Almost the same people are in the car that were with us on the other road and they are a pleasant party. Kutchin introduced me to a young naval officer in the next car, who is on the way to some island on the Pacific coast. Here we are at a "Station" & I see 2 shops. The sign before one is "saloon" & on the other "Saloon & Tailoring."

Sat. morning. We entered the Platte Valley yesterday P.M. & this morning we are still following up the

river. . . . Ten minutes ago we could see a thick line of cattle extending a long distance on the river bank, which I suppose were driven there to drink, as a number of drivers were among them. A group of antelope was pointed out to me. P.M.—Have seen several groups of them during the day and also three animals supposed to be deer and a Prairie wolf. Have passed through 3 communities of the Prairie dogs and saw a good many of them looking out of their holes in the ground. . . . Just passed Cheyenne, quite a large place, though everything was a saloon or grocery. All day . . . through perhaps the least interesting part of the trip, [but] there is such a novelty in it that even the bare ground does not become monotonous to me. For hundreds of miles it is barren waste, with a few R. R. & military stations scattered over it. Around some stations there are droves of cattle & sheep, & stock will probably grow into a great business along the road. We shall be on the highest point the road reaches on the Rocky Mts. before night. The cold, thin air gives all of us a fearful appetite. I've made three huge lunches today and expect to end up with a grand supper at Laramie at 8 o'clock. *It's splendid fun.*

Monday P. M. Yesterday (Sunday) there was so much to see that after my reading was over I had no time for writing. The grandest scenery we passed was Weber & Echo canyons, Pulpit Rock, Devil's Slide & the same individual's gate, Castle rock, and thousand mile tower were points of great interest. Today we go through the alkali plains, with mountains in the distance & sometimes their spurs reaching the road. We are on the Central now. Changed at Ogden, a few miles this side of which place Salt Lake was in sight. Am enjoying all this but am not able to describe it.

Tuesday. 1 P.M. At noon reached Sacramento & a large number of our passengers stopped there. From early morning we have seen the grandest and most beautiful scenery on the line of the road. At 4 A.M. we passed Summit, highest point on the Central Road. There is a great descent in the grade from here, & a magnificent view all the time except the ride of 40 miles through snow sheds. . . . The mountains are covered with tall pines, & in the morning mist the sun shining through them casts long, parallel lines of light & shadow down the valleys. Range after range of the mountains, one rising over the other, & the green pines shooting up above the mist made scenes of glorious beauty and grandeur. It's worth a journey across the continent to see the noble Sierra Nevadas. As I write we are dashing over the prairies between Sac. & San F., a perfect level far as the eye can see. There are beautiful groups of the evergreen oak, but the dry summer has left the grass dead and yellow.

Saturday, Oct. 22nd, 1870, my twentieth birthday, & out on the Pacific Ocean one day from San Francisco. The sea is very smooth this morning & very few are sick. I had a little of the gone feeling yesterday, but it couldn't be dignified with the name of sea-sickness. It has been foggy from the start & we have not seen the coast for twenty four hours. The beautiful Golden Gate of S. F. was all fog to us, & of course no cliffs, island, forts, & sportive seals could be seen & I was sorry for it, for if I go back I may do so via Panama. The bare waves & the water spurting whales are the only things to interest, except always the fun and instruction of looking at *human nature*. Coming from S. F. there is naturally a cosmopolitan set of passengers, American, German, French, Mexican, & the inevitable "Chinese."

Though father & I found S. F. a pretty expensive abiding place, I feel well repaid for the two days spent there. We arrived in the city at 6 P.M. last Tues. eve. & put up at the Lick House, where the commonest mortal can fare like a Prince. By the way, three Japanese princes, one of them a nephew of the Mikado & heir to the throne, with their suite and attendants were there at the same time. Several of them are intending to study in our Universities. They are homely fellows but intelligent looking. The Chinamen are about the greatest curiosity in Cal. Mr. Francis & I took a stroll through their part of the city. We went into wholesale & retail stores, & saw them keeping their accounts in Chinese characters, weighing goods with a Chinese balance, & doing everything in an entirely different way from us. The foreman of a cigar shop was very polite, asked us to take tea, which we did, drinking "to the success of your enterprise," while he was overseeing some twenty men engaged in cigar making, and lively work they made. They have a reputation for great industry & fairly earn the praise. I was greatly surprised at their numbers. Heard it said there were over 30,000 in S. F. After looking at all kinds of stores & shops we went into a Chinese church & saw their god "Josh" & several worshipping before him. . . . Mr. F. & I visited also the Mercantile Library rooms, & the Bank of Cal. He introduced me to one of the tellers. Saw some great heaps of gold there. Mr. Brooks, a gentleman who came from Chi. with us, took me to the studio of his brother, a portrait painter. . . . Altogether I had a very pleasant time in S. F., but father was too sick to enjoy it much. He had the Asthma very badly. . . . Has a cold yet & is weak, keeps in stateroom most of the time.

Saw two water spouts in San Pedro Harbor.

Arrived in San Diego in the forenoon of Monday,
Oct. 24th, 1870.

Grandfather wrote to Lilla that the steamer "was crowded with passengers, the meals were such as hungry people only can enjoy, the beds, mine at least, hard and knotted, so that my aching bones prevented me from sleeping, and looking back upon the ocean part of the trip, I can not say that it was to me a very great pleasure. But George enjoyed it much, everything was new and novel to him, and everything was relished, even the diet."

Beginning Life in California

*****THE LITTLE TOWN to which our travelers came was
T only a straggling village, three years old. Its streets
 ***** were ungraded and treeless, most of its buildings
 ***** small and crude. But its location was superb. On the
 shores of a landlocked harbor, with a background of mountains
 which extended far into the sea on the Mexican side, the blue
 waters of bay and ocean sparkling in brilliant sunshine, this was
 “the country of joyous aspect” of the old Spanish explorers.
 Added to its natural beauty was a rarely equable climate. Its
 citizens looked forward with confidence to becoming the ter-
 minus of a transcontinental railroad which was to make them
 a prosperous commercial seaport. Always in their minds were
 the advantages of their beautiful bay, protected from winds and
 ample in size for “a fleet of a thousand clipper ships to ride at
 anchor.” To quote further from a Chamber of Commerce report,
 dated May 5, 1870, “San Diego is the natural commercial center
 of a vast scope of country, rich in mineral and agricultural
 wealth, embracing all of Southern California, Southern Nevada,
 Arizona, New Mexico, and Northern Mexico. . . . On the
 completion of the 32nd parallel railway, the bulk of the traffic
 between the States east of the Mississippi and the Asiatic
 empires, and also the fast freight between European and Asiatic
 ports, must of necessity pass through San Diego, and make this
 the Pacific Coast port of trans-shipment.”

The old Spanish town lay only a few miles away on the river.
 The new San Diego was soon to take the name of the older
 community and to drop the word South. When Alonzo E.
 Horton was carried ashore on the back of an Indian in 1867
 sagebrush covered the land and cattle and sheep grazed over it.

Near what is now called New Town, F Street, or Pantoja Park were the United States barracks and three or four abandoned houses, the latter the remains of an unsuccessful attempt to start a town in 1850. "Father Horton," as he came to be called, immediately recognizing the advantages of the site on the bay, bought nine hundred adjacent acres from the Trustees of Old San Diego, which he laid out in lots and put on the market, promoting his venture so successfully that within two years settlers were coming "by the hundreds." Many of the arrivals of 1869 left when early in the following year their hopes for the Memphis and El Paso Railroad came to naught, but a larger number stayed to make homes, to develop the resources of the county, and to continue to work for the coming of a railroad and the building of a city. Among them, to name only a few, were such valued citizens as Daniel Cleveland, Abraham Klauber, Charles Hamilton, Aaron Pauly, Philip Morse, William Jorres, and Douglas Gunn. From Old Town had come Captain and Mrs. Matthew Sherman and Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Morse. The Schiller family was to follow after the Old Town fire of 1872.

By October 24, 1870, when father arrived, the steamer docked at the Horton wharf at the foot of Fifth Street. Only the year before passengers had been transferred to small boats and carried ashore by the sailors at the foot of F Street. Now at the foot of F was Culverwell's wharf, later called Jorres', and there were two business districts, served by the two wharves. The customs office was located in the barracks and nearby was the New San Diego Hotel, kept by Captain S. S. Dunnells, in one of the 1850 houses. The more important business district was in Horton's Addition, around lower Fifth and Sixth streets. Here on the tidelands at the head of the wharf was the general merchandise store of A. Pauly and Sons, where six months later father was to hear the water splashing under the floor as he sat at his bookkeeper's desk. A rival firm at Seventh and I streets was Steiner and Klauber, which developed into the Klauber-Wangenheim Co. of later years. Its sixtieth anniversary brochure contains a

vivid word picture of the activities at Mr. A. Klauber's original store, activities which were typical of business in early San Diego.

Here the miners of Julian traded their gold dust for boots, blasting powder, canteens and plug tobacco.

To the store the Chinese fishermen, back from their voyages along the Mexican coast, brought their seal-skins, graded as bulls, cows and pups, and their dried fish; they took away in exchange China gin, rice, oil, rope and oarlocks for their junks.

The sheepmen brought their wool, the Indians their beeswax, and the farmers their wheat and "loaded back" with coffee, sheepshears, scythes, pilot bread, squirrel poison, calico, bacon and gopher traps.

The beeman traded his honey for flour and the cattlemen brought in hides and carried away saddles and bridles with Spanish bits. Sometimes the little store was a busy place far into the night. Merchandise was being packed to go out by oxtteams or burro trains for the hinterland.

In 1870, K Street, leading to the Cajon Valley and Fort Yuma, was expected to become the main thoroughfare of the city, but Fifth Street was commencing to be important. The Post Office was still on Sixth in the drug store of Dr. Jacob Allen, but in the following year it was moved to the Dunham Building on Fifth between F and G and Mr. Columbus Dunham was appointed Postmaster, with the princely salary of \$150 a year. There was one bank and there were two weekly newspapers, the *Union* and the *Bulletin*; the telegraph had come, and by December, weather permitting, there was to be daily mail by stage from Los Angeles. The eastern mail, coming by train to San Francisco and thence by steamer, was often delayed by heavy snowstorms. Frequently letters from Newburyport were more than three weeks on the way.

Among the small frame store buildings with their false fronts

and their covered porches were a few two-story, narrow brick buildings. One of these was Horton's Hall, at the corner of Sixth and F streets, where for more than a decade the elite of the town were to gather for musicals, plays, and entertainments of all kinds. The auditorium seated four hundred; the stage had an elaborate curtain depicting Point Loma, the bay, the ocean, and the Coronado islands. Here for a year or more the Presbyterian Church held its services. The Episcopalians, Baptists, and Methodists already had their small church buildings on property given them by Mr. Horton. The Presbyterians had also received two lots and were soon to build their little church at Eighth and D, where for many years the Marston family and our mother's family, the Gunns, were to make their church home. Most of the residences were one-story cottages; the more pretentious early homes began to appear in 1872.

The one notable building was the Horton House, the hotel in which father and grandfather spent their first six months in San Diego. Father was given a position as clerk to the manager the very day he arrived. Mr. Horton had spared neither effort nor money to make his hotel attractive and comfortable for the tourists who even then were coming for health and pleasure.

Excerpts from grandfather's letters to Lilla describe life at the Horton House in its earliest days:

San Diego, Oct. 25, 1870

Well, we are now at the "Horton House" and enjoying all the good things usually found at such caravansaries. It is indeed a "first class Hotel" and "mine host," our old friend Churchill, proves a first class landlord. The House is spacious and richly furnished, indeed too much so for the present requirements of this little town, but what must prove the proprietor's loss, for a season at least, is the boarders' gain. It is far more spacious and more richly furnished than the Auzerais House—and the table equally as well provided—so that

Mother can realize we are comfortable. The bed rooms are large. Mine is on the front south side where it receives the whole day's sun; has a nice Bureau with three large drawers, Marble Top, and looking Glass twice the size of the one on the bureau in Mother's room, also a center table, marble top, 3 chairs, and 1 Rocking chair; is as large as Mother's chamber; beautiful carpet; two gas burners, one hanging from the ceiling, and one from the side of the room close by the bureau; marble wash place, etc., so you see I am well fixed. It has rained here two nights—and more rain has fallen than fell all last winter. Fort people here all well.

Horton House

South San Diego, Nov. 30, '70.

The steamer goes today and I will drop you a line to say that I am feeling nicely & getting stronger every day. The weather is warm and lovely, just like the pleasant days of June in Wis. I rode out yesterday to Sweet Water Valley, six miles from here; the grass is springing up everywhere, the farmers are plowing and sowing, multitudes of birds are skipping over the ground, some of them very sweet singers, voices almost as sweet as a little bird I know at home.

Our House is filling up with parties from the East, seeking health, or escape from the frosts of a northern Winter. We have an Episcopal Clergyman and wife, from some Eastern State, a learned man, once the Principal or President of some theological University. One of the pleasantest men we have in the House is Mr. Leach of Rockford, who is here for his health, his family remaining in R. He is charmed with the climate, & will come here to live, & I hope in this place.

Horton House

So. San Diego, Dec. 12, '70.

The weather here continues superb. There has been rain enough to start the grass, and set the few farmers in the country plowing and sowing. My health continues to improve and I performed a feat last Friday that tested my strength & endurance. Genl. Sedgwick of the Engineer Corps invited Leach, Patrick & myself to ride out with him on the line of Rail Road, which we gladly accepted. We started in the morning before sun rise, the Genl. sending over his ambulance to the Hotel for us. We had the Steward put up a basket of Lunch for us, & when we were packed away nicely in the ambulance, the driver, a gentleman from Africa, cracked his whip, & off went the mules on the jump to the General's house, & picking him up, we commenced our ride. At eleven o'clock we arrived at a beautiful grassy spot, by the bank of a gurgling creek, where we alighted, & stretched our legs a little, looking over the country. In a little while, Isaac, the afore-said African Gent, had the mules unharnessed and hitched to a tree, eating their oats; then taking our basket from the wagon, he asked where he should spread the table. So we looked about and decided we would have our lunch on a large flat rock in the middle of the stream, which we could reach by stepping from stone to stone lying in the creek. So Isaac spread the contents of the basket on the big rock and we squat down around & enjoyed an ample repast, with an appetite whetted by our long morning ride, the cool clear water rushing past us furnishing our drink. We had a right jolly good time. On coming home, the Gen., Mr. P. & myself left the ambulance to pass through a gorge in the mountain, which the R.Rd. must pass through if ever built. The gorge through the

mountain is a mile in length, from 40 to 60 feet wide, while the sides rise up precipitously several hundred ft. The bottom is full of large Boulders which have tumbled down, so that for a large portion of the way we had to climb over them, making the journey no easy task for any one, yet I performed it as well as any of them, tho' not sorry when we got through & found the wagon waiting for us. We reached home at 1/2 past 5, just in time for dinner. I was not much fatigued, & next day felt bright enough for another jaunt just like it. 40 miles ride & 1 mile walk through a rough Mountain Gorge, is not a bad day's work for an invalid, eh! Mr. Leach had a letter from his friend Hitchcock today, saying he & his wife & daughter Ida would be here in next boat. I hope he & Mr. L. will conclude to live here, it will be so pleasant for Mary to have her School friends about her & so pleasant to all of us.

Horton House, South San Diego

Dec. 24, 1870

Our house is now pretty well filled with Eastern families, & very pleasant people they are too—very social & jolly, tho' principally invalids, who are here seeking better health from this delightful climate and they all seem happy & in good spirits because they appear to improve every day.

On Tuesday last a party of twenty four Ladies & Gents, about half & half, including Geo. & myself, all from our house, visited a Monument marking the boundary line between U. S. & Mexico, about fifteen miles from here. We took a Lunch with us, & picking out a grassy spot on the sacred soil of Mexico, devoured it with an immense relish. The Monument is some twenty feet in height, built of Granite & cost

\$50,000. On the South side is an inscription in Spanish, & on the North side, which is on U. S. territory, it is in English. It looms up 100 feet above the dashing waves. All about the monument, as far as we could see, were scores of the Mexican Aloe, with their long flower stalk some ten feet high, & crowned with their really pretty blossoms. It blooms once in seven years, & then the whole plant dies. It is similar I suppose to the century plant. Mr. Hitchcock & family and Mr. Leach were of the party. Geo. & Miss Ida were the youngest, & enjoyed themselves as well as any. Ida is a pleasant girl and I would like much to have Mr. Hitchcock settle here, as it would be pleasant to Mary, but he thinks of stopping in Oakland.

We had a real good time, & yesterday nearly the same party went to the old Mission some ten miles from here, & enjoyed the ride very much. Geo. did not accompany us this trip, as his time is pretty well taken up in the office. These rides in the open air do us all good, & I wish I was able to own an equipage of my own, & I would be out half the time.

My health is improving every day, and I feel like a new man. Geo. is also growing fat & appears contented & happy.

Judge Wilson and family of Chicago are here, & intend remaining through the winter. He is quite a prominent lawyer in Chicago, and is connected with the Transcontinental Railroad. About a dozen more boarders came down in the Boat yesterday—one family from Quebec, Canada. We are getting quite a cosmopolitan population in the House.

April 4, '71

The House is full of Army officers and wives, Judges and Lawyers, this being the month Court is held.

There are always more or less no. of Army officers here, enroute to Arizona.

While grandfather was enjoying picnics and excursions and gaining in health, father, in pursuit of his duties, was learning the customs of the country. None of his letters of those days was kept, but this is what he said in one of his newspaper reminiscences:

My first employment in San Diego was as a clerk in the Horton House, which had been opened by A. E. Horton Oct. 17, one week before my arrival.* The Horton House was a large hotel in a very small town, the population being about fifteen hundred. The steamers came once a week from San Francisco, but just at that time an opposition line was running and the two gave the town two steamers a week for awhile. A stage arrived from Los Angeles once a day; twice a week from Fort Yuma and from Old Town we had a stage every hour. This experience of six months in the old Horton House was the most picturesque period of my life. There was a large Spanish and Mexican element in town at that time and our guests included travellers from every part of the world, soldiers from the Indian wars in Arizona, mining men from Lower California, and adventurers from everywhere.

Travelers by stage from Fort Yuma arrived covered with dust from head to foot. It was father's duty on greeting them to brush them off with a large feather duster before they entered the hotel. Currency was chiefly silver. Twenty-five-cent pieces were called "two-bits" or two shillings, and ten cents was a short shilling. Paper money had not yet come into use in this region. Pennies were unknown and would have been scorned as not worth handling. Drinking water from wells near the court-

*Local histories say that the Horton House opened on October 10, 1870.

house was peddled through the streets. Not until 1874 was water piped into the town.

Two stories of Horton House days were favorites of ours when we were young, partly because father told them with so much gusto. One was about a wealthy rancher and sportsman who came into the lobby late in the evening and was rather tipsy. Father offered to show him to his room. "You must be a tender-foot, young man. Don't you know we *never* go to bed in California?" The other story was about a haughty but impoverished lady of the Spanish aristocracy who stayed at the hotel without paying her bills. Finally, on request of the management to pay or leave, she swept down the wide stairway and turned to father in the office with the withering remark, "You are nothing but a *worrrrm!*"

Father had not yet arrived in San Diego when the Chamber of Commerce was established. But seventy years later he recalled hearing about it.

I remember the story of Father Horton asking Dave Felsenheld to "get up a Chamber of Commerce." Felsenheld was a polished and astute man of the world, who had lived in Cleveland and New York and was well known in Washington.

"Why," said he, "Chambers of Commerce are only established in cities where there is some commerce. San Diego is just a village with a few fishing boats and one small steamer a week."

"That's just the reason," said Horton, "that we *need* a Chamber—so as to get commerce *here*."

And Horton prevailed. So the Chamber of Commerce, practically only a business men's committee for several years, started off on its career under the presidency of Aaron Pauly. Mr. Pauly was the leading business man of the city and a very active man in civic and social affairs.

On April 24, 1871, father took a position as assistant bookkeeper in the Pauly store, a move which his father approved, as grandfather wanted him to enter mercantile life. The store, as father described it, was "the most important establishment of its kind in the county, handling all kinds of merchandise, buying the products of the country, dealing in gold dust and bullion, selling San Francisco exchange, supervising the steamship wharf and the toll road to Yuma, forwarding shipments to Arizona, etc." Here he found life almost as picturesque as it had been in the hotel. On steamer days the smaller merchants closed their stores and came to the wharf to see the boat come in; the country people came to town; wagons with twelve-mule teams waited to be loaded with merchandise for the back country and Arizona; Indians, Mexicans, Southerners, and Yankees made up the crowd. Spanish had to be spoken with the customers from Lower California. Fixed prices were not the custom; consequently time and finesse were required to sell an article. Father was salesman as well as bookkeeper. "When I sold shoes," he told us, "I asked the size, went to the drawer and pulled out perhaps a nine. If the customer was so particular as to want to try them on he could sit down on a keg of nails and do it himself. Shoes were tied together by the strings and would get knotted together."

Father had moved from the hotel to a room at Fifth and F streets over Dr. Allen's drugstore. He thought the surroundings were rather wild looking, but Dr. Allen said he should have seen them the year before when his boys shot rabbits from the windows. Father was fortunate in being able to board at the home of his employer. After a midday dinner he hurried back to the store; after supper he worked till nine in the evening. The Pauly family lived at Ninth and D streets. One of the events of the summer was the marriage of a son of the firm, Mr. Charles Pauly, to Miss Orcelia Wadham. The wedding took place on July 27 at the Wadham home, "way out in Switzer's Canyon." The Wadham place was a small ranch covering a block of land at what is now Sixteenth and Broadway. The marriage, uniting

two prominent families, made a pleasant stir in the town.

In May of 1871 grandfather had gone back to Fort Atkinson for the summer, hoping to bring his family with him to California in the fall. He and Lilla attended Mary's graduation in Rockford in June; grandmother was not well enough to go. Grandfather was greatly worried about her condition of nervous depression and hoped the change to California would benefit her. The sale of his house and a loan from Uncle Stephen lightened his financial worries and made the move possible. Eventually all the Wisconsin property was sold and the money which was invested in San Diego brought grandmother financial comfort. It was decided that Mary should return to Rockford for a year as teacher of music. Grandfather wrote to Uncle Stephen, "She is a dear sweet girl, and full of courage, and energy, and they say is talented. She is much beloved and esteemed there." An invitation was sent to our great-grandfather in Newburyport to visit the family before they should leave their Fort Atkinson home, but his age prevented his making the trip.

When grandfather, grandmother, and Aunt Lilla arrived in San Diego on October 1, 1871, they went to a small two-story house on the northeast corner of Eighth and C streets, a house which grandfather bought the following year, although he intended to build later. Father joined the family. At first our grandmother and aunt were homesick. They could hardly reconcile themselves to the brown hills and dusty streets after their green Wisconsin village.

It was a dull time in the town until the next year when the Tom Scott railroad excitement brought a second boom, with many improvements. Wells and windmills increased in number; trees and gardens appeared. Mr. E. W. Morse's cottage at Tenth and G streets was surrounded by the flowers that Mrs. Morse loved to grow. Major Chase's home was a "show place" at Eleventh and D. On October 26, 1872, the hospitable Caprons held a housewarming in their new home at Twelfth and D. In the same year the Klauber family moved into their pleasant

house set back from the street at Ninth and C. In 1873 the Thomas Nesmiths acquired the gabled house,* with a fireplace in every room, which Mr. Horton had built at Ninth and G. Their garden with many fruit trees covered the entire block. Between Second and Third and A and B streets Mr. Horton planted a garden to demonstrate what could be accomplished with irrigation. On the corner of Second and A stood the handsome square house of Captain A. H. Wilcox, who had married one of the daughters of the aristocratic Arguello family. By July, 1873, grandfather could write, "Our young city is fast changing its appearance. New buildings going up all around. Several brick stores going up on 5th St. Horton's new bank building is very elegant. Mr. Hinchman is building an elegant residence, also Major Evans. I expect there will be a great crowd here in the fall, and a jolly winter."

The Eighteenth District Court, the Probate Court, and the San Diego County Court all met in San Diego. The new courthouse, built by William Jorres in 1872, was a dignified building with an attractive entrance. It was surrounded by a white picket fence, outside of which were hitching bars. The following year wooden sidewalks were laid on Fifth and D streets. The Kimball brothers were developing National City, where they had pleasant homes surrounded with fruit trees. Paradise Valley was "a charming little garden spot." La Punta, the old home of the Arguello family at the head of the bay, was famous as a picnic place. The daily paper stressed improvements in town and surroundings but the City Marshal gave notice that a boy finding a stray hog would be rewarded by a dollar, and a stray goat by fifty cents, and that "cattle found roaming at large at night will be impounded."

In October, 1872, Aunt Mary arrived on the steamer *Montana* to make a united family in the little house at Eighth and C. She is said to have liked San Diego immediately. I remember

*This house, moved to Second and Beech streets, was afterwards known as "The Gables."

mother's saying that no girl was more popular with the young men or had a finer influence in the society of the early days than Aunt Mary. The new rosewood square piano, which grandfather had ordered from the Steinway firm in Chicago, had arrived. Often the house was filled with the music of Aunt Mary's playing and Aunt Lilla's singing. Father also loved to sing, and musical friends were attracted to their home.

In that year the Philharmonic Society was organized. Aunt Lilla, then seventeen, sang at the first concert, which took place on September 1 in Horton Hall. In November the Presbyterians gave an entertainment in the same auditorium. Aunt Lilla sang and father took the part of Gordon in the farce of *Dundreary*. Father had a talent for acting. His parlor tricks of sleight-of-hand and his amusing impersonations, which we loved as children and in which his grandchildren delighted, date from these early years. His mimicry was unsurpassed, but his high spirits and his love of fun met their match when his future sister-in-law, Sarah Gunn, came to town.

Father's serious side showed itself in his religious activities. From his first weeks in San Diego he had attended the Presbyterian Wednesday evening prayer meetings. Later, in the little frame church with its tall arched windows, Aunt Lilla sang in the choir and Aunt Mary played the organ. Father taught in the Sunday School, as we know from a letter of Miss Culverwell's about pioneer days, when she lived here as a girl. She wrote, "I have never forgotten my S. S. teacher (Mr. Geo. Marston, aged 21) in the little old Presbyterian Church—and how thrilled I was when he presented me with 'Little Women' when we left on the steamer for San Francisco."

By the middle of the summer of 1872 father was no longer with the Pauly firm but had entered the employ of J. Nash, the Englishman from Australia, who had started the first store in New Town in 1868. Father's friend, Charles Hamilton, later to become our dearly loved uncle, was already a clerk in the Nash store. It was Uncle Charles who brought about father's

promotion from delivery wagon driver to clerk by suggesting to their employer that father would make a good salesman. At the end of a year the two young men bought the business from Mr. Nash, after which they carried it on together for five years under the firm name of *Hamilton and Marston*. This must have been a great venture on their part; father was twenty-three and Uncle Charles only two years older; neither of them had independent means. Grandfather lent father his share of the money, \$5000 at twelve percent interest, which was less than the prevailing California rate, although it seemed ruinous to our great-grandfather. Nevertheless the venture proved successful, the debts were paid, and when the partnership was dissolved there was profit for both owners. The store was on the corner of Fifth and J streets. According to its first advertisement in the *Union* of July 1, 1873, it sold groceries, hardware, crockery, staple dry goods, boots and shoes, and clothing. A small notice in the same paper added the information, "Clothing and Boots & Shoes only for Greenbacks. All other goods for Coin." In another paragraph the new firm promised "to abide by the well known principles of the house—Good Articles, Small Profits, and One Price."

The two friends, who were to marry sisters and be more closely united through family ties, had been associated in civic affairs from their earliest acquaintanceship. Records show that they were interested in the Benevolent Association of those days and that in March, 1872, Uncle Charles was president and father vice-president of a Free Reading Room Association, which maintained a room on Fifth Street with magazines, papers, and a few books—the forerunner of our present library. In retrospect father called them "young 'reformers' of the seventies." Their lifelong friendship was based on a deep mutual respect for each other's integrity and a fundamental sympathy of purpose.

Probably the most exciting event of the first decade of San Diego's history was the coming of the Railroad Party, August 26, 1872, with its festivities, conferences, and public meetings.

Colonel Thomas A. Scott, president of the Texas and Pacific Railroad, accompanied by General Dodge, the rail line's chief engineer, Governor Throckmorton of Texas, and other important men, visited San Diego to negotiate agreements for the long-expected railroad. In the harbor at the same time was the United States steamer *Hassler*, returning from a scientific expedition along the coast of South America, with Professor and Mrs. Louis Agassiz and Dr. Thomas Hill, ex-president of Harvard. The distinguished guests were royally entertained at the Horton House and in the homes of leading citizens, the festivities of the two days including the popular drive to the Monument and ending with an elaborate banquet, after which the railroad representatives were escorted to the steamer. A public evening meeting at the Skating Rink, presided over by Mr. Thomas Nesmith, chairman of the Citizens Committee of Forty, brought out one thousand people to hear the speeches of the visitors and the proposals of Colonel Scott. In conference with the committee Colonel Scott designated San Diego as the terminus of the railroad and agreements were ratified, on August 31, by another large citizens' meeting. San Diegans, now confident that within five years they should have direct railroad communication with the East, were jubilant.

The roller-skating craze reached San Diego as early as 1871. There were two rinks, one in the lower story of Horton's Hall, the other at Garland's on Second between D and E streets, where the railroad meetings were held. The *Union* of June 5, 1871, reports the formation of the Excelsior Skating Club with seventy members. Charles S. Hamilton was the club's secretary.

In the spring of 1873, Aunt Lilla, traveling with Miss Nesmith and other friends, left for Ferry Hall, a school in Lake Forest near Chicago. Her summer vacation was spent in Fort Atkinson.

In September the news of our great-grandfather's death reached the family in San Diego. Grandfather wrote to Aunt Lilla:

Yes, your grandfather is dead, and the announcement of it gave all of us a severe shock. His uniform good health, his bright and cheerful letters so often received, found us all unprepared for such sudden and sad intelligence. The first news of his death was a letter from Uncle Stephen who wrote that father was seized with cramp in the bowels while reading to his wife at 10 o'clock. P.M. of the 26th Aug. He suffered greatly for twenty eight hours, when death came at 2 o'clock. A. M., 28th. Uncle Step. was not notified of his illness, and knew nothing of it until informed of his death. What a terrible shock it must have been to him! And how strange that he should not have been informed of the sickness! It must be that the Physician did not regard the illness as being dangerous. He died in full possession of his mental faculties. He was always a kind and most affectionate father—and greatly attached to his grandchildren. I have always hoped that you would see him ere he died. It would have afforded him so much happiness, and been a most pleasant memory for you through life. But the dear old man has gone and we shall hold his memory in our hearts with the most tender and loving thoughts.

After Judge Marston's death the old house in Newburyport was sold, his widow preferring to live in Brookline with her family. The library of twelve hundred volumes was sent by ocean freight to grandfather, arriving in July of the next summer. On the back of one of the old letters is written in grandfather's hand, "the last letter."

Two Stories of Pioneer Days

 FATHER'S STORY of the abduction of a Chinese girl and how he rescued her had been one of our childhood favorites. Consequently we were delighted to find letters telling of the marriage of Ah Quock and Ling Yee and of the circumstances that led to the abduction. Ah Quock was grandmother's cook, an intelligent, good fellow whom grandmother had taught to read.

Here are the letters, first grandmother's and then grandfather's.

Friday, May 23, '73

My darling Lillie

You have received the paper from George telling of Quock's wedding in our church I presume. It is a very amusing story and I say to Quock sometimes what will Lillie say when she hears it.

The Chinese men keep the women in Cal. in a state worse than slavery, and it is almost impossible for one of them to get away from those who hold them if they wish to. Ling Yee (isn't it a pretty name?) was brought to this country eight or nine months ago. All her people were killed when she was six years old during the war in China. About four weeks ago a Chinaman from Los Angeles brought her here, and as he was out of money he borrowed of some Chinamen and left the girl as security. That is just as people do with horses or cattle. Quock saw this girl and he took a great fancy to her, and told me over and over how pretty she was! "She is so pretty," he said, "pretty hands, pretty hair, pretty face!!" It is evidently a real love affair. Ling Yee

was very unhappy and cried all the time and wanted to get away from the Chinamen.

Quock said may I bring her up to the house. Yr father said no at first, but at last he brought her up and said he wanted to marry her. She said she would kill herself if I did not let her come. Well, one morning very early she and Quock came, bringing a trunk and some bedding and her clothes. Just after breakfast a strange, bad-looking Chinaman came to the back gate and said he did not know who had taken that girl away. Quock said, "I have taken her away and I am going to marry her." Then some of them were angry and they said they had loaned the man that brought her here money and they should lose their money and he would cut off their queues and perhaps kill them. But Quock did not mind it, and on Friday last week, the day he brought the girl to our house, it was decided that they should be married in our church the next day at four o'clock. Mrs. Wood was at the house in the morning and helped to plan the affair. Mr. Cleveland also took great interest in it, and went with Quock at four o'clock on Friday to the court house to get a marriage license.

About an hour after he came home Mr. Gassen, the Marshal, came to the house with a warrant to arrest the girl on a charge of stealing her trunk and a skirt made by a Chinaman who had been at the house in the course of the day. We said we did not believe she had stolen anything. But he said he was bound to have her, and if she could not get bail she would have to go to jail that night. You will see that the Chinamen were determined that Quock should not marry her. I began to cry, of course, and I told Mr. Gassen I wanted some of my friends to come in before he took her away. Then I ran up to Mr. McDonald's, where Mr. & Mrs.

Wood were invited to dine that day. They came down and your Father promised that she should not go away, if he would let her remain at the house over night; in the morning she must make her appearance at Judge Skinner's office for trial. Mr. Cleveland came in at evening and said they had better by all means be married early in the morning, before they went to the court room. Mr. Phillips was at the house and said he would tell Mr. McLafferty, as Mr. Nash was at Julian. The time fixed was half past eight and some how the papers heard of it and came out with the notice.

Mr. & Mrs. Wood came to the house in the morning, Mrs. Will, Carrie & Cora Burns. Quite a large number of citizens were at the church—Mr. Nesmith, Dr. Barnes, Mr. Patrick, Mr. Gale and many others. Quock was very quiet and behaved himself very well, and so did Ling Yee. They stood facing the audience near the organ. After the ceremony Mr. Wood stepped forward and shook hands with them; afterwards many others. Then your father and ever so many others went to the court room with them. The case was postponed until next Wednesday. Quock says he bought the skirt and L. Yee bought the trunk in San Francisco. Well, the matter is now settled and the accusation of stealing is quite forgotten.

Poor girl! it was too bad. She seems to be a nice person, bright and intelligent, and we all like her. Quock will have to pay those Chinamen one hundred dollars who loaned money to the man who brought her here. He has a bedstead and four chairs and their room looks very pleasant and she keeps it perfectly clean. I showed her your picture and she looked eagerly and talked to Quock about it. The Chinamen all seem to know about you. Quock made some cocoanut cake & white cake and bought a loaf of fruit cake for his enter-

tainment!! Also oranges & candies. Ling Yee is learning to work and read. They seem as happy as two kittens.

San Diego, May 27/73

My Dear Lilla

Did you get the World, with account of Quock & the wedding? It was quite a romantic affair, I assure you, & made quite a stir in our town.

Mr. & Mrs. Quock are now spending their Honey Moon with us. The bride is quite an interesting looking heathen, but quiet & orderly & neat. They have fixed up the back room quite neatly & it looks as cozy as needs be. Mrs. Quock does not talk English, but Mother & Ah are making great efforts toward enlightening her darkened mind. From the marriage ceremony at the church the new married couple proceeded to the Justice Office, the fair bride having to appear there to answer the charge against her of theft—a false charge of course & only made to enable her delightful countrymen to obtain possession of her again. You ought to have seen the respectable procession leaving the church and marching before & behind & by the side of the meek Ah Quock & the blushing? bride Ling Yee—Mr. Nesmith, Dr. Barnes, Mr. Wood, Morse, Gale Pierce, Cleveland & others. It was rich—& attracted the same kind of observation from the dwellers in the houses & people in the streets as would Barnum's Menagerie.

The happiness of the young couple was rudely interrupted by the "gang of Chinese villains" from Los Angeles, who returned and kidnapped Ling Yee. Grandmother, greatly distressed, sent father off to find and, somehow, to get the girl away from her abductors. The stage took twenty-four hours to make the trip to Los Angeles. The driving was continuous, except for stops at

roadhouses to snatch meals and change horses. Just how father got the case before the police court none of us recollects but he impressed on our memories *his* recollection of the fearsome faces of eight or ten scowling Chinese, determined to keep their prey, and the considerate demeanor of the police judge, who, on father's testimony, released the girl to him and ordered a constable to accompany them back to San Diego.

In the *Union* of July 18, 1873, appeared the following notice:

Brought Back Safe and Sound

Mr. George W. Marston arrived on the Mohongo yesterday, bringing back with him Sing Yee, the Chinese woman whose attempted abduction by Chinese in Los Angeles has heretofore been noticed at length. The poor creature was overjoyed at being returned to her husband, home and kind friends. Mr. G. P. Marston and his son, Geo. W. Marston, deserve the warmest commendation for the earnest and generous exertions put forth to save this persecuted woman.

Grandfather's comments to Lilla:

The whole city was in excitement and Los Angeles partook of it. George was the hero of the hour—the Don Quixote who rushed to Los Angeles and rescued the fair celestial from a fate worse than death, if the Chinese captors had got possession of her.

Another adventure father used to tell us about was a horse-back trip into lower California, probably made in 1874, with a young Southerner named Dick Wildy, an assistant in the county attorney's office. Wildy was accustomed to hunting and outdoor life and was at home with horses. They took food and blankets and started off by way of Tijuana, then called Tia Juana, and Rosarito, then known as Rosario. One of the amusing incidents of the story, as father told it, was his inquiry in his

best Spanish of a passing caballero, "Quantas millas de aqui hay á Rosário?" and the Mexican's disdainful reply, giving the number of miles to "Rosário," with a tremendous rolling of *r*'s. They passed a noted grapevine, enormously large, probably planted by the Mission Fathers. Arriving at the Rancho de Guadalupe they were invited to take dinner with the family. Having been told that there were forty or fifty thousand cattle on the ranch father innocently asked for a drink of milk. With great regret their host told him that there was no milk, as cattle were raised for their hides only.

Farther on their way they were met with rain. Seeking shelter they had the good luck to find a Mexican hut, where they were admitted by a dignified man whose white beard indicated that he was at least sixty years old. In the room with him were his young wife and two naked little children. The man's unforgettable greeting was, "Come in. Poco room, but much heart." The young woman commenced to prepare dinner. The coffee had to be roasted and ground, the frijoles boiled, and the tortillas made and baked, all the cooking being done over a fire on the bare ground in the center of the room. After two or three hours had passed they all squatted around the fire to eat the meal, which tasted very good to the travelers who had been living for some time on crackers and cheese and a little cold meat. At the end of the repast they were asked if they liked watermelons. On replying that they did, very much, they were taken by their host on horseback to the watermelon patch a quarter of a mile away to fetch the melons for their dessert. That night they slept close to the fire with their blankets wrapped around them, while the family slept in the bedroom of the two-room house.

Their destination was Real del Castillo, at that time the capital of the northern part of Baja California. A village in the Valle de San Rafael, it had received this distinction because of its brief importance as a gold-mining center. Americans generally called it "San Rafael" in the seventies. The two young men arrived on the eve of September 15, Mexican Independence Day. Because

there was no hotel they slept on the counter of a grocery store. The next morning father's companion played a sorry joke on him. Father, tired and sleepy, was taking an extra nap, while Dick Wildy, in anticipation of the day, got up, shaved, dressed, and made himself as smart as possible. In came the colonel of a visiting Mexican regiment with his staff, all in gorgeous array. Wildy, to father's chagrin, pulled him, in blue flannel shirt and blue overalls, with a week's growth of rusty red beard, off the counter and presented him to the officers. Later the two Americans, father spruced up, joined the Mexicans in their patriotic celebration in the plaza. There were speeches and music in the daytime and fireworks in the evening. It was a great occasion for the little village.

Sixty years later, on an automobile drive with Colonel Ed Fletcher, Colonel Copley, and Mr. John Boal, father revisited Real del Castillo. The plaza was unchanged, but the grocery store had been turned into a schoolhouse. The visit of four Americans from the United States was unusual. School was adjourned and teacher and pupils came out to greet the visitors.

The Gunn Family

 O UR MOTHER'S FAMILY were also California pioneers,
 living in San Francisco in the 1860's. Mother's father
 was Dr. Lewis C. Gunn, of a New York family of
 Scottish descent. He had met Elizabeth Le Breton
 Stickney of Newburyport when she was visiting in Philadelphia
 and married her in 1839. They lived for a time in Philadelphia,
 whither grandmother's mother and sisters followed them. In
 1849 grandfather set out for California by the overland route
 through Mexico. In 1851 grandmother with their four children
 —Douglas, Chester, Sarah, and Elizabeth—joined him in the
 mining town of Sonora, having made the trip around Cape Horn
 in a sailing vessel. Anna Lee, our mother, was born in Sonora
 in 1853. Her book, *Records of a California Family*, written in
 1928 for her grandchildren, tells their story.

The two brothers came first to San Diego, Chester early in
 1869 and Douglas in November of the same year. Uncle Chester
 bought a block of land which he fenced and on which he built
 a cabin, where he was living when Uncle Douglas joined him.
 The young men made themselves very comfortable in their
 bachelors' quarters on their "estate," which they called The Sage
 Clumps. Uncle Chester left for the Julian district when gold was
 discovered there early in 1870. He was overseer of a mine, store-
 keeper, express agent, and in a dull year ran a pony express be-
 fore he settled upon the mountain ranch where he became a suc-
 cessful apple grower. Uncle Douglas found work on the San
 Diego *Weekly Union*, published in Old Town. He soon acquired
 a half interest in the paper, which was moved to New Town in
 June of 1870. In September he became editor and the following
 March he brought out the first daily issue. In 1873 he became

the sole owner. In his sixteen years of editorship he made the paper a force in the development of the city.

Our grandparents and Aunt Elizabeth left San Francisco to make their home in San Diego in December of 1872. Mother, living with old friends, the Sawyers, remained in San Francisco to teach in a public school. Aunt Sarah was governess in a San Mateo family that year. In April, 1873, Uncle Douglas wrote to mother that the family was "cosily settled" in a cottage on Second and C streets, with a "China-boy, 'Dick,'" very helpful to grandmother, and that all were improved in health by the change. Aunt Lizzie, who was teaching in the grammar department in one of the public schools, was liked by everyone. Mother arrived in San Diego in June to spend her summer vacation and wrote enthusiastically to a San Francisco friend of the pleasant little home with its pretty garden, gay with petunias, pinks, and geraniums. She also described the San Diego Mission as no one now living has ever seen it.

We have been today to the Old Mission Church. It was built by the Padres when the first settlement was made on this coast. It is at some distance from the present town, and the drive to it is very delightful. We took our lunch and ate it near the ruins. . . . The old church has fallen into decay; the militia was once stationed within it, and the soldiers tore down part of the wooden partitions for fire wood; the old adobe of which it is built is crumbling away, and the winter rains are hastening its fall. It was very interesting to go through the ruins of some of the old dormitories and cells, parts of which are still quite perfect. Near the church is a very fine olive orchard; the tree is very beautiful. We were more pleased to see some date palms, and some pomegranate trees in full bloom. The original cuttings of all these trees were brought from Spain by the Padres. The prickly pear cactus

abounds in the vicinity; some of the plants have stalks the average size of the trunk of an oak. The flowers are a lovely canary color.

Uncle Douglas's letters to mother, often illustrated with both sketches and cartoons, give us glimpses of the social life of the young San Diegans. In September he wrote:

The Club finished *Sartor Resartus* long ago; then read Taine's masterly criticism on the man of Chelsea; then Thackeray's *Four Georges*, and now has decided upon *Plato*! for the next thing; they will begin with the old Greek next Tuesday. Oh, no! we have no "blue-stockings" among us—but *Plato* was carried by a majority of women's votes, nevertheless.

He also commented on the Young Ladies' Academy, a private school which Aunt Sarah, who had joined the family, and Aunt Elizabeth were conducting.

Tomorrow the "Academy" closes for a week. The girls have really a very fine school, the best ever known in these parts. It flourishes, as the constant increase in the number of scholars shows. I am sure they will make a great success of it in time, and am very proud of their management of it.

Saturday, 12th. Today the girls are off for Paradise [Valley]. The morning has been spent in getting ready and packing up supplies. Herbert Chase is at the gate with the wagon and we are piling in the things.

[Sketch of loaded wagon, Aunt Sallie behind young Herbert and Aunt Lizzie guarding the rear.]

They have Asher's house all to themselves, and are going to stay out there for a week and do just as they please.

He mentioned Major Utt, a young Civil War veteran, "a nice man with a wooden leg, who had a sheep ranch and who is now

carrying on an orchard about fifty miles from Town," as taking Sallie out driving occasionally.

His next letter was written on Christmas Day, 1874, from the new house on State and B streets, the house in which mother and father were to be married.

My Darling Anna Lee

I am keeping holiday today and am going to improve the opportunity to give you the letter I owe you. And to begin, I must thank you ever so much for your beautiful Christmas present; the pictures are lovely; you couldn't have hit my taste more exactly than in this selection. 'Tis not much of a present-giving time with us, unfortunately, and we have to content ourselves with little tokens of remembrance which mean a great deal more than their intrinsic worth. But I think we enjoy the festival quite as much as our richer neighbors. . . . I hope my Cherub is perfectly well, and is spending a Merry Christmas. New Year's Eve there are to be great goings on here. The girls have been making preparations for some time, already. We are to have Miss Nesmith, the Marston girls, Julia Hubbell & Miss Sanford at the house to receive calls, and S. M. G. proposes to "do the grand" on that occasion. You have heard all this from the girls, however, I have no doubt.—So you like Bulwer—I knew you would. *Caxtoniana* is the best; it will bear reading a good many times—but *all* are *good*. I have been obliged to drop *Taine*, having read only here and there; but hope to have time to begin "orderly" and go through it as it deserves; 'tis a wonderful book. My time has been too much occupied to do any reading lately. If we had time, what wouldn't we do? You often hear people make that excuse, but it is a valid one with teachers and editors.—One of Chester's friends came down

from the mines yesterday and called in to see father. He says Chet. is now Superintendent of one of the leading mines, and doing nicely. We are all delighted to hear of his prosperity. I wouldn't be surprised if it was snowing to-day where he is; they have *real* winter up in the mountains. Here it is like a May day in S. F., a little cloudy to-day, but the air is mild and pleasant.—Our Literary Club met for reorganization in our parlor a week ago Tuesday, but it was resolved to hold no more meetings till the holidays were well over. Then we shall take De Quincy's writings, probably—perhaps Bulwer's. Plato is dropped by common consent. Poor Sanborn fails rapidly; and Mrs. S. is also very poorly. I fear the Club will never meet at their house again. The plan we have adopted is to meet alternately at Hubbell's, Marston's, Nesmith's, & Gunn's. 'Twill be much more sociable that way, I fancy.—Our new house begins to wear an old-time, homelike aspect now, and I am becoming familiar with the prospect from the window of my room, the prominent objects in the view being chimneys and windmills, with numberless house-roofs beyond, and farther off still, a small patch of the Bay—overhead an unlimited expanse of sky. The view from the front of the house is, however, really fine, overlooking the Bay and entrance to the harbor so that we can see all the ships come in. (Our ship hasn't come in yet; though we look for it with great expectation.)

But hush—"What is that sound that now breaks on my ear?" Is it—can it be the clash of plates—the din of crockery? Surely the dinner's a doing, and almost done. . . . They are nice "chickings," Anna; there are three of 'em, "werry nice and plump"; and there is a plum pudding—such a plum pudding—one of mother's own. O! cherub, would you were with us at the "fes-

tive board.' But I'm sure you're having a nice time; and I'm quite certain that you, in San Francisco, and we, in San Diego are thinking pleasantly of each other at this very moment.

God bless my cherub
Your brother Douglas

A period of discouragement had descended on the citizens of San Diego. The bank panic of '73 had made it impossible for Colonel Scott to raise the money for the projected railroad. A bill, promoted by him, was pending in Congress for a subsidy, but its passage was doubtful. Uncle Stephen had written to Grandfather Marston the preceding November, "I hope Scott may succeed in his hopes, but I have not much faith. I am afraid your County must be content with its fine climate, its mines, its honey, and occasional rainy years for crops of grain."

The Gunn family felt the hard times. Douglas had mortgaged his paper and the girls were in debt for their school building, the former San Diego Academy, which they had bought and moved to Ninth and G streets. But our uncle's courage and hopefulness never failed, although "for four years he alone . . . performed the entire editorial work, local reporting, and news editing" of the *Union*. Occasionally he must have had to do the printing also, as father recalled his ability to compose editorials while setting the type.

In April, 1875, Uncle Douglas wrote to mother, "You were disappointed, I know, about the Railroad result; but after all I don't think the delay will be much to our disadvantage. David is here again, as bright and cheerful as ever. He is very full of faith that next winter we shall get the legislation needed."

In October David Felsenheld, as agent for San Diego, made a second fruitless trip to Washington. In February, 1876, the bill for a railroad on the thirty-second parallel was passed, fixing the terminus at San Francisco. The losing struggle for a direct line continued until 1878 when Collis P. Huntington won the right

to build by the San Geronimo Pass. Alas for the "Great Expectations" of many long years! When the railroad came, San Francisco and Los Angeles reaped the benefits and San Diego had to begin its efforts all over again.

It was early in the summer of 1875 that our mother came to San Diego to live and to teach in the primary department of her sisters' school. We are sure that mother must have been loved by her pupils. "The prettiest and the smartest of the Gunn girls," according to her sister Sarah, when later she congratulated father on his engagement. Mother's photographs of this time show a very youthful face, serious but serene, with beautiful dark eyes and wavy hair. Although quiet and rather shy she was remembered by an old San Francisco friend in these words: "There was a radiance to her personality which is pleasing to look back upon."

In *Records of a California Family* mother gives us her recollections of the society to which she came.

While scarcely more than a village, San Diego in the seventies was a pleasant place to live in. There were many pretty homes surrounded by gardens of fruit trees and flowers, and many agreeable people who had time to know and enjoy each other. The army officers of the Department of the Southwest had their headquarters here, also officers of the Weather Bureau and the Coast Survey, and the government engineers who were building the San Diego River embankment. Many of them stayed at the Horton House on the Plaza, where the Grant Hotel now stands. They added to the importance and interest of the town, and there was much friendliness between them and the townspeople.

At our small evening gatherings there were readings and music, acting of original charades, and often dancing. Many books were read and loaned and discussed

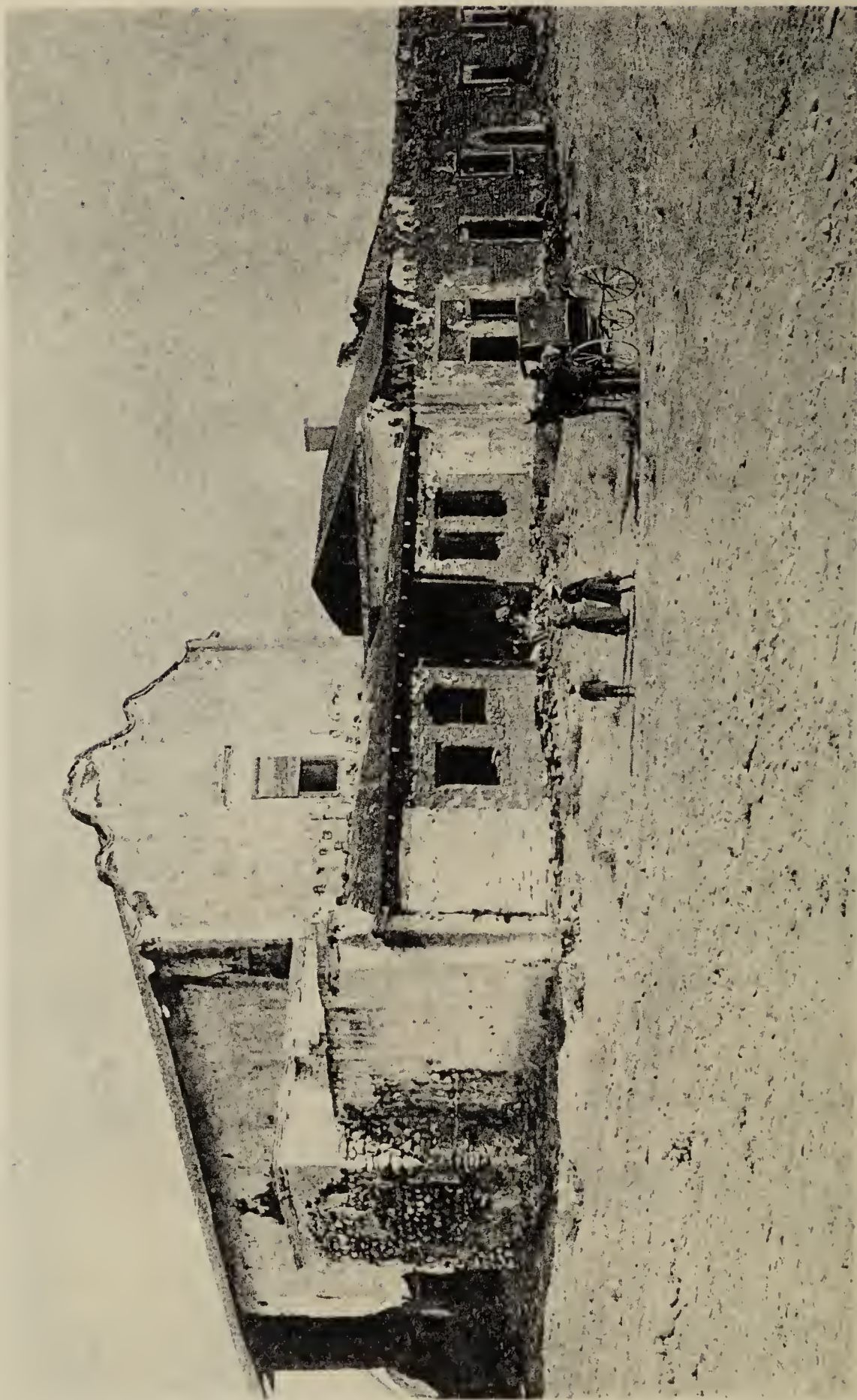
among friends, and a small company carried on a weekly reading-club with great pleasure for several years. The member of this group whose personality was most charming, and whose later life was most distinguished, was Henrietta Nesmith, who in 1878 married Lieutenant A. W. Greeley, at that time in charge of the Weather Bureau here and in later years renowned for his expedition in the Arctic Regions.

Excursions to La Jolla, the Old Mission, the Spanish Lighthouse, and the Monument on the Mexican line gave us long days of pleasure; and in the moonlight evenings there were horseback and buggy rides and rowing on the bay. A few of us still remember the ocean trip on Captain Wilcox's yacht, the *Restless*, when the wind went down as we returned, and the men "poled" us slowly back at sunset through the water tinged with gold and rose. Several years later the Spreckels' steam yacht, the *Lurline*, carried a large party to Ensenada. It was a joyous company that sang and danced on deck, and feasted on the porch of the hotel in that beautiful harbor. But on the return voyage, when the vessel was rocked by the heavy land swell, there were very few who cared to sing or to look at the beautiful waves.

On July 2, only a few weeks after mother's arrival, occurred an event of great interest to us of the younger generation. The San Diego Academy gave an entertainment in Horton's Hall, climaxed by a series of ten tableaux depicting *The Courtship of Miles Standish* in which mother and father took the leading roles. In the final wedding scene mother, the Puritan maiden, elegantly, if somewhat incongruously, arrayed in one of her great-grandmother's handsome brocades, "was trundled off the stage on the back of a wooden cow." The *Hanging of the Crane* and *The Mistletoe Bough* gave more scope for the use of the



MAP OF THE CITY AND HARBOR OF SAN DIEGO FROM A
PROSPECTUS SPONSORED BY THE CHAMBER
OF COMMERCE IN 1871



Courtesy Union Title Insurance and Trust Company Historical Collection

MISSION SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA AS IT LOOKED IN THE 1870'S



THE OLD PALMS AND PRESIDIO HILL IN 1888



Courtesy Union Title Insurance and Trust Company Historical Collection

THE HORTON HOUSE IN 1870



ANNA LEE GUNN IN 1874



GEORGE W. MARSTON IN 1875

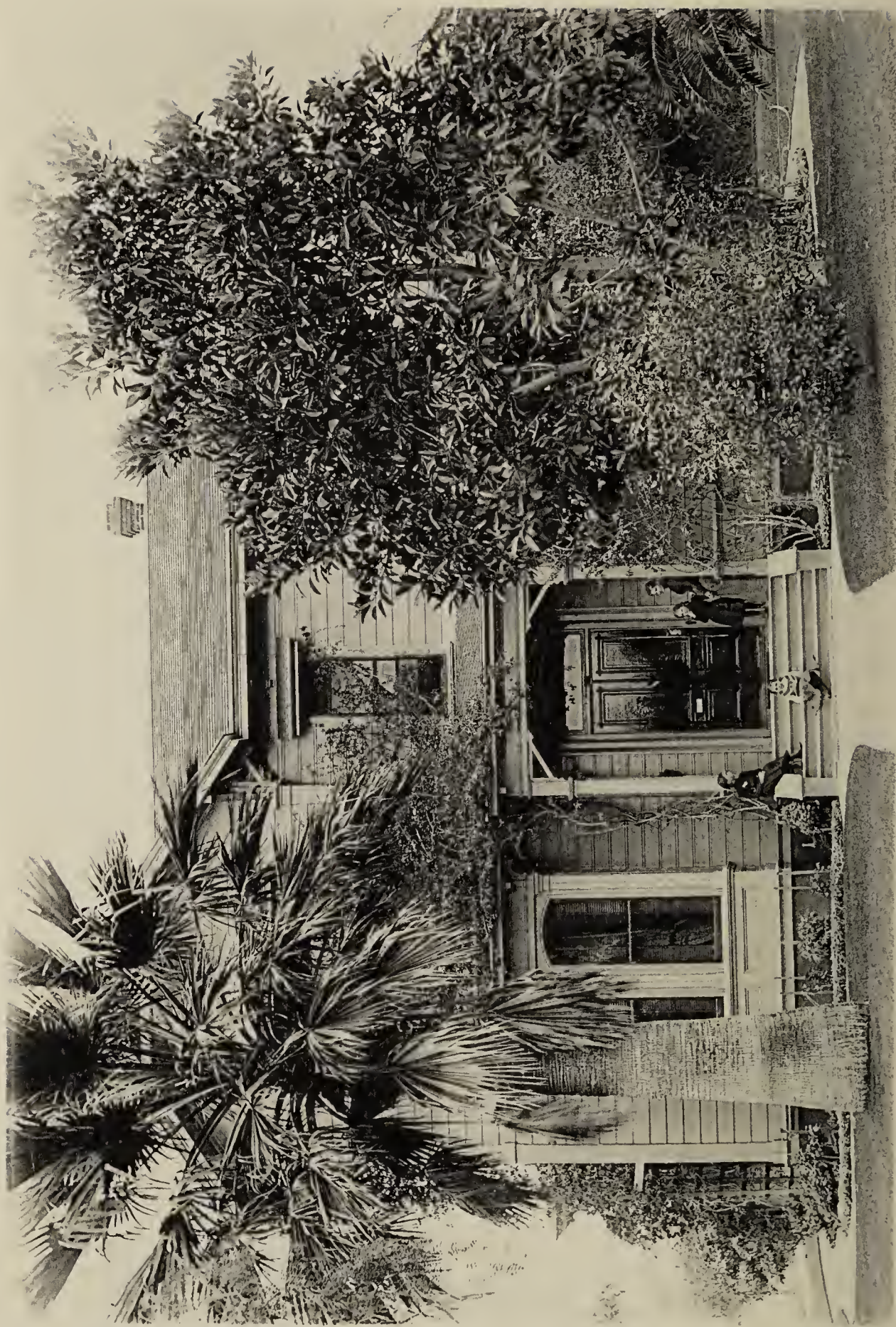


ANNA LEE MARSTON AND GEORGE W. MARSTON ON THEIR WEDDING TRIP IN 1878



Courtesy Union Title Insurance and Trust Company Historical Collection

VIEW FROM THE FLORENCE HOTEL IN THE 1880'S



OUR HOUSE AT THIRD AND ASH STREETS



GEORGE W. MARSTON AND ARTHUR



ANNA LEE MARSTON



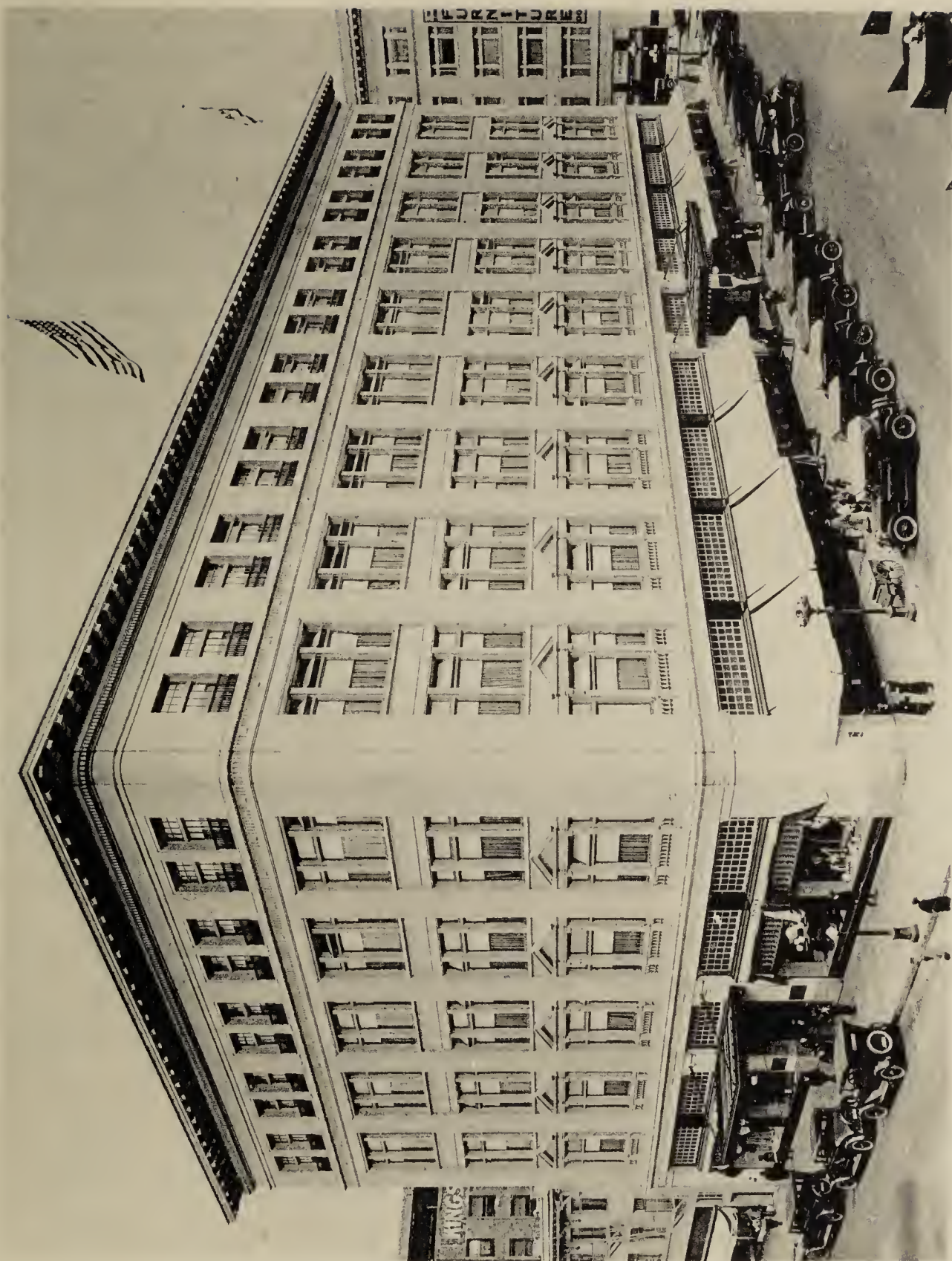
MARY AND ELIZABETH



HARRIET AND HELEN



THE FIRST FOUR STORES



THE FIFTH STORE 1912

I put in a full page ad in the papers which is rather an unusual thing here. It took a lot of time to prepare it & I didn't finish it until 2 am. the night it had to go to press.

Since you were here we have put in a little P.O. Station in the store which sells stamps, money orders, & registers letters. Salary \$50 per year! Sold \$1500. in money orders last month & it takes half the time of a \$10. per week clerk to look after it. Am going to strike for a \$500. salary from Sept 1st. Your aff. nephew,
G. W. Marston

beautiful old dresses which the aunts in Philadelphia, Mary and Hannah Stickney, had sent. They wrote, "We were so pleased and glad you had them to use—we felt repaid for all the care and labor we have spent in keeping them all in good order all these years they have been lying in Mother's big trunk in our upper story; and then the crepe dress and the French calico and the hood and the laces, all to come in play in just the right time, it quite touched our feelings." And later, "Only to think of Grandfather's descendants and old 'Lawyer Marston's' being away out in 'the ends of the earth' and acting tableaux and private theatricals together, sure there's no knowing 'what a day will bring forth,' let alone *several days*. I've no doubt Anna Lee looked beautiful in the blue as well as the crimson brocade. How glad we are your children can take the comfort of their great-grandmother's finery and how pleasant it is to be young and fresh."

In a letter of grandmother's, written to her sister Mary on Aunt Sarah's wedding day, April 29, 1876, is the news of mother's engagement. Aunt Sallie was married early in the morning and left for a honeymoon in the Julian mountain country. Charles Hamilton, engaged to Aunt Elizabeth, was one of the few guests at the wedding.

Here I have written all this and have not told you another *secret*. Mind you keep it, because if you should write to Newburyport it would come back here double quick. "Well and to be sure" our Anna Lee expects to walk off as well as her sister, but not yet, I am glad to say. Do you remember I wrote you Geo. Marston was John Alden when she was Priscilla? Well, he is the man; he has been here and they have seen a good deal of each other, but only lately did I begin to think it might be, so I was not quite unprepared when about a week or two ago she told me how matters stood. "He is good as gold" and they are very much alike. He is in the same business as E's young man; you see the names

in the paper. Old Mr. Marston's grandson, funny, ain't it? The family say they are pleased and I hope they are.

Two full years passed, with events of importance in both families, before the marriage of our parents took place.

On the evening of July 18, 1876, Elizabeth Gunn and Charles Hamilton were married. Father and Fred Hamilton, Uncle Charles's brother, were the only guests at the ceremony in the Gunn home, but the wedding was followed by a party with dancing at the new Hamilton home, to which the members of the Literary Club and other young friends were invited. The house was filled with flowers sent by Mrs. J. M. Asher, an old San Francisco friend. A two-week honeymoon was spent at Agua Tibia, the Utt ranch. When the couple returned they took their place as one of the influential families of the town. One of their early interests was the Unitarian Church of which Uncle Charles was a founder. A man of great independence of mind and gentleness of character, Uncle Charles was admired, trusted, and loved by all who knew him. Aunt Elizabeth also was widely beloved.

During the school year 1875-1876 Aunt Elizabeth and mother, as Principals, had carried on the San Diego Academy. After Aunt Elizabeth's marriage mother conducted it, with Aunt Lilla's help, for one more year and then closed it.

According to the *Union* of July 6, 1876, the Centennial Fourth of July was magnificently celebrated in San Diego.

At five o'clock the Silver Cornet Band announced the dawn of the Centennial Fourth by a medley of national airs from the cupola of the Horton House, while the sharp-voiced little gun which City Father Begole recently had made boomed away briskly with a national salute. Everybody was soon stirring, and for the next two hours there was a carnival of noise—cannon, small arms, and every description of fire cracker and Chinese bomb.

The display of bunting was the largest that has ever

been seen in San Diego and would have been much larger had not the supply been exhausted. As it was, however, the city presented a beautiful appearance as the rising sun poured its light over the housetops.

The ceremonies commenced at seven with an appropriate religious service in the Methodist Church, on the corner of Fourth and D streets, a small church but the largest in the town and completely filled that morning. Our grandfather, Dr. Gunn, President for the Day, headed the program. At nine-thirty the procession formed on the Plaza, making a lively scene in the dusty square. In the parade, led by a detachment of U. S. Cavalry in full dress uniform, were carriages of officials, marching soldiers, the Signal Corps, an elaborate float on a patriotic theme, and even a small menagerie. (Old-timers still remember Till Burns's bear.) The procession wound its way up D Street to Ninth, down Ninth to J, west on J to Fifth, up Fifth to D, down D to Second, and thence to the Pavilion, where two thousand people (perhaps half of the population) met for the main celebration. On the semicircular tiered stage were seated on the right the Philharmonic Society, on the left children from the public and private schools, and in the center a group of girls representing the states, with the Goddess of Liberty presiding over them. Grandfather's opening speech recalled memories as far back as 1822 and recounted the great changes that had taken place in his lifetime. Band music, patriotic songs, a poem by Philip Morse, Poet of the Day, a prayer by the Chaplain of the Day, an eloquent address by W. L. Hendricks, Orator of the Day, and the reading of the Declaration of Independence made up the long program. The audience adjourned to the courthouse lawn for the planting of a Centennial oak, dedicated to Liberty, a handsome tree, carefully chosen and planted in the hope that it would live for one hundred years. Who in the last fifty years has ever heard of this tree? The day's festivities ended with a Grand Ball in the Pavilion.

Our Grandfather's Last Years

*****THE ENCOURAGING IMPROVEMENT in Grandfather Marston's health did not continue. In the letters of 1874 references to attacks of illness again occurred. In 1875 trips to the country for "change of air" commenced. In November of that year his life was despaired of, but a partial recovery enabled him to live for almost two more years. The last few years of his life are best covered by his own letters. The endearing qualities revealed throughout his correspondence have made us love the grandfather we never saw.

January 26, 1874, to Aunt Lilla, who had spent a short holiday in Englewood:

I am glad you visited the Palmer House—and that you have some opportunity of enjoying privileges that only large cities can offer. To be sure, your opportunities are very limited, but then you get some glimpses, and many new ideas of life and how people live abroad, that you could never acquire so well as by observation. I think by the time you again see San Diego you, as well as your friends, will perceive that you have learned something more than what you have picked from the School books. Your slight intercourse with the great world will do much toward enlarging your understanding, and give you broader views.

February 21, 1874, to Aunt Lilla:

You may not have recd as many letters as usual of late, in consequence of the heavy rains prevailing over the state, & especially the southern part. The rain fall here since Nov. is over fourteen inches. By comparing it with former seasons you can form some idea of the dif-

ference. Last year, which you will recollect we thought a pretty wet one, there was 6 inches of rain, the year previous four inches, & the year before that three inches. But we have enough now to satisfy the most web-footed man among us.

San Diego river is wide & deep, & crossed only by boats. All the famous rivers & streams in the county, famous for being dry, are now rapid roaring rivers, & as there are no bridges, are impassable. There has been no mail from Los Angeles, Julian, or Ft. Yuma for several days. Our neighbor Mr. Hills was down near the head of the Bay sowing wheat, & has been trying to get home for several days but can't cross the Otay creek—now a deep roaring river, but which you probably did not notice at all in its dry state when you went to the Monument. But the rain has now stopped, & the weather is charming. The meza is covered with heavy growth of grass, & innumerable flowers begin to show themselves. I wish you were here now, & we would take another walk up in *that cañon*, where we strayed before you left. Mary is a poor walker & never goes on the beautiful uplands around our town.

We are well acquainted with your friend's Uncle, Mr. Covert. He has been in the house several times & is a very pleasant gentleman, a *very fine* player on the piano. Have had a dress maker in the house for the past two weeks. Mary spent last eve. at Mr. Nesmith's & says she had a splendid time. There were quite a no. of Army officers there. I have been quite sick for several weeks but am now getting well. Your Photo is *beautiful*. We keep it on the mantel, where it is constantly before our eyes. Everybody admires it. Hope you sent one to Uncle Step. Have had several letters from him lately. He always speaks of you with great interest.

We are all well. The town is *overrun* with strangers. Hope you are well & happy. Your School will soon be out now. Write often, my darling.

June 11, 1874, to Aunt Lilla, about to visit in Fort Atkinson on her way home from school:

This will probably be the last visit for many years—perhaps forever—Call on *all our friends* at the Fort. They will be rejoiced to see you and you will enjoy the memory much better than if your time is given up to having a “*good time*” with the boys and girls. The latter I hope will be the case, *but not to the neglect* of calling on the friends of your mother and myself. Don’t omit this, my darling. Run down and see Mrs. Wilby—you will find someone to take you.

I expect you will find our old house looking beautifully. How I wish I could be there with you! Study *every* tree and *shrub* and *spear of grass* on the place, so that you can tell exactly how everything looks.

From an undated diary-letter to grandmother, describing one of the pleasantest of his country outings, which probably occurred in the late summer of 1874:

Friday, 3 o’clock P.M.

The day is very warm and our party remains in Camp under the noble evergreen Oaks which throw out their giant limbs from 40 to 60 ft. from their trunks, entirely excluding the burning heat of old Sol. A brisk breeze is blowing, & under these old oaks we bid defiance to the sun. We have two camps—about 200 feet apart—each camp under a clump of these grand old oaks. The ladies have fixed their cots & hammocks under the spreading limbs of the one, while we men occupy the other. The cooking is done in our camp, as well as the eating.

We want to visit the Falls & climb the mountains, but the heat is too great—while here we can loll away the hours in reading, conversation, & snoozing, & in the experience of such solid comfort as few mortals ever enjoyed. Don't think we are lonesome. We have had much company. We keep open house, with the latch string out, & as long as the provisions last, we mean to be happy. Mr. & Mrs. Nash dined with us on Wednesday. Yesterday we had half a dozen Visitors, & we look for some today. While I am writing Lilla & Amy are busy getting our dinner—which operation we all watch with a keen interest. Tomorrow we have planned to climb the mountain, & get to the head of the Falls,* which is said to be worth the effort. The Falls are certainly a beautiful sight—nothing impressively grand like Niagara, with its great rush of Waters & thundering roar, but still & quiet & charming in every way.

Since writing the above our whole party have made a visit to the top of the Falls. To make the ascent easy for the ladies we made a detour of about two miles, making a gradual rise of some 300 feet & coming in sight of the summit of the Falls 150 feet. beneath our feet. As we descend to the bed of the river & enter the little Forest that skirts its banks an exclamation of surprise & admiration bursts from every lip. The transition from the burning heat to the cooling shade of the trees afforded immense relief & comfort—and then the little river, rushing over its rocky bed, its water cool & sweet & pure—Oh, who so fitted to appreciate all the beauties of this lovely spot as the San Diegan? The whole day was spent among these tall trees, the differ-

*Eagle Peak Falls, on the San Diego River about two miles above the confluence of Boulder Creek and the river, can be seen from the Eagle Peak grade. The height is about 150 feet.

ent members of our party each selecting their location, yielding themselves to the drowsy influence of the spot. But I have no capacity to describe the many beauties of this upper S. D. River Scenery. The great mystery with us all is that they have been so recently discovered. How strange it is that our own S. D. river, just 37 miles from the city as measured last week by E. W. Morse with a Roadmeter, should cut up such a caper as to make a perpendicular jump of 150 ft. and, stranger yet, that Mr. M. who has resided in S. D. for a quarter of a century & who supposed he had travelled & become familiar with every part of our county, had never heard of these falls till recently, & visited them now for the first time. Well, it's found at last & we all agree that a more lovely & attractive spot for visitors exists not in Southern Cal. & predict it a splendid future as a resort for the tourist & pleasure seeker.

Monday, 4 P.M.—Mr. Wildy & party came into camp this a.m. about 10 o'clock, bringing the letters & papers & bundle with its precious package of Brown Bread—which we all pronounced the ne plus ultra. Mr. Wadham also came in, with expectation of taking us home with him tomorrow, but no one wants to go so soon, & he will return with Mrs. Strong & children, & come for us the latter part of the week, getting us home on Sat. eveg. We are all well & enjoying ourselves hugely. Lilla seems to like it as well as any. Our days pass away quickly. We have plenty of reading matter, and these old, broad-spreading oaks, how comfortable they make us! They really seem homelike & I shall regret to leave them. I wish every day that you & Mary were here. I believe you would both enjoy it, tho' you thought you could not for any length of time. But why not? Tho' the air is hot, yet we feel it not under the dense shadows of our oaks. The little valley

is skirted with a heavy growth of timber, above which the mountains rise 2000 ft., a beautiful stream of water runs on three sides of us, affording excellent water for drinking—and such a splendid place for bathing. You & Mary would enjoy that.

Lilla & Amy have just started off to pilot Wildy to the Falls, which are half a mile off. An old Indian has just left us on his pony, after filling his pouch with bread & ham.

August 8, 1876, to Aunt Mary, who was going to Honolulu to teach in Punahoe College:

When you read this you will be far away on the distant Isles of the Pacific. How strange it seems—what changes and vicissitudes there are in this modern life! Steamers, Railroads and the Tel. seem to have annihilated space and now our infant sons and daughters start off at a week's notice on journeys of thousands of miles, with feelings of safety and unconcern, that the parents of a generation ago would have debated for weeks before venturing upon.

Well, darling, I pray you may arrive in safety, and find everything there pleasant, that you may find your duties agreeable and your associations with the College all in harmony with your rosiest anticipations.

San Diego, Aug. 24, '76

My dear Mary

I start for Julian in the morning, & must have a little talk with you, before I get off. We were rejoiced to receive yr. Postal Card telling us of yr. final start, & that you had favorable prospects for a pleasant voyage to the Island.

Lilla is getting along well with her school I believe—but scholars do not increase, & I am afraid the glory

of the Academy is ended. 'Tis now nearly 8 o'clk. P.M. Mother has stepped out, & Wildy is reading to Lilla in the parlour.

I shall stay with Ward tomorrow night—Mrs. Francisco is in town & may ride home with me—I may take five or six days to go to J., being in no hurry, the main object being open air exercise.

We miss you from our little family *very much*—and it will be a long time before we get reconciled to it.

I hope, darling, you will find yr. associate teachers pleasant people. If you perceive any peculiarities in them, keep it in yr. own heart & make no comments. Try & love them all, & act yourself so that they will all love you, which I have no doubt will be the case. I trust you will find yr. duties all pleasant, & I pray that God may keep you from all harm and be yr. guide & comforter. Now good bye, my dear child, & believe me, yr. aff. father.

Julian, Sept. 1st, '76

My Dear Family

I arrived here this P.M.—2 o'clk—very tired. The forenoon was very hot & sultry with clouds in the East threatening rain, but it passed over. I left Ward's on Tuesday morning—rode up hill to Atkinson eleven miles. It was a lovely morning & I enjoyed it much. Mr. Atkinson has one of the pleasantest locations I have seen in the Co. The house is completely over-arched and surrounded by large liveoaks, & portions of his ranch are covered with these noble trees. It looked so cool & inviting that I remained there two days.

Started again on Thursday, passing over several miles of the Santa Maria Rancho & bringing up at dinner time at Kendalls Station—eleven miles ride

again. Mrs. K. greeted me with, "How do you do, Mr. Marston?" A little surprised I asked when we had met & she said she had seen me in church & that her children went to Sabbath school, & all knew you & Geo—& so I was taken to their bosom at once. This day's ride has fatigued me more than any other, caused probably from the excessive heat, & then I have one of my head aches. I left a letter at Ward's for you, which I presume you have rec'd. ere this. Have just been over to the P. O., thinking there might be something for me, but found nix. The mail gets in this eve & I look with confidence for letters.

I hope you are all well at home. I wish I could stay there instead of knocking about in this way. . . . It is possible I may find some private place in the suburbs where I will feel better.

I see with regret in the S. D. World the serious illness of Mrs. Utt—hope to hear of her recovery. This is a dilapidated looking town—not a store here. But my head feels so badly that I can't think more & so must say good bye—don't be worried about me—I am as strong as when I left—& I am not going to take any long rides or overdo if I can help it.

Good bye, dear ones, & believe me Yr. aff father

Tuesday, 5th Sept., '76

Dr. Harriett

I feel quite encouraged that this *dry* & bracing atmosphere will do much toward healing my lungs & toning up my general system. But in order to reap any lasting benefit I ought to remain long enough for the climate to produce a radical change. . . . I am *getting here* what I seem to have needed—a *thorough change* of climate. The air here is *very dry*, the altitude 5000 feet & over. The change is really astonishing and

hardly conceivable to one who has not experienced it. While I enjoy the pure dry air, the wooded hills & pleasant scenery, yet I would much prefer being at home. I can never be reconciled to living away. But I would like to stop this roaming from one place to another and I am sincerely hoping that I may continue to improve as I seem to have the past two or three days. *If* this is the spot for me to build up my rather shattered health, I am glad to have found it—A few days will perhaps decide—In the meantime, *don't* be *worried*. I am *now improving* & have no fears of illness, but if sudden sickness comes, I am in a kind family. I would be rejoiced to have Geo. with me, but there is no necessity for him to come on my account. I agree with you that he ought to take a good vacation, & he *must* do it before long. There can be no greater change than these Hills, & perhaps he would as lieve come here as to go anywhere else. In such a case he could come out, remain as long as he pleased & ride home with me—but he must not come *too* soon.

Wednesday, 6th. Yesterday the wind rose in the afternoon, blowing hard & cold, continuing all through the night; the trees, (Pines & oaks) surrounding the house swayed & threshed each other like Giants, making a fearful racket. I had about forgotten how much noise the wind could make in the forest trees, but last night brought it all back to my mind. But I had a good warm bed to lie on, & comfortable room. Mrs. Tally found that I eat no bacon & this morning she had a broiled chicken for my breakfast, tender & sweet. The milk here is delicious & plenty. There is but one child, a good looking girl of 17 or 18 yrs. The house is frame & painted white, looking very pretty. The water is very good—taken from a spring near by. The milk house is built of stone & doby. A

splendid Spring of water bubbles up in the center, running around the house, making it cool & sweet. Mr. Tally is English, came here six yrs. ago, without one dollar, & instead of hunting for gold, settled down here & by hard work, has opened up quite a nice little farm, built a good house, & a small Grist Mill—has just sold \$400 worth of Hogs, raised last season 30 tons of Potatoes, most of which he sold for 3 cts pound, which by figuring you will find to be a good deal of money. He has a large crop growing now, which he hopes will yield as well as last year—& yet this man who has done so much, I am told, *can not write* & perhaps not read. He seems a kind generous man, & I respect him for his energy & noble example of industry & good habits.

“Talley House” Sunday, 10th, [Sept.] 1876

My Dear Lilla

I recd yr. letter of 7th with great pleasure. Am glad to hear that Mother is improving, and that Mrs. Utt is no worse.

I am feeling quite well—experience no ill effect from the altitude, & believe the dry & bracing atmosphere is proving beneficial. Then it is such a relief to see nothing but wooded hills & green valleys and springs of the coldest water gushing from the hills.

I wish you were here to enjoy these good things with me, for I know you would be delighted with the scenery. Prof. Dunn & Mr. Talley went up on the Cuyamaca yesterday to hunt, & brought home a Deer which Mr. T. had shot. He saw twelve Deer but could only get a shot at one. They went up to the highest peak, the central one, which you can see so plainly from S. D. And he says the prospect is a most beautiful one. The city of S. D. is plainly seen—Point Loma—the

Bay—& great ocean beyond—as the Prof. expressed it, he “could with a glass look down the chimneys.” The Prof. will leave on Tuesday for S. D. and Miss Talley will go in with him to make a visit with some friends. I shall make her promise to call on Mother for I know that you will all be glad to see her.

I shall remain here another week certainly, & if I should continue to improve, *perhaps* you will advise me to stay a little longer. I should be glad to return & remain at home, I am tired of this kind of life, *but if you should all think it best* for me to remain & imbibe a little more of this pure & invigorating Mountain air, why I suppose I should have to make the best of my exile, & put up with my milk-quails-Pigeons-Chickens-Venison & such kind of common fare, with as much resignation as possible. But before condemning me to such a fate, think twice. Mr. and Mrs. Talley are very kind good people and very anxious & desirous that I shd. make myself perfectly at home here. Unlike most farmers in the state they have a good garden & raise all kinds of Vegetables. I wish I could include fruits—I miss the Grapes more than anything else.

Hoping, my dear Lilla, that my health may be sufficiently restored to enable me by & by to live with my family at home, the dearest spot to me on earth, and with much love to you all.

Yr aff father

Geo. P. Marston

It is warm during the day, but the nights are cold & frosty. My bedroom is cold enough in the morg. when I get up, I assure you, but it is good mountain air & will not hurt me. Hope you will get letters from Mary soon.

"Talley House" Sept 20, '76

My Dear wife & children

I will write today and put it in the office tomorrow when I go for my mail. The letter will reach you on Sat. eveg., at which time I hope to be at Viejos [Valle de las Viejas].

The weather is now delightful. There was never a day pleasanter than this, but somehow I am not enjoying it as I would wish. I went out where Mr. T. is at work putting a roof over his Hay Stack, spending an hour with him this morn., but I tired of that & came into the house & sat by the open window watching him at his work, & gazing upon the wooded Mountains that rise from the little Valley, till I fell asleep in my chair—then I took to the lounge & dozed on that till dinner. The fact is I think I have *worn out this place*. I don't know why, for it is more pleasant now than at any time—and this is the first day I have had this feeling. But I can't stay any longer—I am lonesome & spiritless—& must get home, where I can find something to be *interested in*, even if nothing more than irrigating my trees.

I shall not be lonesome in riding home alone. I sometimes think I enjoy it better than if I had company, my own family of course excepted. I can drive to suit myself, stop when & where I please. I find enough to occupy my mind generally in looking & watching the near & distant objects as I pass them, in talks with Kitty on the propriety of moving her legs a little more speedily—a subject, I must confess, she does not seem to fully understand—and then, I have ample scope for the thoughts that so often go back to the dear home I am leaving—you, & the precious "*Jewels*" clustered there, whom I love beyond my poor power of expression—& that darling absent one.

You have often seen from S. D. the Cuyamaca Mountains with three Peaks, the central one is the highest. Mr. Talley's farm is at the foot of the north Peak, known here as "Talley's Peak." I rode the other day to the central Peak, & ascended as far as I could with my buggy—perhaps got within 1000 ft. of its top. If my strength had permitted I would have liked to have climbed to the top & looked down upon the "City of the Bay," Point Loma, & the Islands. But I am at the end of my sheet—an hour has been passed in pleasant chat with you all, dispelling for the time the feelings of ennui which pressed upon me so heavily.

Yrs in love, Geo. P. Marston

San Diego, Apr. 19, '77

My Dear Mary

And now in regard to yr. staying another year on the Island, how much difficulty we have over this question! We all want to see you very much & to have you with us. And perhaps you will think it odd that I, the sick one, should be alone in thinking it would be better for you to *remain*.

But I can't help it—for I feel that another year there would be very greatly to yr. advantage. And I am willing to give up all selfish considerations for what I deem to be your good. Yr. health has greatly improved the past year & it seems to me another year will consolidate & make it perfect & lasting—this alone would be sufficient reason to decide me in favor of your remaining—then, you are happy & contented with yr. school duties & feel that you are the means of doing good. Yr. time is occupied. You are yourself improving mentally & physically & yr. duties & cares for others must be improving & ripening yr. judgment & charac-

ter. You will continue yr. horseback riding, which will confirm & establish your improved health. And in regard to the financial result, that in my opinion should be regarded by you as an important factor in determining your decision in this matter. Six or seven hundred dollars is a large amt. of money for any young lady or even gent to lay up in a year, and in justice to yourself, you cannot throw aside this opportunity without very *convincing reasons*. And now I must tell you *why* I have come to the conclusion that you shd. remain in H. I feel that my health is improving, slowly, but surely, & I do believe that with the warm air of summer I shall gain faster, & that the improvement will be *permanent*. This is the opinion also of Dr. Gregg. Not that I shall recover health of a well man, but there are reasons for believing that I may live for some yrs—in a half-comfortable, semi-invalid condition.

Feeling thus, how can I advise you to give up all the advantages that will accrue to you by remaining another year? If I deemed the chances in favor of my being again sick next winter, rest assured I shd. advise yr. coming home to assist yr. Mother in her cares.

Another year will soon pass away & you will return to us matured in judgment, in strength & wisdom. Now, darling, I have given you some of the reasons that govern me, & you must weigh them with opposing arguments, & decide for yourself—& may God help you. I ought to say perhaps that the outlook for San D. for another year is *not encouraging*, and I shd. fear that in case you conclude to return, you would find it *very dull*.

I think Mother way down in her heart feels somewhat as I have written above, but her Motherly love &

great desire to see you have great influence in her wishing you to return. I could say more but have not the strength.

God bless you Yr. aff father

San Diego, July 14—'77

My dear Mary

I write from bed. Day before yesterday I was up from 11 o'clk. A.M. till near sun down feeling remarkably well, & thought that I would very soon be able to walk out of doors, & I think so now. . . . Have now been for two weeks down stairs—Bed in parlor. I like the change as it's cooler & saves mother many steps. In yr. last letter you hoped we are all reconciled to yr. staying another year in H. I think we are. I regard yr. decision as the proper one, tho I want to see you much, as I think every body does.

And now, darling, I can say no more except to express the hope you may get through with the duties of the coming year as well as the past, & that yr health may continue to improve.

May the Lord Jesus be yr guide & help, dear Mary. I derive great comfort on my sick bed in the thought that God will care for me and that when my poor body is laid away the immortal part will find its *rest* and I expect my children will come to see me in that better land.

Good bye darling Yr aff father

Geo P. Marston

San Diego, Aug. 9, '77

My dear Mary

I write again with pencil, the ink being up stairs. You will be glad to hear that my health is improving

fast. My cough has lately decreased & I am consequently getting strength as fast as could be expected. Mother saw Dr. Gregg the other day & told him about me & the Doct. said it was almost incredible. My lung *seems* to be healing up, & it is possible I may not have any more abscesses. My appetite is good, digestion good, & I sleep well, so far the outlook is encouraging. Your letter from Hilo was very interesting. Your next will probably give account of yr. visit to the Volcano, from which you say, you "returned alive," so that I judge you may have had a hard time of it.

By the time this reaches you, your School duties may have commenced. I do hope, dear Mary, that you begin the second & last year in good health, *feeling* vigorous & able to go through without lassitude, and I hope everything will be as pleasant & agreeable as last year & that you may not lose any of the strength & weight you have gained. Mother & Lilla are now keeping house. It is quite hard on them. Lilla makes a *splendid* cook. Everything in the kitchen is neat as wax work—I am surprised at the apparent ease & quickness with which she accomplishes so much. But I fear she may be doing too much. She seems frail & has but very little appetite. We have had strawberries now for a long time & now the melons come in, & the grapes make their appearance to last till Christmas. I think I will soon be able to take daily rides in the buggy; hope so, for I want to see how the town looks, not that I expect to see any change, but it will be pleasant to drive through the streets & see the old familiar faces. There is some R. R. excitement in town today. I presume the Vice-Pres. of the T. & P. road being here to examine the route over the direct line. But I have about lost all faith in getting a road to San Diego.

Now dear I must say good-bye. God is bringing me out of this sickness in a marvelous way & we all ought to give Him thanks for His wonderful goodness & mercy toward me. Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Pratt & believe me

truly yr aff father

Geo. P. Marston

On September 26, 1877, grandfather succumbed to the disease against which he had struggled so long and so valiantly.

Mr. Howard Kutchin, the brilliant young newspaper man who was "the life of the party" and a great favorite of our grandfather on the excursion to California in 1870, and who afterwards was prominent in public life in San Diego, wrote to father from Fond du Lac, Wisconsin:

When I tell you that my own father (whom I revered and admired above all men) died but a few weeks ago you will realize that I can fully sympathize with you in this dire affliction, even did I not keenly feel the loss of an honored friend in your father's death. My regard for him was very high. I was attracted to him by his cultured mind and the nobility of his nature, and I assure you that I feel his loss as a personal bereavement.

An editorial in the San Diego *Union* closed with these words:

Mr. Marston . . . took an active part in promoting the growth of San Diego; he was one of the most earnest of the public spirited men who have accomplished here so much in so short a time. His experience and sagacity made him a valuable counsellor in all discussions of public affairs; and as a member of the Executive Committee of the Citizens' Railroad Committee of Forty, he bore a chief part in the protracted and

arduous work following the contract between the city and the Texas Pacific company. His active interest in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the community continued even after the condition of his health confined him to his residence, and his personal participation in affairs only ceased with the attack which finally prostrated him. His pain for many months has been very severe; but it has been borne with fortitude, and even cheerfulness. His mind was serene, and his faculties were unclouded almost to the end. And now he rests.

New Responsibilities

ON MAY 3, 1878, our parents were married. The ceremony was performed in the evening in the flower-bedecked bay window of the little parlor of the Gunn home. Only the family and a few intimate friends were present. The wedding trip, planned as a visit to San Francisco, became, through Uncle Stephen's affectionate interest in his nephew, an extensive journey.

Earlier in the spring father, not liking the grocery part of the Hamilton and Marston business, had decided to start a dry goods house of his own and was thinking of building a store as an investment for his mother. Uncle Stephen wrote to him on March 25, 1878:

You should now be able to put up a store at less cost and which, if a Rail Road *ever does* come to San Diego, will prove a safe and tolerably remunerative investment to your Mother.

It is probable I can find a party here, *now* in the clothing bus., to attend to your purchases of clothing and perhaps dry goods, if you decide to start in San Diego.

But I have a plan of my own which I shall briefly make and which I trust you will approve of and arrange to put into execution. It is simply to extend your wedding trip to this City, make me a visit, see the home of your father and grandparents, and possibly make some arrangements for future business that may be of advantage. It seems to me there is everything to induce and nothing to prevent such a journey.

You have no business, the season will be the best,

the time is auspicious, and a better opportunity is never more likely to come to you. Possibly you may think the expense may be too great. That objection, I can not imagine any other, is easily overcome. I will cheerfully attend to that part of the programme and assure you that *nothing* will afford me greater pleasure. And now, unless there is some other and very good reason why you should not adopt my plan, I shall be *very much* disappointed if you do not agree to it and make the necessary arrangements to complete it.

The plan was accepted. It took father to the Atlantic coast for the first time and gave mother her first trip east of California. A letter from mother to her two aunts in Philadelphia described part of the trip.

Boston

June 22, 1878

My dear Aunts

Ever since I left home, I have been thinking I would write you as soon as we were settled in Boston; & now our visit here is almost over, & I have just found time. I have been going so much and seeing so much that it seemed almost impossible to write letters; I have managed to at least scribble one for the folks at home every few days, but even they I'm afraid will think me negligent.

We had a delightful journey Eastward. Our first stopping-place was Detroit, where were some old boyhood friends of George's.* We then went to Toledo & visited the Hamiltons, Lizzie's husband's family. They received & treated us beautifully & we only wished we could stay longer. We next went to Guelph in Canada, & spent six days with a lady who came over

*Edward Curtiss and his sister Laura.

with us. I will tell you about our nice time there when I see you. We sailed down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec, & after four days spent there, came south to Boston. We have been here two weeks & more, & have had a delightful time. George's uncle provided beautiful rooms for us at the Tremont House, & has done everything to make our stay pleasant. You know I suppose that he is a bachelor, quite well off, & that this visit is his wedding-present to us.

George has closed his partnership with Charley H. whose brother Fred takes Geo's place, & George is going on our return to open a dry-goods store alone. Since he has been here he has been buying a stock of goods. He can get them much cheaper here, & is glad to do so; but it has taken the time of more than half of our visit. I have been shopping with him a great deal, trying to advise him about dress-goods. We shall be here only four days more, when we go to New York. On the way, we shall stop at Springfield.* I have just written cousin Sarah a note. They will be the first of my relatives that I shall see. I had almost wished I might see you first, because you seem the nearest of all; but we shall have to visit Phila. after N. York.

Before we leave Boston, Mr. Marston is going to Newburyport with us for a day, & I hope then to see Mrs. Brewster, who will I suppose tell me about my ancestors.

I cannot now tell just when we shall be in Phila. but we will write you from New York again. Mother has written me, and I can easily understand that it will not be convenient for us to stay with you. It will be far better for us to go to a hotel, & then we can come & have long talks with you, & all enjoy it better,

*This was to be a visit to mother's uncle, Doctor Peter LeBreton Stickney, and his family.

because we shall know you are not tiring yourselves in trying to entertain us. I am very glad we shall so soon see you, & visit you in the house mother has told us so much about. I am almost sure I know how everything will be already. I hope you will like my husband; I am sure you will if you come to know him as well as I want you to.

He sends his love to you, as I do most heartily. All were well at home when I last heard.

Your affectionate niece,

Anna Lee Marston

Further details were added in this letter from father:

Tuesday evening

Boston, June 18, 1878

My darling Sister Lilla

Your letter came the day we left for Exeter & mother's letter of 8th was received today. . . . It is pleasant to hear the news from home, though the R. R. part of it might be more cheerful. I shall probably not build a store for some time yet & will write soon to Charlie to ask him to engage Snyder's place for me.

Monday morning [in Exeter] it was raining & we did not go to Hampton until noon. Uncle G. talked with us nearly all the time & amused us very much by his oddities, good stories, & genealogical lore. He took me to his office & showed me a deed of J. Sanborn to Thos. Marston, of Hampton, (who, by the way, was our great, great grandfather's great, great grandfather) which was dated 1645; & also a letter from the Marston who was killed in the French War, which he wrote to his wife from Cape Breton the day before his death, & many other old and curious things that I will have to tell you of when we see each other.

Our ride to Hampton with Uncle G. and his pleasant housekeeper, Miss Taylor, was through beautiful farming land, thickly covered with houses & the road lined with stone fences. Mother knows it. In Hampton [Uncle] Gilman pointed out to us the places where our progenitor Thomas settled in 1645 & also the house (or the remains of it) where Ephraim, his son, lived and in which mother's father and a whole line of Marstons were born. A Jeremiah Marston is living there now and Uncle calls him "Jerry." The motto over his mantel is *not* "The Lord will provide," or "God bless our home" but "Eat, Drink and Be Merry"! Tell mother that this tenth, or fifteenth cousin said to me that that was the motto he "went on." Queer old chap.

The heat in the East was intense that summer. It was so unbearable in New York that mother stayed in her room in the hotel most of the day, while father got his first acquaintance with a city that he was later to know well. Once on returning from a brief walk mother found pinned to the cushion on her bureau a note from father addressed to Miss Anna Lee Gunn! This was her introduction to her husband's absent-mindedness, a trait which in the course of years afforded his family many entertaining anecdotes.

Philadelphia was especially interesting to mother because there she met her aunts, Mary and Hannah Stickney, with whom she had corresponded from her childhood, and was welcomed to the home that had been her grandmother's and where her parents had engaged in anti-slavery activities. Of great interest to father was the new Wanamaker store, the Grand Depot, with its innovations in merchandising that brought shorter hours of work to employees and better service to the public. The Sunday school of which Mr. Wanamaker was superintendent was interesting to both father and mother.

Such a wedding journey was strenuous. Traveling was far less comfortable then than now, and mother was not accustomed to the eastern heat. She was exhausted by the time she reached home and did not recover her strength for many months.

On their return our parents started housekeeping in a cottage at Sixth and C streets, where they lived until December when they moved to grandmother's to stay with Aunt Mary, while grandmother and Aunt Lilla went east, Aunt Lilla to study singing. On May 24 father wrote to Aunt Lilla:

You are becoming quite a Chicagoan I suppose. Do you like the city? I have an idea that I should like Boston, as a place to live in, very much better.

Business has been getting duller here. Honey crop not near so good as last year.

I feel rather blue about my business. In hard times people buy so few dry goods that I'm quite concerned as to the future. A number of people here have gone to Arizona, as Tucson has been very lively for the last year.

I don't suppose it is news to you that we expect a little baby in our household some time in August. How strange it will seem, or how wonderful rather!

Anna is much better in health than she was. Mary is practicing a good deal on the piano now.

I wonder if San Diego wouldn't seem very quiet to you after Chicago life.

Mr. Nesmith the other day handed us an Exeter paper which very strongly recommended Uncle Gilman for U. S. Senator from New Hampshire. Hope he will get the nomination.

It seems a long time since you left and how much I should like to see you again, my dear Lilla. My best wishes to you always & believe me your aff. brother George.

Through letters from the Philadelphia aunts we learn that mother, while she sewed on her layette, was enjoying Aunt Mary's playing and that she was keeping up her French, at least in reading. In August I was born and named for my two aunts, Mary Gilman. Mother used to tell me how amused she was to hear father calling me "Little fellow, little fellow," as he leaned over me in my bassinet, and father often spoke of the pride he felt in being a father as he walked downtown the morning after my birth.

Three letters from father give us glimpses into the first year of the eighties.

San Diego, May 5/80

My dear sister Lilla

This is, you know, your 5 x 5 Birthday, you having been born 5/5/55. I thought of sending you five five-dollar bills, but—I haven't them with me just now. Instead of which I send you two beautiful panel pictures.

The little baby is just waking up. What a pity it is you can't see your sweet namesake when she is so little and cunning! She sits straight up in the baby carriage now, claps her hands together and handles things pretty well. I love to hear her prattle, sometimes it's just like talking. She has gone to sleep again already and Anna is reading the Harper's. Mary is reading Buckle's Hist. of England.

If you were here I'd want you to give me a vocal lesson once a week, say. I need to improve my singing so as to lead better in Sunday School. We are thinking of getting a new singing book soon as we can raise the money. Last Sunday we had the largest school yet, 112 all told. There were 31 in infant class and two or three new classes have been formed out of it since you left. So you see how the infants come on here.

We had the May picnic yesterday at La Punta; would have gone to Sweetwater but it was too damp there. There were two large stages and several teams filled at the church. I drove a team, two-seated wagon with five young ladies, mostly of Mr. Hitchcock's class. It was like most picnics of the kind & passed off well. I took out a foot ball & hand ball for the boys to use. The Frenchman who keeps the gardens for Capt. Wilcox has put up two or three games such as ring-throwing, etc. & they were very much enjoyed. Coming back I gave the girls a little turn off into Paradise Valley. From the entrance of the valley the little farms look very pretty now, the grain looking golden ripe in some places & green in other spots, and the fruit trees all appearing thrifty and growing. There will be excellent crops this year through the country.

San Diego, Sept. 20/80

Dear Mother

It seems quite a time since I have heard from you. Was glad to get Lilla's letter from Guelph & hope soon to have one from Ft. A. That is your last visiting place I suppose, except perhaps a few days in Chicago. It will make me very happy to see you home again, & I am so anxious to have you see the baby girl. She called me papa half a dozen times tonight when I went home to supper.

Anna looked through Mr. Gerichten's house last week and liked it very much. But he has had an offer of \$45.00 a month rent since and that lets us out of thinking of it for ourselves. However we shall find some good way to do, I've no doubt, when the time comes to move. Somehow I like our old battened house very much even if it isn't very fine. And I

have got quite attached to my little grass plot. There's about ten feet square as green as green can be.

No railroad yet, but one engineer came Saturday (this is Monday) and is staying at H. H., waiting for orders I suppose. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Keeler (*The Bell Ringers*) often ask me of you & wish to see you here again. Ed Jones (*the Bear Valley man*) told me the other day for about the fifth time I think that I "had a good mother." So I have, better than he can know. And God bless you always, my good, dear mother.

Your aff. son

George

San Diego, Oct. 21/80

My dear Mother

It just occurred to me as I wrote the date that tomorrow would be my *thirtieth* birthday. Thirty years old! I don't feel so old as that, and I'm sure I don't look so old. The 24th will be the tenth anniversary of my arrival here with dear father. Father was just thirty years of age when you were married I think. I am afraid I am not so mature and self-reliant as he was then.

I have all I can do now-a-days and it seems good to have a little stir on the streets & in the stores. I mean to send you a paper that gives the latest in railroad matters. The surveyors are doing work & that is all the visible railroad work there is here at present. This branch of the A.T. & S.F. is to be called the Cal. Southern R. R. In its corporation papers the Co. declares its intention to build a railroad from San D. to San Bernardino. This has made some people feel a little shaky about it, but I think it's all right. Mr. Fairchild and Judge Luce are Directors, but they are only nominally

so. It's required by California law that the directors should be residents of the State.

Anna and I will stay in house till you return, and longer too if agreeable and it's possible to find room for us until Lilla comes back.

The eighties brought changes to the town and to the family. In this decade the railroad came at last. The California Southern, starting at National City, ran through Oceanside, Temecula, Colton, and San Bernardino to Barstow, connecting there with the Atlantic and Pacific. In a violent storm in February of 1884, thirty miles of tracks in the Temecula Canyon were washed out, stopping the service for nine months. Gradually repairs were made, but before long the Temecula line was abandoned and the line up the coast was built. In November of 1885, a joyous celebration was held in honor of the new service.

Subsequently bitter disappointment was felt because of the abandonment of the direct route and the failure of the Santa Fe Corporation to carry out the plan of making San Diego an international commercial center, with wharves, terminal railroad, and shipping facilities. Nevertheless the railroad brought lasting benefits and an increasing population, in time changing the village into a city. It is interesting to note how the population grew with the coming of the railroad, shot up during the "Great Boom" of '86 and '87, and decreased with its collapse. According to the census the population was 2,600 in 1880. Theodore S. Van Dyke wrote that it was probably 5,000 in 1885 and 30,000 in 1887. The 1900 census figure was 16,150.

Father commented on the boom in a letter to Uncle Stephen dated December 20, 1886:

San Diego has had a tremendous boom. The changes and improvements have "astonished the natives." The "Coronado Beach" enterprise which you refer to is really immense (that is for us). The owners have spent over half a million on the place and are now

beginning an expensive hotel. Our streets look almost as lively as those of Los Angeles. San Diego is now considered the *biggest small town in America*. Probably you have seen a word or two about Real Estate in the newspapers. That is nearly all they talk about here. Mr. Kew has done well in his investments. Mother's real estate is worth now from 60 to 75 M. I should judge as against 15 or 20 M. two years ago. . . . Dry goods are paying pretty well, but I have made more money on real estate lately than in the store. When the boom began I had only one lot besides the lots where I live. I bot. this one lot in '73 for \$100 and sold it last month for \$1700. By a few purchases during the past eighteen months I have got ahead perhaps 7 to 10 M. dollars. One lot that I paid \$3100 for in the spring I could sell now for \$6000 but I feel inclined to hold it as it will become business property if the town grows larger. I suppose you smile at our "booms"—*don't you?* Well, we enjoy them and it seems pretty good to have the streets graded, horse cars running, and electric lights. The visitors are coming as fast as ever and I don't know but that they are as sure a harvest for California as corn and pigs are for Illinois.

The excesses and sudden collapse of the boom left a long, dull period of hard times in its wake, but it also left the material improvements mentioned by father. The old village life was gone. In the early eighties Jack Dodge, enthusiastic and talented, was putting on his famous minstrel shows and light operas with amateur performers. The cast of *Patience*, given in 1881 at Horton's Hall, included Lilla Marston, back from the East, Professor E. T. Blackmer, Waldo Chase, and Jack Dodge himself. In the later eighties Mr. Dodge, established in his career of theater manager, was bringing road shows and professional concerts into San Diego. Horton's Hall had given way to Leach's

Opera House and the Louis Opera House, which in their turn were to be superseded in the early nineties by the charming Fisher Opera House. Society had become sophisticated. Families still went to Coronado for picnics on the beach and to pick the yellow violets, baby blue-eyes, and delicate creamcups that grew in such abundance there, but instead of rowing across the bay they took the ferry. The era of swimming parties at the bathhouse and of luncheons, dinners, and balls at the hotel had commenced.

Father's life in the eighties, even apart from public work, held a good deal of variety. During these years of depression and prosperity he was establishing himself in business, although once when times were very dull he left the store to the management of others and worked in a bank. And once he even thought of moving to Santee to try his hand at farming! In 1886 he returned to store-keeping. He made many business trips to San Francisco and New York. He moved his store twice and his home four times. His family was growing. In 1881 his son was born and named Arthur Hamilton. Arthur was born in the Gates house on Eighth Street between C and D. From there the family moved to the Bush house at Sixth and A, opposite the home where the Hamiltons and our Gunn grandparents lived. When Arthur and our cousin Tom Hamilton were three and four years old they were constant companions.

A letter to mother written in March, 1884, describes one of father's trips to San Francisco. On these trips father seldom failed to see mother's old friends, the Sawyers, and her school-mate and lifelong friend, Miss Nellie O'Laughlin.

Monday evening

My dear wife

I hope my telegram reached you, saying that I had reached here well. The voyage was not so unpleasant as it sometimes is. Mrs. King [Dr. Dodge's daughter] and Pearl came on board at Los Angeles. Mrs. King

asked me to take dinner with them in Oakland, Wed. ev'g. and then go to prayer meeting at Pres. Ch. & I hope to do so. Perhaps I will go over early so as to make my call at the Bentons' and Nash's same time. Saw Mr. Nash today. Though I telegraphed I might have to stay longer, I don't think I will as new goods are coming now every day and I can make a good selection this week.

Friday evening I went to the opera, but it was not a "Star" night. But I enjoyed it very much, having never heard "Favorita" before. The Chorus was fine. Tonight I went again and heard Gerster in La Sonnambula. You know I heard Parepa once in this at Detroit. Gerster acts Anima with great dramatic expression & her voice is delicious. Such sweet and pure soprano tones I never heard before. Will tell you more of it when I come home. Of course, I must hear Patti once this week, and shall probably go to the Grand Concert in Mechanic's Pavilion, with Nellie & Dr. Price, Thursday ev'g.

It has been very pleasant all day and I had no thought of rain this evening, but it began to come down about ten o'clock. The excitement of the crush of carriages, shouting, etc. in the rain downpour was more *fun* than the opera itself. Many a fine gown will be the worse for the wetting tonight.

Saturday evening I spent at Nellie's. . . . Yesterday went to St. Patrick's Church and Howard Pres., A. M., and in the evening went with Judge Sawyer to Trinity Ch. & heard Père Hyacinthe Loyson. The address was all in French & I didn't understand ten words or catch a single sentence. Still I enjoyed it & the whole congregation, a very large one and mainly American, seemed to also. The Père's voice is pleasant, & gestures and expressions of countenance very impressive. How I

wished I could understand his words when he was so earnest and impassioned. You see I am having quite a “bonanza” of entertainment this trip. Took dinner with the Sawyers, as usual yesterday (Sunday)

Is it raining any more in S. D.? I wish I had asked Geo. Paris to go up to the house occasionally & see if you need anything done. I hope Sophia [our cook, Sophie] can keep the water from running in that back gate. I hardly know how much I love you dear ones at home till I am away from you. My sweet Anna, I do love you, & love to think about you & the little ones. May God, who has been so good to us always, keep us safe till we meet again.

When we are together I wish we might talk more—of religious things, & thus help one another. Tomorrow there will be a letter from you I hope & good tidings from you all. I am as well as at home & don’t believe I shall catch a cold this time. Have a very good room in the Grand and it is just across the street from Gerster’s in the Palace. I can see the flowers in her room that are formed into the letters of her name. Goodnight, my darling one. I’ll try to be home next week Wed.

Your aff. husband

Geo. W. Marston

To Mary & Arthur: Papa lives in a big house in San *Kasisko*, but will come back next week on the steamer with a bonnet for Mary & a hat for Arthur. Be good little children & help your mamma. I heard a lady sing some nice songs tonight & the people gave her a bouquet as big as a rocking chair.

In June the third child was born. She received a name traditional in mother’s family, Elizabeth Le Breton, but as she grew into a chubby, lively little girl *Elizabeth* seemed too long for

her and she usually was called Beth. When she was a baby we moved to the Florence Hotel for the winter while our house at Third and Ash was being built. The Florence, long afterward the Casa Loma, was a pleasant family hotel, just opened by W. W. Bowers and situated so far up the hill as to be at that time on the very edge of town. The wide front porch commanded a wonderful view of the bay and provided a sunny playroom for the children. In the spring the surrounding mesas were covered with wildflowers. The heavy storms of that winter commenced as early as Thanksgiving Day, when the rain came down in torrents and B Street became a raging river, making it impossible for the hotel bus to meet the train or to take our family to grandmother's to dinner.

In 1885 we moved into the house in which we were to live for twenty years. Here in 1889 Harriet was born and named for her grandmother; three years later Helen was born, completing the family. Our house, halfway up "Florence Hill," had a view of the bay. As children we loved to watch the revolving light on Point Loma at bedtime. Sometimes the sound of the sunset bugle at the barracks reached us. In the block above us was the old St. Joseph's Church, the old rectory next door, and Father Ubach pacing up and down in front. In our block there were only three houses: ours on the southwest corner, Mrs. Bates's on the southeast, and Captain Marshall's on the northeast. The quarter north of us was vacant except for a shed in which at one time father kept the horses for the store delivery wagons. There were few other buildings around us. The planting in front of our house was like everyone else's. Father afterward laughed at himself for having put a fan palm in the middle of the lawn on one side of the walk, and a rubber tree, flanked by a camphor and a Norfolk Island pine, on the other side. Farther back was a date palm, its low, wide-spreading branches taking up a large part of the lawn, on the west a grevillea which was always shedding its leaves, and toward the rear a blue gum with penetrating roots. In the backyard was a pepper, splendid

for climbing. As his interest in landscape gardening grew father came heartily to dislike Norfolk Island pines and learned to use palms with great care and sparingly; but his love of eucalyptus trees and his use of them increased—however destructive their roots!

In the middle eighties father's sisters were married. Aunt Lilla married Doctor Frederick R. Burnham whom she met while visiting her mother's relatives in Orford, New Hampshire, during a year of singing lessons in Boston. After a year in St. Paul they made their home in San Diego, living for about twenty years at Eighth and C in the house that grandmother built after grandfather's death. Until his own death in 1918 Dr. Burnham was our family physician. Aunt Mary married Michael Kew, an attorney from Canada. Their home for many years was just two blocks above ours on the corner of Third and Cedar.

We called father's mother "Marnie," a name for grandmother that later generations of the family have continued to use. We remember her only in the deep mourning she always wore after our grandfather's death. She died on November 30, 1888. We have been told that Pauline, the Indian laundress, came and wailed on the back steps the night of grandmother's death. Ling Yee and Ah Quock were not her only pupils. Quon Mane, who became the leading Chinese merchant of San Diego, said that he owed his early education to her as she gave him three years of schooling while he worked for her.

Letters of condolence reveal the regard so universally felt for her. Father's second cousin, Dr. Henry W. Foote, minister of King's Chapel in Boston, wrote to father: "It is many years since I last saw your mother, but I have the strongest impression of her loveliness and goodness. I am sure that you will have the comfort of feeling that all who have known her share this feeling and are full of sympathy for you." Mr. N. F. Hopkins, our grandfather's partner in business in Fort Atkinson, wrote: "Of her it may be truly said, 'The world is better for her having lived.'"

A family event of 1889 was Uncle Stephen's visit. He came on one of the first Raymond-Whitcomb excursions to Coronado, staying at the hotel but spending much of his time with his relatives. To his grandnieces and nephews he was a courtly old gentleman, the donor of silver cups and hundred-dollar bank accounts to each of us. To his nieces and nephew he was a very dear relative, the only living member of their father's family. Aunt Lilla and father knew him well, for Aunt Lilla had lived across the street from the Tremont House, where he lived, the year she spent in Boston; and father, on his frequent trips east, had made many a visit to him.

During the eighties father's public interests were growing steadily. From the seventies he had belonged to the volunteer fire department; his first civic office was chairman of this picturesque and important organization. When the firebell sounded from the wooden tower at Fifth near D the firemen would make a dash for their helmets and red flannel shirts to run through the streets, pulling their heavy equipment. Not until 1886 were hook and ladder and hosecart drawn by horses.

Father served successively as secretary and vice-president of the chamber of commerce; in 1884 and 1885 and again in 1889 he was president. His report at the annual meeting of March 5, 1885, closed with a prophetically characteristic note:

. . . it is one of the duties of the Chamber . . . to encourage every project for making the city and its surroundings more attractive to strangers. Good roads, and trees along the best drives are particularly worth your attention. In this connection allow me to suggest that the Chamber of Commerce enlarge its sphere of work, not confining its purposes very strictly to commercial matters, but taking hold of any public affairs pertaining to the material interests of San Diego. . . . There are various improvements necessary in a growing town that could be brought about if only some

organized force were set in motion. . . . With cooperation and some work we can give weight and influence to the San Diego Chamber of Commerce and render it a very useful association to the community.

In 1882 when the old reading room went out of existence father served on the first board of trustees of the public library. In the same year he organized the YMCA and was made its first president. In subsequent years the Y became one of his major interests. In his early thirties he was an elder in the Presbyterian Church and probably, according to the tolerant minister Dr. Dodge, the only elder in the United States who had never signed the Westminster Confession of Faith. He felt it was going too far to assent to infant damnation!

In 1885 he was one of the eleven organizers of the San Diego Building and Loan Association, the second association of its kind in California and the first in southern California. From 1887 to 1889 he served on the city council. The *Union* reported a spirited meeting of January, 1888, when father and Uncle Charles took the lead in defeating the mayor's appointments of standing committees made on a partisan basis and in bringing about the election of these committees by the council on the basis of fitness. "The people," father said, "elected thirteen men to do the business of the city. They should, therefore, not permit one of their number to name the committees that are to facilitate the transaction of their business."

In 1886 it seemed to the American Home Missionary Society for the District of California and Nevada that the time was ripe for the establishment of a Congregational Church in San Diego. The society was ready to assist a small group of Congregationalists who had been worshiping with the Presbyterians to found a church of their own denomination. Father and mother were in this group and father's judgment, even at that early date, seems to have been relied upon by the society, as evidenced by a letter of the secretary, Dr. J. H. Warren, in the church files.

In September, at a meeting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stephens, the decision to organize was made. The first service of the new church was held on October 10, 1886, in the YMCA rooms of Dunham's Hall. There were seventy-eight charter members. In February of 1887 they moved into their own building, *The Tabernacle*, at Ninth and F streets, where they remained for ten years until the membership was strong enough to build its present church edifice at Sixth and A streets. Of the early members of the church many names come to mind, among them Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Gilmore, Miss Alice Parker, Judge and Mrs. W. A. Sloane, Captain Joseph Smith, the Angeirs, the Hodges, the Fletchers, the Porterfields, Mrs. Mary E. Curtis, Mrs. Mattie Peake, the Mayes family, the Frost family, the Sheldons, the Brewers, Mr. Fred Stephens, Mr. J. C. Packard, and Mr. J. T. Wight.

The southern California Congregationalists of those days were mostly from the New England states and many of them were college-bred. Very early they determined upon establishing a college of the New England type in the part of the state in which they had made their new homes. Acting through a Committee of the General Association of Congregational Churches of Southern California, in the spring of 1887 they chose a site, elected trustees, and embarked upon their purpose, which in the words of their Articles of Incorporation was "to build and maintain a college and a preparatory school or schools distinctively Christian but not sectarian, to be open to both sexes." There was great enthusiasm for the enterprise and great confidence in its success. The California boom was at its height, people of means were arriving, and the rapid development of the southern part of the state seemed inevitable. Frequent meetings for the organization of the college were held; the number of trustees for the first board was raised from nine to fifteen; father was elected to be one of them. Before the preparations were completed the boom collapsed, bringing to the backers of the college enormous financial difficulties. Nevertheless they

went forward undaunted. Changes had to be made in their plans and progress had to be slower, but through the courage and devotion, self-sacrifice and hard work of trustees, teachers, and friends they achieved their purpose. Pomona College, in the town of Claremont, is the result of their efforts.

The YMCA, the First Congregational Church, and Pomona College—the three institutions that he helped to found when he was a young man in his thirties—held father's interest and allegiance for more than half a century. In later chapters we shall follow his close connection with them.

Mainly Letters: 1887-1899

*****THE FLAVOR of the early years is enhanced for us by
T father's letters of the eighties and nineties. One of
 *****the many to Uncle Stephen follows. Two of its para-
 *****graphs, omitted here, are quoted in the chapter on
 father's business career:

West Fall Brook, San Diego County

June 17/86.

My dear uncle

The family and I are spending a week in the country, about sixty miles northeast from San Diego. Fallbrook is a little village a mile & a half from the Cal. So. R.R. I have never been in this part of the country before, though I have long wanted to visit it. Until the railroad passed through the Temecula Canyon this section was very far from a market and quite undeveloped. It is an upland country and for ten miles north & south by twelve miles east & west there is a succession of rolling hills. The hills & vales are all fertile and in this part are now covered with yellow grain, corn, or fruit trees & vines. Near San Diego the hills are generally barren & rocky, but the soil here on the hills is deep & rich, a decomposed granite, with a rock bed that holds the moisture. The farmers claim that no irrigation is required. They certainly have no means of irrigating except by windmills pumping from deep wells. But the crops this year are very fine and I have never heard of any very bad seasons here. Of course fruit culture is comparatively new, but I've

no doubt it will take the lead here before long. Where trees & vines are not irrigated the fruit is of richer quality & finer flavor.

Your last letter is not so long unanswered but that I remember you alluded to the purchase of a rancho. Just about that time I bought 160 acres of land in Montserrate, twelve miles south of Fall Brook. It is an unimproved place in the San Luis Rey valley, 17 miles from the coast. It is well *irrigated*, as the San Luis river runs straight *through it!* During the last two or three winters the floods have played havoc with it. This afternoon we are going to drive to Agua Tibia (Major Utt's rancho) to stay over night & return here tomorrow. . . . On the way we will see *our ranch* which I bought without seeing, although I was over it a few years ago.

The price of it was \$1400, less than \$10 an acre; probably about \$15 an acre for the good land. Lands in Fall Brook are held at from \$15 to 75 an acre, according to location, quality & improvements. I am making some inquiries to find out a good place to buy. I suppose our prices in Southern Cal. seem high to you. Some unimproved land brings \$300 an acre in the better settled counties just north of San Diego. I think this land about here (that is, the best of it) will be worth \$100 an acre before long. The climate is even better than in San Diego town & more rain in winter.

You have probably noticed from the "Union" that San Diego has had a "boom" in real estate. It came in so fast after it got started, that slow fellows like myself didn't make much out of it. One of my friends, a young man under thirty, has made at least \$25,000 by real estate turns. I have always thought that I had better keep my money in the store & let mother's lie

in real estate. Two years ago mother's property might have been valued at \$20,000. It is now worth \$50,000; at least it could be sold for that. . . . Last summer I bought nine lots, 3 lots \$750 & 6 lots 2600, thinking I would be able to sell them at \$1000 advance after the railroad connection was made & the Eastern visitors had come in. I did exactly as I intended to, excepting that I made \$2000 instead of \$1000—with all commissions paid. I was satisfied with that little speculation, but I sold too soon for money making, as the same lots are worth now nearly double what I sold them for. . . .

Does the "Union" reach you regularly? If not, please let me know. You may have noticed the organization of the San Diego Flume Co. This Co. proposes to bring water from the mountains, following the San Diego river 15 miles, then carrying the flume around the Cajon valley & then crossing the highlands & coming into San Diego, 50 miles in length. I have taken 100 shares ($\frac{1}{100}$ of all) in it for which I pay \$500 to "get in." Last week I followed the course of the proposed flume to the diverting dam in the river & feel satisfied that the enterprise will be a success. The estimated cost is 500,000. The stockholders do not propose to put in over 100 M (1 M more would be my share of the assessments) & will try to build the remainder by lands acquired & by bonding the road to lumber dealers & grading contractors. The lumber will be a great item of cost as the flume is to be of planks—size 6 ft wide, 4 ft high. I wish you could be out here for a while to take a look at the Enterprises that are starting in this New Country. Shall we ever see you? Excuse my long delay in writing. After dinner we start out on our 18 mile drive, over hills, through woody canyons, past the old Pala Mission &

for the last four miles up a mountain side. With much love from us all.

Yrs. George

From a letter to mother written in New York in March, 1887:

I found out last evening how much I wanted a little home life. I called on Sidney and Emily Wilcox for the first time; took dinner with them and spent the evening in their rooms. It was *very* pleasant. I hadn't thought how pleasant it would be to talk with friends, especially with a nice young woman like Emily White.

In June of the same year mother had taken Arthur with her to visit in San Francisco, I was sent to the Utt ranch, and Beth to our grandmother's in the house on Seventh and Cedar. On "the 27th at 6 P. M." father dashed off a note to mother:

My darling wife

Very busy yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. Fowler were at the house Sat. Ev'g, Sunday & stay tonight. Annie was off after 9 o'clock yesterday, but we got on all right. I have had *lots* of company and can tell you some funny experiences in the housekeeping line. I am doing the bachelor hospitality business on a grand scale.

Stay in San F. as long as you like to, my dear, and get as healthy and strong as you can. I am perfectly well and feel encouraged now about the store. The new clerks are doing very well, bus. is good and cares will grow lighter, I hope. . . . The 4th of July celebration is to be on the vacant block south of our house. What a lark it will be for Anita and Lewis! I will have a nice time with the children that day. Tell the dear boy I miss him at home and that Beth does too.

I did not see that Fourth of July celebration and I kept my cousins from enjoying it also. On arriving at the ranch I came

down with the measles, which I gave to both Anita and Lewis. Aunt Sarah, in the midst of preparations to leave Agua Tibia to go to Mexico for two years, had to nurse the three of us.

In November father was in San Francisco. He wrote to mother that for the first time in his remembrance he would not be able to get home for Thanksgiving. "Tell the little ones that I think of them often and that Santa Claus is up here now getting his sleigh full of things to take down to San Diego."

An undated letter written on the train probably belongs in January of 1888:

Friday P. M.

My dear wife

I have written ever so many letters since leaving home and now I am keeping my promise to write one a day to you while on the cars. "Ain't I good," as Beth says, the darling that she is. I wish you were with me today to enjoy the sight of thousands and thousands of acres of green meadows here in New Mexico. The mountains and clouds are beautiful too. The sky is "heavenly blue" and the great white clouds are sometimes piled over each other like fleeces of clean wool and again dark and heavy with rain. We have passed through several showers, and when we were in the pine lands of Arizona it thundered and lightened like old times in Wisconsin. Instead of hot weather and dusty plains, as I expected, we are enjoying delightful, balmy air and lovely landscapes. My eye is perfectly well today & I am resting, reading, eating, doing nothing & having a much finer picnic than the *Ensenada Excursion*. The sea is very nice for poetry but I'll take the land for travelling. As we go rushing over the plains & through the mountains, I often think what a wonderful time it is when a small merchant like myself is transported from one ocean to another ocean, by night and by day, in order to buy a few dry

goods. What will our children see if *progress* keeps up at this rate for a generation longer!

The lunch is all gone & it served me very well, as the eating houses have not come on in regular order on account of our delayed time. It was a lunch to delight Arthur and Mary—Plenty of *jam!* . . . What shall I do with the jelly tumblers? *Please telegraph at once.* Our train is about eight hours behind time & I don't expect to reach St. Louis Sunday morning. . . . We will take a trip together, my dear, by & by. How would you like to go to Mexico to visit Sarah & Major? Tell Sarah to get ready for us. Keep well, Ann, & take a vacation while I am gone. Kisses for you all.

January 31, 1888, he was in Detroit with his old friend Ed Curtiss. Writing to mother in reference to the store, he said: "When I am away from town and clear outside of the everyday details of business I am quite apt to think of it in a larger and more general way; to take a birdseye view of it as it were. I make some of my best plans when I am travelling."

A few days later from Philadelphia: "I have been buying *pins, needles* and tapes today, also some bustles. What a great and glorious world this is!" He was staying at the Continental Hotel, "the same hotel where we stayed in '78. I am celebrating the tin wedding here and am trying to eat enough to make up what we couldn't eat during that hot weather."

From New York, February 12:

The remembrance of the home is always a pleasant one, & just about this time (by *your* time) the little group is about the fireplace. And I can see everyone of you. You tell Beth that papa can see her in his *mind's eye*. But I'd rather hold her in my *bodily lap*. Rec'd. a letter from you yesterday. Did you get mine asking for photographs of children & you? Don't forget to send them. Cousin Emily inquires much about you

all & says Mary, her sister, made her feel quite acquainted with you. Emily is a very well read & thoughtful woman; she is better informed on political & current events than ninety nine women in a hundred. Has your mother's taste for newspapers. She has recently become a member of the "Soros Club." She seems quite interested in church matters & is, I believe, a true Christian woman.

Still in New York, February 28:

Dear Anna

Your welcome letter of Sunday 19th inst. came today. It is very pleasant to hear that you are all almost well again, & I trust you will keep health & strength now. The pictures were rec'd yesterday and are doing *me a great deal of good*. Mr. Nichols thinks Arthur is a young Stephen W. Your dear face has a little of the tired look & I am going to tell Emily Wilcox that you are much prettier than the picture.

The Union rec'd today has Mr. Silcox's sermon in it, which I have read with great interest, especially after having your comments. It is indeed good, & I am delighted with all the others that "our minister" is one we can love & respect & work heartily with.

This is my fifth letter this ev'g. & they have taken all the evening time; letters to Uncle S., Mr. Foote, Ed. C., Mr. Rogers & yourself. (*All good people*). But the terrible man on the other side of the table is certainly taking all my self satisfaction out of me. He is just beginning his *eleventh letter* & goes on piling them up like a post master. Will start one wk from today probably. Long, long time isn't it dear. Sweet kisses for you all.

Lovingly yours,
George

From New York, August 29, 1889, a fragment from a long letter to mother: "I am very thankful that I can work till I'm very tired and then go to bed and get a good rest." This was a faculty that was of benefit to father all his life.

From the same letter:

I have just read over the second time your dear letter written on Sunday. Thank you, Anna, for what you wrote of our need to make it a principle to have more time for quiet thinking and conversation. We do need to try to shape our work and our plans so that we shall not fail to let the Spirit come to our hearts.

Letters of the nineties:

Sunday, July 31, 1892

My dear Anna

Here I am again in New York and it seems like something old and familiar to sit down and tell you of the first day, where I am, where I went to church, etc. The "St. Denis" is in the same block as the "St. Stephen" and "Albert" where I have always stayed before. This hotel is one grade better in price and style, so you see I am either getting more high toned, or trying to be. My room is \$2.00 a day, which is the cheapest good room in the St. Denis. It is on fifth floor, looking upon 11th St. to the north, just opposite McCreery's store. That part of the hotel was newly built in '91 & the room is therefore new and all its furniture too. I have been very fortunate in escaping the heat. The past week has been one of the most oppressive and fatal hot spells in the East for past twenty years. For the week ending yesterday the deaths in New York numbered 1434, 90 from sunstroke and hundreds from effects of heat. One of the floor walkers

in McCreery's store was prostrated and died the same day. It seems as if the train I came on travelled with the cool wave that came eastward. It rained nearly all day yesterday on our way. It has rained only a little here today, but is quite cool and pleasant. It is very singular how I have met people on the way this week. Only an hour ago I met Judge Puterbaugh on Broadway. He has been here several days on San Luis Rey flume business. At church I happened to sit just behind Mr. Clark of Hilton, Hughes & Denning, who comes to San Diego twice a year and from whom I buy goods. He is a widower and lives at 43rd St. After service I went to his room with him and took dinner at his boarding house. Stayed there until four o'clock & then walked back here. The church I attended was the "Brick Pres. Ch.," 37th & Broadway. Dr. Young, Moderator of the Assembly in Portland, Or. preached. There was quite a small audience, as so frequently in large churches here in summer. My thoughts go back to the little tabernacle at home and I wonder how all is going on there today.

New York, Sunday, Aug. 21 /92

My dear wife

I was so glad to receive your good letter yesterday, telling me that you were feeling quite well and that the little one was growing. Tomorrow morning it will be four weeks since I left you all. . . . If I were living here all the time as a dry goods buyer I might grow very selfish. At least I would unless I changed some things. For the few weeks that I stay here nearly all my strength is given to personal and business matters and I seem to be almost detached from any responsibility for the world about. It's almost astonishing to me how thoughtless I am even of the good things in

San Diego that interest me so much when I am there. Perhaps there is some compensation in this, that freedom from care and responsibility for a time may be a recreation that will help me do more in the future.

Next Sunday I hope to be at Uncle Charles'. Possibly I shall not see Uncle Stephen. He went to Saratoga Springs and from there to Sharon Springs, nearby I think. Perhaps I may go there on my way to Glover,* but I need the time here until Friday evening. I don't see how I can get to Sharon Springs before Sunday and then on Monday to Glover and from there to Brockville.** I will be away from home for 6½ weeks.

Yesterday afternoon at four o'clock Messrs. Taft, Fox, Munson, Cramer & I started off for a little trip. We took passage in the "Samuel Sloan" and went to Glen Island in Long Island Sound. The ride was delightful and we all enjoyed it.

This forenoon Mr. Coulter and I attended the 22nd & 5th Ave. Pres. Ch. where Dr. Pearson is preaching now. Dr. Pearson's sermon was very fine and Mr. Coulter was very glad that I had invited him to go there. . . .

This afternoon Coulter and I walked up to Central Park and spent considerable time in the Art Museum. We have had supper and it is now nearly time for evening service.

I want to be back in the homely little Tabernacle again among our good friends. I hope the new members will greatly help the church as well as *be helped*.

I hope you are all well tonight. Kisses and love to the children. Won't you ask Lilla to write Uncle Ste-

*To see the Charles Marstons.

**To visit the Fulfords.

phen and tell him the *full, true* names of all the children that haven't had *cups* and *books*. He wants them.

Lovingly,
George

Perhaps this is the place to tell the story of my bankbook. Uncle Stephen had given me with my silver cup his own savings account book, the seventeenth to be issued on the opening day of the Newburyport Institution for Savings, April 5, 1820. On that day his father had deposited for him five dollars and in 1833 when he was fourteen he had added one dollar. The first book to be issued belonged to mother's relative, Dr. Charlotte Baker. It had been opened with twenty dollars by the treasurer, Peter Le Breton, mother's great-uncle, for his daughter who was Dr. Charlotte's grandmother. At the time of the one hundredth anniversary of the Institution for Savings, Nos. 1 and 17 were the only books still in use that had been issued on the opening day. Photographs of the first and last pages of the books appeared in the anniversary brochure. Father had always wanted me to keep the account intact; whenever I suggested using some of it he would prefer to give me the amount I wanted rather than see me make inroads on my historic savings account. However, in 1920 after the anniversary he agreed to my drawing out the interest, which by that time amounted to \$712.44. This I spent on a trip to New England. Father liked to turn the incident into a good story about his spendthrift daughter who used up the earnings of one hundred years in a few brief weeks! The bankbook, still bearing interest, now belongs to Hamilton Marston.

A letter which mother wrote to Mrs. Lucy Bikle, the daughter of George W. Cable, and which was returned for want of the right address, reveals something of our home in 1892. Mother wrote in 1929, after reading Mr. Cable's biography. She said:

Will you allow a stranger to tell you what a delight it has been to read the Life and Letters of your father

and to see the illustrations? I do not feel that I am a stranger because from the time that his articles began to appear in the Scribner's I eagerly looked for them, and I read Dr. Sevier with alternate laughter and tears.

When Mr. Cable came to San Diego the first time in 1892 it was a delight to have him stay in my home. As I read your introduction I recalled so many incidents of that visit which were typical of his nature. When I told him how readily the eucalyptus leaves would burn, he ran out and brought in a handful to burn in the open fire, and enjoyed their fragrance. And in the afternoon, after a drive to show him the beauty of our bay from the mesa, he said he must look over his evening reading, so we left him alone in the living room. But missing my three year old daughter, I finally looked in to find her with her doll sitting in her little chair close beside him. He said: "Please let her stay, it is like home."

His readings were so much enjoyed that six months later he was invited to come again and read for another church, and was entertained by one of the members. But he came to call on me, and my children were eager to show him their three months old sister. His surprise was amusing to me, and the children were delighted when he told them that he was a judge of girl babies and he found her very good.

The three-year-old daughter was, of course, Harriet, and the baby, Helen.

From New York, August 1, 1893, father wrote to mother about the depression of that year:

. . . business and finances take up the principal part of the newspapers these days. There is a great falling off in trade, the worst in twenty years, they say here. I can hardly think it will affect our retail business so badly.

Buyers here are holding off for lower prices, partly expecting a break in the market. I shall buy lighter than usual as a precaution against dull trade and also to avail ourselves of possible lower prices hereafter. So far the trade is keeping up well at home. The effect of the general depression will show itself in San Diego by lessened travel and decrease of money from new people coming in. I feel no alarm, my dear, for our own affairs, for if there is no money to be made this year, there is no reason for making a failure. I do not owe much except to Uncle S. & he is not likely to need it. Some of our friends feel that I am rather venturesome to undertake the shoe business, but I feel convinced that it is all right.

Rossier* has bought some shoes already in Chicago & Beloit & is now in Detroit.

I hardly think we can count on the Consolidated [Bank] getting opened again.

Father's enthusiasm for sports lasted all his life. At the top of the following letter is this notation: "Memo: 50 years later, Dec. 12, 1943. Have enjoyed reading this. G. W. M."

New York, Aug. 8, 1893

My Dear Boy Arthur

Wouldn't you like to know about the great match games between the Boston & Brooklyn Base Ball Clubs? Mr. Mathison, Mr. Rowell and I went to see them Saturday and such baseball playing your old father never saw in all his days. Those boys can throw balls almost as straight as a rifle shot. I have never seen the new kind of pitching by good players before. Some of the pitchers twist themselves around as if they were

*Mr. Charles A. Rossier was head of the shoe department in the Marston store for six or seven years, after which he entered the insurance business in San Francisco. To the end of father's life he and father were close friends.

going to have a fit and then away goes the ball toward the catcher. The umpire was very strict & called "balls" & strikes right along. The "Bostons" are heavy batters & played better all around than the "Brooklyns." They beat the Brooklyn Club in two games running. Do you boys know the trick of just giving the ball a little "bunt" instead of hitting it hard? The batters sometimes did this when a man was on first base. By letting the ball simply hit the bat & falling down near the base the man on first can easily get to second & the batter has a chance of even getting to first base. But you see, Arthur, he almost gives up his own run to enable the other player to get one base nearer to home. Everything is worked to get a run for the club and not for a single man's advantage. And that's the generous way of doing. It was pretty hard for the Brooklyns to get any runs at all. If they knocked flies, a Boston man was always in the right place to get them. If they knocked ground rollers, the shortstop or someone else picked them up. And such straight, hot throwing & pretty catching! There was a third baseman, named *Nash* who caught the hottest balls with as much apparent ease as we could a toss. There were ten thousand people at the games & they all paid from 25 to 75¢ admission. The grounds were nice, green grass, everywhere except at the bases & where the "battery" worked.

I suppose, my boy, you are at La Jolla now & I hope you will enjoy the swims & the fishing very much.

If this is hard to read, ask Mamma to decipher it. I have a poor pen (these hotels always give you a miserable pen) & this is very poor writing. I hope you will learn to write neatly & not have to scratch out words. You give your mother and sisters, everyone, a kiss for me.

Your aff. father,
Geo. W. Marston

In 1894 our Elizabeth's adventuresome spirit got her into trouble. From a high climb in the old pepper tree she fell to the ground, breaking her collarbone and dislocating her shoulder, making it necessary for her to wear her arm in a sling for some time. Here is one of the letters father wrote to her:

Westminster Hotel, New York

To Beth

Saturday evening, Sept. 1st

My dear little tootsie girl

I have another beautiful letter from you this evening, in your finest *left hand writing*. It's the one you wrote last Sunday. Thank you very much for doing the best you can to write your old father. When I go away again I'll promise to do much better by you & send you many more letters, especially if you have a broken leg or anything of that kind. But I hope you will not be crippled again. Your arm is not getting strong so soon as I thought it would. I'm sorry it has been so in your vacation. It has been quite a hard trial to you, hasn't it, dear? But we have to learn to bear little & big trials all the way through life, and the best people are those who don't grumble and complain even when they haven't things just the way they want them.

Next week the Hagenbuck trained animal show will be in Madison street garden, only a few squares from this hotel. I think I'll go & see the *monkey show*! Then I can tell you children all about the "boa constrictor oft called anaconda for brevity," etc. Two weeks from tonight, a week from the time you get this I'll be home. Hoorah! Beth, I'll be just as happy as you will be. "We'll all go stone blind" when papa comes marching home. Tell mamma that Saturday & Sunday letters both came this evening. I will write her tomorrow a *Sunday* letter. Kiss the baby & give my love to mamma & all.

Yr aff father

During the year 1898-1899 Arthur and I were in Claremont, Arthur in preparatory school and I in Pomona College. A letter from father to Uncle Stephen contains both family and business news:

San Diego, June 6th, 99

My dear Uncle

I have your letter of May 28th & am exceedingly sorry to hear that you had not yet got relief from the rheumatic pains. It is surely a very trying thing for a man of your age. It seems as if some of the various remedies or spring waters would help you, especially considering your constitution & freedom hitherto from almost every ailment. Anna knows how to sympathize with you better than I do as she has suffered a good deal from rheumatism & neuralgia. She is however much better than she was.

We are going to start away on Friday this week (three days from now) We go first to Sonora, Tuolumne County, then to Big Trees, Calaveras County, 35 miles from Sonora. This will take a week's time & then we go to the Yosemite for several days. After that directly back to Los Angeles & Claremont to attend commencement & trustees meeting & come home with Arthur & Mary.

Anna was the *first white child born in Sonora* & so we want to pay our respects to her native place. As she was born only a few miles from Yosemite I don't want to go to Europe until she has seen what Europeans come all the way to Calif^a to see. Lilla B. is going with us & that is quite a pleasure for us all. I wish Mary could go also, but her baby's care will not permit it now.

We are considerably knocked about just now, painting the house, taking away the fence, putting in a new bath tub, moving the wood shed, partly house clean-

ing, getting ready to go, *Special Sale* at store, etc. I will write you again while on the trip.

We began a June Clearance Sale 1st of the month & it's quite successful. I put in a full page ad in the papers which is rather an unusual thing here. It took a lot of time to prepare it & I didn't finish it until 2 A.M. the night it had to go to press.

Since you were here we have put in a little P. O. Station in the store which sells stamps, money orders, & registers letters. Salary \$50 per year! Sold \$1500 in money orders last month & it takes half the time of a \$10 per week clerk to look after it. Am going to strike for a \$500 salary from Sept. 1st.

Your aff. nephew,
G. W. Marston

In August father was in New York again, and planning to go to Boston to see Uncle Stephen before returning home in time to see me before I left for Wellesley College. August 8 he wrote to his uncle: "I arrived here this morning after a pleasant journey across from Calif. The train was delayed twelve hours by a washout and the engine ran off the track once. But that is nothing out West! After reaching Kansas we came along like a civilized railroad."

Although Uncle Stephen was suffering from sciatica he urged father not to come to Boston until he had finished his business in New York. There was nothing alarming about Uncle Stephen's condition until the last day of August when he became seriously ill. Arriving early Saturday morning father was able to be with his uncle for the last two days of his life and at the time of his death, just after midnight Monday, September 4, 1899.

Father wrote to mother:

His death was very peaceful and just as you would think he would wish to die. He had been in bed but

four days. It seems strange that a man in such apparent strength of life should lose vitality so rapidly. Dr. Mixter says that all his bodily functions broke down after he went to bed. I think he died of old age. Excepting the sciatica, which did not trouble him much at last, he was just about the same to all appearances a month ago as he was five years ago. Dr. Mixter was present when he died, also Virginia and Caroline Tebbetts, Miss Carval and Miss Hall (the nurses), Alfred and myself. The nurse Miss Hall was here only the last day. Both Miss Carval and she were as nice as could be, competent and gentle. Alfred is one of the most faithful and helpful men I ever saw. Miss Carval and he are still here. I have slept in the room adjoining uncle's bedroom, where his body lies, since Sunday. His face looks now like a marble statue, features clear cut, skin smooth, clear and free from wrinkles, expression very beautiful.

The funeral will be in King's Chapel tomorrow at 11:15. After the services we take car at 12:30 for Newburyport where the burial will be made in the family lot. Dr. De Normandie of the Roxbury Church will officiate both here and in N. Mr. Foote (Arthur Foote the composer) kindly came early and offered to play the organ and attend to all details of engaging choir and arranging for music. He was here today and of course I was very glad to meet him. The Misses Tebbetts are very kind and helpful and doing as much as daughters would do. All the friends and acquaintances look upon me as the representative of the family and in a sense all questions are referred to me. But Mr. Hooper is kindly taking the main work on his hands. I am so thankful he is here. Miss Tebbetts and I have our time largely taken in seeing callers, answering letters, etc. Miss White called yesterday and I just have a

note from her saying that her father (Rev. Wm. O. White) and her sister will come here tomorrow to go from house to church with us. Mrs. S. F. Smith's grandson was here yesterday and said that if Mrs. Smith could not come (she is old and feeble) other members of the family would. We expect Mrs. Colt of Pittsfield, Mrs. Fessenden and Miss Jenkins also to come to the house before services at the church. Uncle had many friends and there have been many offers of service if needed.

The next evening father wrote mother a short account of the funeral and sent her a clipping from the Boston *Transcript* which gave the names of the pallbearers and ushers and other friends who attended. September 10, from New York whither he had gone to meet me, he wrote:

I can not think that uncle thought of death coming so soon, although I believe that through the last week he felt that he was getting very ill. He was just the same man that he always had been, with the same thoughts and way of expressing himself. How very gentle and thoughtful he was! Dr. De Normandie, the pastor of Roxbury Unitarian Church, thought a great deal of uncle. He said he was an ideal parishioner.

The doctor conducted the services very beautifully. His prayer touched me very deeply. I have forgotten just what I wrote before. I think I named those who came to the rooms and accompanied me to the church. Mrs. Colt* was very sweet and sympathetic. She spoke of uncle's desire to have Arthur go to Williams College, which is quite near her home in Pittsfield. She wants to know Arthur and be friendly to him if he

*Widow of Judge Colt of Pittsfield who was one of Uncle Stephen's dearest friends.

comes there. You may tell Arthur that I think we will all be pleased with Williams. Judge Barker, one of uncle's friends, is a trustee there. He served as a pall bearer but I had no opportunity to speak to him. Miss Moseley of Newburyport was also at the house and went with us to N. Her father came to the cemetery when we reached N. He is eighty six years old. Miss Moseley says she has been in correspondence with uncle for many years. Arthur Foote's daughter Katharine, the two Mr. Fessendens and their sister & [her] husband (Mr. Sargent) also went to N. with us. I believe these were all who accompanied us on the car, including Mr. Hooper and Misses V. & C. Tebbetts. The coffin was placed in the car with us. All the flowers were taken and those given by Minot, Hooper & Co., Misses Tebbetts, Miss Moseley, and myself were put on the coffin; the others on the grave after it was filled. When we arrived there the grave was covered with fine hemlock boughs and the coffin was let down through them.

At the church a custom was observed which I have never seen. The ushers were all friends of uncle, selected with some thought, as [were] the pall bearers. When the body was carried from the front of the church and the pall bearers were near the exit, two of the ushers walked to our seat and motioned to me to follow. Then all those with me (Mr. White, Miss Jenkins & others) marched with me down the aisle while the congregation stood till we passed out.

The hymns sung were—"Oh God, our help in ages past," "Abide with Me," and "For all the Saints who from their labors rest." This last is one of my S. S. favorite hymns, you know. It closes with Alleluiah! Alleluiah!

Father's uncle, who as a boy of fourteen had left school to make his way in the world, had made a place for himself not only in the business world but also among a wide circle of friends in Boston. He was associated for many years with the wholesale firm of Minot, Hooper and Company. The names Hooper, Fessenden, Sargent, and Tebbetts, mentioned in father's letters, are connected with the firm. Miss Jenkins, the younger sister of Uncle Stephen's stepmother, was at this time an old lady residing on Chestnut Street. Uncle Stephen, after living for nearly a quarter of a century at the Tremont Hotel, had moved in 1888 to the Somerset Club, 66 Beacon Street. His pleasant rooms overlooked the Common. Alfred, probably an employee of the club, gave him special care.

Friends and relatives were devoted to Uncle Stephen. Mr. Arthur Foote wrote to father: "We shall value the things that you are going to send us very highly, and shall be glad to have these remembrances of our dear old friend: he and my father are the two finest old gentlemen I have known." At the time of his death Uncle Stephen was in his eighty-first year.

Lifelong Interests

Business Career

ATHER'S BUSINESS CAREER is best covered by his own whimsical account entitled *My Personal Business History* which was written for the sixtieth anniversary of the store and was published as the text in a pictorial supplement to the daily newspapers. Light and humorous as it is, it is comprehensive enough to give one an understanding of the business which has been called George W. Marston's finest contribution to San Diego. The growth of the city has made the place of the firm relatively less important in the city's life, but in reviewing its history one discerns the role it has played as well as the character of the man who built the little village store of 1878 into The Marston Company.

Here is father's account, which includes the ten years prior to the starting of his own business.

MY PERSONAL BUSINESS HISTORY

The Marston and Hamilton stores, in this month of August, celebrate the 70th anniversary of the pioneer founding of both houses. In 1868 Joseph Nash, a native of England, joined the little band of A. E. Horton's followers, bought lots and opened the first store in "New Town." The Marston Company has one of the early bills of the Nash store, which reads as follows:

Bought of J. NASH

THE CHEAPEST STORE IN THE CITY

Established in 1868, Population then 23

Joseph Nash's faith in San Diego must have been

equal to Father Horton's. "Population then 23"! Without competition we can well believe that it was the cheapest store in the "city."

In 1869, Charles S. Hamilton, who came here from Ohio, became a salesman in the Nash store. In October, 1870, George W. Marston, coming from Wisconsin, began his San Diego life as a clerk in the Horton House. After six months in the hotel he took a position as assistant bookkeeper in the store of A. Pauly & Sons. This store, the largest in the city, located on the tide land at the foot of Fifth Street, was a combination of a general merchandise store, warehouse, and wharf office for steamers from San Francisco and freight wagons to Arizona. All kinds of business was handled by the Paulys, including the buying of gold dust and bullion, grain, wool, hides, etc., the wharf agency, Arizona toll road agency, forwarding and draft selling on steamer days. George Marston's experience for a year in this frontier warehouse was a good business training for him.

In 1872 he was offered a clerkship in Joseph Nash's store, which had been moved from F Street, near the waterfront, to Fifth and K. He made this change from Pauly's to Nash's so as to be associated with his best friend, Charley Hamilton. We boys, Charley and George, worked together for Joseph Nash until April, 1873, when he sold us his stock, accounts and good will for ten thousand dollars. Hamilton paid for his half interest with his promissory note for five thousand at 12 per cent interest and I paid my half in cash which my father loaned me, also at the generous rate of 12 per cent. (It's nice to have a father, even at 12 per cent.) That interest would be an impossible handicap in these days, but profits were respectably good then (before the New Deal) and in the

course of five years the boy merchants paid their notes in full, principal and interest.

Hamilton and Marston's stock of goods was principally groceries, hardware, household goods and general notions, but included some dry goods and men's clothing. It was a typical small town store, much like what can be seen today in Encinitas or San Ysidro, but not quite so smart in fixtures and conveniences. Hamilton was my senior in years and experience. He bought the merchandise and managed the sales. I had office work, did the bookkeeping and took a hand in selling when trade was brisk. The customers always asked me for chicken feed, coal oil, molasses and cod fish which were in the cellar, because my desk was at the head of the stairs. (Imagine the dapper bookkeeper of today diving down stairs for molasses and chicken feed!)

Notwithstanding my sub position in the partnership I was always in happy relations with Hamilton and the little store was a training school for me. Charles Hamilton was a man of the highest integrity and his career as a merchant and citizen is a shining record in the history of San Diego. Our partnership continued for five years and since then there have been two stores instead of one. I soon found a new "partner" and took her "for better or worse" as the minister said. We sailed away on the good old side wheeler Orizaba to San Francisco, and from there by long railroad journeys via Niagara Falls and Quebec to Massachusetts and New York to visit our ancestral homes. Like John Gilpin, "although I was on pleasure bent I had a frugal mind," and so I improved the time we spent in Boston by buying a stock of dry goods and men's clothing. The honeymoon turned into a business trip and the Marston store was born.

The first business day in San Diego was August 8, 1878, and the salesroom was a little wooden shop of the wild west style, situated on the northwest corner of Fifth and D Streets (now Fifth Avenue and Broadway), known later as Cline and Mumford's grocery corner, then as Holzwasser's and now as Walker's. The first day's sales were \$10.50 and they didn't get much better that summer. The trouble was that the location was too far up town. It was 20 years later before merchandising, at least in dry goods, was worth doing as far north as the present Broadway line. Before the year '78 was ended opportunity came to get a store between G and H Streets, just below our present noble City Hall. I had to take over the remnants of a dry goods and notions store, including a few pieces of ingrain carpeting and oilcloth. That was the beginning of the Carpet and Drapery Department.

Let us take a glance now at the general picture of San Diego at the close of a little more than ten years of the New Town history. The population was about 3000. The Tom Scott railroad had failed and we were still living mainly on Great Expectations. Steamer and stage lines were in good running order, we had a daily newspaper, water supply was rather scant, streets unpaved, muddy in winter, dusty in summer. It was a frontier town, but not of the western plains type. Rather rough compared to present standards, but having a charm and picturesque quality that is happily remembered by the pioneers. I believe that cultural and moral standards were quite as high as they are today.

The merchants of that time were an outstanding group of high minded, enterprising citizens. The older and foremost ones in New Town were A. Klau-ber, A. Pauly, G. W. B. McDonald, J. S. Gordon and

G. W. Hazzard; in Old Town, E. W. Morse, Marcus Schiller and J. S. Mannasse. Their given names were always interesting to me: Abraham, Aaron, George Washington Bonaparte (so called at least), Ephraim and Joseph. Mighty business competitors to Charley and George! It may be noted that of these merchants only the two George W's are living today. I wish to salute Mr. Hazzard, now in his 94th year, the oldest living pioneer of New Town. He came here in 1868, the year when Joseph Nash arrived, the forerunner of the Hamilton & Marston store.

My little store gained some momentum in its first year. I didn't know much about dry goods and still less about carpeting. When I sold a carpet it couldn't be cut until after closing time, 9 p.m. Ten o'clock sometimes caught me sweating over the matching of carpet patterns. Sales for the first year were \$19,000. Marston's now beats that sometimes in a single day.

In 1882 I moved to the N.E. corner of Fifth and F Streets. "Pacific Building" stands there today. I carried on at that corner for fourteen years and established the business on a firm footing. The original salesroom was 25 by 70. Later on three more rooms were acquired and in 1895 I was paying rent to four different landlords. What a chance for "a squeeze"!

In these 14 years occurred the great flood of 1884, the great boom of '86 and '87, the collapse of '88 and the terrible drouth of the early '90's. The flood washed out our coming railroad from San Bernardino. The boom brought us another railroad from Los Angeles; built the Coronado Hotel and hundreds of fearfully and wonderfully made bay-window buildings, some of which can be seen here today. The boom and the collapse were both tremendous, but in some mysterious way the store kept growing during the dry years.

It shot up like a skyrocket in '87 and came down with a thud in '88. After that a steady recovery for several years. The old F Street store started as a small dry goods shop and became quite a department store in ten years' time. It installed one of the first telephones in San Diego. It had fashion shows. Its proprietor went to New York once a year to buy goods, then he wrote those marvelous advertisements about the "latest styles at the lowest prices," and dressed the show windows in tempting array. In those good days stores opened at 7 or 8 and closed at 9 p.m. At the end of fourteen years the store had about 50 employees.

The year 1896 marked a great change for the store. Rental conditions were bad and the "housing problem" serious. Fortunately I had a "good uncle," Stephen W. Marston of Boston, a retired dry goods merchant, who had some money to invest. As a conservative Bostonian he distrusted the business prospects of the far west, but the steady growth of my store and my need of one building instead of four separated shops appealed to him. He bought two lots at the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and C, a square of 100 feet, and built the four-story block that is there now, occupied by the Owl Drug Company and other firms. My uncle received in rent money several times his investment and it is worth today to the Stephen Marston Estate many times its original cost.

The opening of the new store in the evening on October 17, 1896, was quite an event. To many the main attraction was a ride in the elevator to the top floor. The electric lights, the wide aisles, the open court from the ground floor to the roof, the gay decorations and the wonderful elevator were a great

show, rivaling the famed opening of the Coronado Hotel in 1888. Yes, it was gorgeous, but the wise men who remembered the collapse of the great boom shook their heads and called it "Marston's Folly."

Here was the home of Marston's for nearly 16 years. At first it was "way up town," three blocks above the main business section, surrounded by feed stores, butcher shops, small groceries and the fire company station. Gradually these shacks and shops were displaced by better structures until Broadway and Fifth became the best business corner in the city.

It took some time for people to adjust themselves to an "elevator" store. One day a native woman, Indian or Mexican, was landed on the third floor which was then more of a store room than a sales room. She got confused and began to shriek, "Oh! Dios mio! estoy perdida, estoy perdida." I happened to be near by and asked a Spanish boy what she was saying. "She says: 'Oh, My God, I am lost, I am lost.'"

It also took time for the store to get adjusted to its new conditions. By the turn of the century, 1900, it was on its way to a leading place in the mercantile field. In the period 1896 to 1912, several important events took place in the public life of the city:

EVANS FLEET CELEBRATION

BEGINNING OF BALBOA PARK

THE INCEPTION OF THE 1915 EXPOSITION

BUILDING OF SPRECKELS THEATRE *and*

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

In 1906 occurred the fire and earthquake disaster in San Francisco and San Diego was generous in its relief assistance. The arrival of Admiral Bob Evans and a great fleet of warships in 1908 was an occasion of tremendous interest. The City put on a reception that

astonished and delighted the officers and men of the fleet. It is my recollection that six miles of our streets were gaily decorated for the parade from the bay shore to City Park. In this period the civic plans for the building of Balboa Park and the great Exposition were formed and developed. These were days of civic enthusiasm and activity. At that time our store was growing even faster than the city as a whole and in 1910 it was evident that a larger store building was necessary.

Previous to this my brothers-in-law (Mr. M. Kew and Dr. F. R. Burnham) and I had acquired the four lots on the north side of C Street between Fifth and Sixth. By purchasing their interests and issuing mortgage bonds I put up the main structure of our present plant, and in 1912 moved across the street into a building of nearly three times the floor space of the former one. Many of our present-day customers remember how thin at first the merchandise stocks looked and how footsteps on the floor were echoed from the bare walls. It sounded hollow and we all felt rather hollow for a while.

But business was very good in the three years before the Exposition. There was something of a "recession" during the years of the war; then the booming business of 1920-1929. In August, 1928, we celebrated the 50th anniversary of The Marston Store, with a much more expensive demonstration than we can afford today. Our souvenir, "a whimsical map and illustrated history of San Diego by Jo Mora," cost several thousand dollars and the historical paintings for the show windows was another big item. Twenty thousand souvenirs were given away in one week and now, ten years after, scarcely a single copy can be gotten for even a dollar apiece. One of the features of this

Golden Anniversary was the public meeting on the morning of August 8. After the usual congratulatory speeches of such occasions had been heard the writer had to give a little talk. What he said then applies well to this present time and is therefore quoted here, in part:

“This store is the product of the community. If you were not the people that you are the store would not be what it is. We have responded to your wants. You want ‘goods,’ a word that means all the best things in the world. So we have for you not only merchandise, but music and flowers, history and art, things useful and things beautiful.

“You give me altogether too much praise for the store and this celebration. I solemnly declare that I did not do the paintings in the windows. I did not design the decorations nor write the eloquent advertisements. It is my happy lot, as the ‘old man’ of the house, to be given credit for a thousand things that I don’t do. My only claim for credit is that I have stuck to the job for fifty years.

“On this happy anniversary day I wish to express to the people of San Diego my great appreciation of the loyalty and service of the whole store force and my deep sense of indebtedness for their part in its success. There are three men with us today who helped me greatly in pioneer days. They are really fellow founders. Let me present them now.

“Mr. Charles H. Grondenberg, our first department manager, a merchant of the ‘old school’ I absorbed a good deal of dry goods knowledge from Charley. He first was with us in

1882 for three months only, returning in 1887 and staying until 1921—thirty-four years;

“Mr. H. L. Rowell, manager of the carpet department for 20 years, beginning as salesman in 1886, his whole service covering 22 years. Our beloved Harry will never be forgotten by his old time associates;

“Mr. William H. Herbert, our office and credit manager from October 1, 1890, to October 1, 1910, exactly twenty years. He was kind and indulgent to the worthy poor who could not pay their bills, but terrible to evil doers who tried to deceive. He was our custodian of funds, wise and reliable. He carried us through one panic.

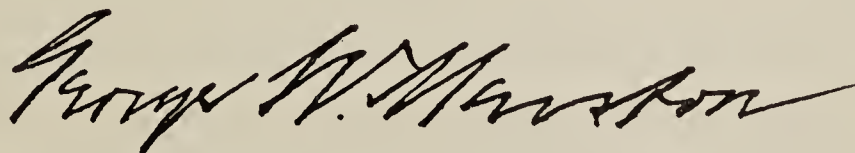
“This building was erected in 1912 and the firm name was then changed from George W. Marston to The Marston Company. ‘The Marston Company’ is not merely a corporate name. It signifies a company of merchants. There are seventy-five stockholders in our company all working together for the common good and sharing the profits of the business. This number of share holders is increasing every year. They may buy me out before long.

“We have some principles in this business: Merchandising is not merely a money-making occupation. Trade should be as good for the buyer as for the seller. A great store is more than a shop; it’s a kind of institution, serving the community not only in business, but in civic affairs. It takes service from its employees, but should serve them also. We believe that the people in this work-a-day world should not only have a living wage, but opportunities for a great measure of health, comfort and beauty.

“Our displays this week will illustrate the change in fashions. Time will not permit me to speak of the great changes in business methods; only to say that they are quite as different from the methods of 50 years ago as clothes are. It seems to me that the ethics of business have also changed, and for the better. In the retail trade there is a genuine effort to do business well, to do it finely, to make it an art.

“You have doubtless noticed the movement towards a system of chain stores. That may be the ideal system of the future, but personally, we would like to carry on in the store way for a while longer. Within six months we have been invited to join in two great department store consolidations, one covering the southwest, the other national in its scope. To these advances we have said ‘No, we do not want to be enchained; let us be just Marston’s, not The Universal Mercantile Consolidated Aggregation. We want to jog on in the good old San Diego style for fifty years more.’”

So we have “jogged on” another ten years. In this sixth decade we have been holding on to what the other decades had given us. Conditions and methods are changing, but sound principles hold their place. It is gratifying to me personally that The Marston Store has had a certain unity in these sixty years and that its present character and its purpose for the future are alike in principle to the record of the past.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "George W. Marston". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a prominent initial 'G' and 'M'.

To add to the picture of the early years in the town and in the store Arthur has written the following sketch:

In the seventy five years since the establishment of the little dry goods store in 1878 fashions have changed and perhaps we do not realize how formally people dressed in those Victorian years. In our loose, easy, and colorful clothes of today it is hard to visualize the stiff and somber clothing worn in the eighties and nineties—frock coats of broadcloth, starched shirts and high collars for men; satins and brocades for women, fitted jackets and bodices, long skirts, bustles, and hats trimmed with ostrich plumes; and for the children—Lord Fauntleroy suits of velveteen for boys, Kate Greenaway frocks for the girls.

Recently a customer brought to us an elaborate cravat that she said one of her family purchased in 1879. It was of rich satin and it bore a Paris label along with that of "G. W. Marston, Importer." Business men wore such cravats with cut-a-way coats, striped trousers, and derby hats. Those were days when a carpenter went to work in a boiled shirt and starched collar. He took off his collar and necktie when he put on his carpenter's apron. An attorney would not think of appearing in court unless in frock coat. And all that formality in a dusty little town where the streets were unpaved and the wooden sidewalks were at any level to suit the fancy of the building owners, some high enough to be above the waves of mud that splashed on the buildings in the rainy season. These high and dry sidewalks were the favorites of the Indians who came to town to beg. Old timers well remember the iron straps with pointed spikes that adorned the window ledges to keep the squaws from squatting on them as they held up their

hands for "una limosna." Unfortunately our pictures of the first three stores do not show any of these interesting natives who so frequently lined the sidewalks.

In *My Personal Business History* the difficulties and vicissitudes of the early years are gaily recounted. My father dealt lightly with his many and varied duties and responsibilities, but unconsciously he revealed the energy and enthusiasm that he put into his work and the fun he got out of it.

The advertisements that he wrote have the same quality. They often began with a few light lines of verse, as in this one:

*And tying her bonnet under her chin
She tied a young man's heart within.*

One for India silks commences:

First Toad—"Busy these days?"

Second Toad—"Yes, I'm on the jump all the time!"

*Just so at Marston's. We don't know why unless
it's because the new goods are attractive.*

Another pokes fun at the painted clock on the Methodist Church:

*The architectural clock
On the Methodist block
Tells the truth but twice a day.
Now isn't it a wonder,
With a church just under,
An old timer should act that way.*

*What has this to do with dry goods? Guess if
you can; perhaps we'll tell some day.*

For umbrellas he begins with Dickens:

“Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And no umbrella in the house! He return the umbrella! Pooh! Mr. Caudle, one would think you were born yesterday. As if anyone ever did return an umbrella!”

In the early days of the town, when we lived on climate only, umbrellas weren't needed. It always rained nights and Sundays then. Different now.

A month later:

Winter still lingers in the lap of Spring, and umbrellas are more in demand than parasols. But warmer days are coming soon, and the prudent woman rejoiceth to buy her new gown early.

He opened a Fall season with:

“Once more unto the breach, dear friends!”

And for a Spring season he wrote this little classic:

*“Light footed March, wild maid of Spring,
Your frolic footsteps hither stray,”*

*Bringing to Marston's
The Spring-time Goods*

*“That come before the swallow dares
and take*

The winds of March with beauty!”

*Sateens Superb
Gingham Gay
Challies Charming*

March may not be the month to wear them, but it is surely the month to buy them. Early buyers are wise. They get the best and prettiest. Be wise. Be early. But whether you buy or don't, come in and see the styles. Cottons were never made finer or prettier than for the spring of '91.

A little later in the season an advertisement ends thus:

*Do you want to see
the pretty Gingham,
Sateens, Challies, Out-
ing Flannels, Etc. that
the springtime has
brought to us? Send
for samples and the U. S.
Post will carry them
quickly to you. But,
please, oh please, give
us a slight idea of the
price and style wanted,
so that we needn't cut
ten thousand samples.*

When a man had so many things to do in the long day of his own business it is a wonder that he could find time for so much activity in civic and public affairs as did my father. Working from early to late he had little time in those days to relax at home and very few vacations. One of those rare vacations with the family is described in a letter to his uncle, Stephen Marston, written in Fallbrook, June 17, 1886. It contains an interesting reference to his business career.

“Last week I gave up my position in the Consolidated Natl. bank & will return to active work in the

store in a few days. It would be too long a story to tell you all the reasons that bring about this change. I presume now that I'll be a dry goods merchant till I die. I don't think I am much of a banker, though I was elected Cashier immediately after I intimated my wish to the President to leave the bank.

"Mr. Howard wished me to remain & would not do anything for several weeks towards finding a successor for my place. I know that I have been of service to the bank on account of my wide acquaintance & by giving confidence to the public. But on the other hand I feel that the bank requires a more competent financial & managing man than I am. Since May '85 the deposits ran up from 300,000 to 550,000, owing to the growth of the town and the large inflow of money. The other bank though smaller increased even more proportionally. My dry goods & carpet business has been growing & has needed considerable attention. You can easily see that I have had my hands full during the past year. It came to this, that for my health & my family, I must give up one or the other, & I concluded to go back to the store, where I feel more at home & not as if I were learning something new & might anytime make a big blunder."

Arthur has stressed the long hours and the lack of vacations in father's early years, but he has forgotten to mention "time off" for baseball. We both remember a pair of crutches in the cupboard beside the front door of our house at Third and Ash streets. They were testimony to the days when father would leave the store to Waldo Chase, his one clerk, while he played baseball in the nearby "Lockling Block," until in so doing he broke a leg, which put an end to his baseball career. Mother said that it was high time for a man with a growing family to stop taking such risks with life and limb!

The growth of the town is reflected in the five buildings in which father carried on his business. The architecture of the first three is typical of their periods. The two later buildings are evidence of father's progressive spirit and feeling for beauty; each is ahead of its time in the development of the city, although in comparing the tiny shop in which he started with the Stephen Marston building to which he moved in 1896, father wrote that it would be hard to say which had changed more, "the little town or the little store."

In 1911, the year before his final move, he wrote for the thirty-third anniversary:

Our store has developed with the city, and although it has grown rather faster than the city, its success has not been phenomenal, but only the natural and to-be-expected success of a continuous business that has adapted itself to the community. Marston's claims to be representative. That is to say: it is the kind of a store the people want, keeping the kind of goods they wish to buy and giving the sort of service they like. It is more exact to say that Marston's has *tried* to do this and that that is the *spirit* of the store. Just as San Diego is putting forth efforts to be a bigger and better city, Marston's is doing the same thing. And because it has been doing this steadily for thirty years it has become San Diego's representative store. Other stores are coming in, and they are needed, too. Here's a welcome to them all.

The year 1911 ended an era for the Marston store, as it did for San Diego. There began a period of growth and civic improvement which included the Exposition of 1915 and the development of Balboa Park. In 1911 father started the construction of the present Marston Company building, the first store building which he himself owned. He chose for its archi-

tect George H. Kelham of San Francisco, who designed it in the style of the Italian Renaissance. The result was a beautiful building of which father was justly proud. Hugh Strong wrote of it in an article for *Women's Wear*: "In its substantial construction, symmetry of proportions, harmony of color, convenience of arrangement, and completeness of equipment, it expresses George W. Marston, an idealist in business, a merchant with the soul of an artist or poet." Father probably smiled at this characterization of himself, but in following his life one sees how true it was.

In April, 1912, the move to the new building was made and, as we have learned from father's account, in that year the business was incorporated as The Marston Company, inaugurating a new policy which made it possible for the employees to own stock and to share in the profits. The older employees were encouraged thus to become partners in the business. This was a development that gave father great satisfaction.

Characteristic of the spirit of the store were the informal gatherings in honor of older employees when they retired. Because the working policy was cooperative rather than competitive an especially warm friendliness existed among the personnel. Charles H. Roberts on retiring December 31, 1920, after thirty-four years in the store, said: "The harmony that has been here all these years has been beautiful." And Charles H. Grondenberg who retired March 31, 1921, after the same length of service said: "It has been a very pleasant home. The surroundings have been pleasant, we have had agreeable people to work with, and a friendly spirit has been all through the house. That is more than money—the personality that has been infused into the business—and one values it. This we have had and we have enjoyed it."

On the morning of October 22, 1920, the employees of The Marston Company recognized two notable anniversaries by unveiling a bronze tablet on which these appropriate words had been inscribed:

TO
GEORGE W. MARSTON
FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT
OF THE MARSTON COMPANY

AN IDEALIST IN BUSINESS
STEADFAST IN FRIENDSHIP
EMINENT IN CITIZENSHIP

PRESENTED
OCTOBER 22, 1920
IN COMMEMORATION OF
HIS 70TH BIRTHDAY AND
THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF
HIS COMING TO SAN DIEGO

A TRIBUTE FROM THE 300 EMPLOYEES
OF THE MARSTON COMPANY

It was on this occasion that announcement was made that Thomas Hamilton, son of Charles S. Hamilton, would become an active member of The Marston Company.

Other instances indicative of the affection and regard of the employees for father are numerous, among them the presentation to him of two handsome watches. The first one was given him on October 24, 1895, to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his coming to San Diego. Father had always carried a large, old-fashioned watch—thick and open-faced—that had been his father's. The new one—thin and elegant—was in a gold hunting case; it became the delight of all the small fry of the family (Burnhams and Kews as well as Marstons) to watch the case magically fly open in father's hand as each child in turn at father's invitation blew upon it. This treasured watch was stolen in June, 1928. In August of that year on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary it was replaced by the generous store em-

ployees with another equally beautiful timepiece which father carried as long as he lived. Openfaced watches had come back into fashion; consequently the grandchildren never knew the pleasure of blowing open their grandfather's watch.

It was in 1928 that William C. Ritchie, the faithful night watchman, died while on duty at the store. At a memorial service held for him on January 30 father spoke these words of appreciation:

At the close of the day, in the quarter hour after half past five, our people at the Marston Store pass out of the Sixth Street doorway. It is probably the happiest time of the day. Their steps are light and they swing past the porters and through the door with gay words and cheery goodnights.

For sixteen years Mr. Ritchie has seen them pass by—no other face and figure so well known as his. What a benediction his good grey head and goodnight smile! We shall miss him. We shall cherish his memory for many years. None more than I, perhaps, because as I usually went out later when it was rather quiet I often had a little chat with Mr. Ritchie. If I had any papers, magazines or books that were too difficult for me to understand I gave them to him. It may surprise you to know that he read with interest and understanding books on philosophy, metaphysics, architecture and kindred subjects. This alone marks him as an exceptional man.

But I pass on from this to the most essential thing in Mr. Ritchie's life—his character. He had a brave and faithful spirit, and his life is an example of fidelity and good will. Never have I known a man who more completely and truly fulfilled his duty. When I think of his twenty years' service to me and The Marston Company, the long nights of watchfulness and care, I recall

the character of the old gardener in Shakespeare's "As You Like It." Orlando said to him, "O good old man, how well in thee appears the constant service of the ancient world when service sweat for duty, not for meed." And Adam replied, "Go on, Master, I will follow thee to the last gasp with fidelity and truth."

Two weeks ago Sunday evening Mr. Ritchie was found at the door he had guarded so long. There he fell where he had "followed on to the last gasp." Last Saturday evening as we passed this consecrated place we walked reverently. On the door hung a wreath of beautiful flowers and underneath was written "In memory of W. C. Ritchie." This silent passing out on our way homewards was the loving tribute of his friends and fellow-workers.

That father was able to devote so much of his time to the public interest was due to his delegation of responsibilities to the able men and women of the store and to his policy of encouraging personal initiative throughout the staff. The responsibility of management was given to his son not long after Arthur entered the business. Gradually father's activity became advisory only, although his interest in store affairs remained keen. He enjoyed all the gala occasions; he encouraged the concerts of the Marston Chorus in May and at Christmas time; he was the life of the store garden parties which he gave at his home in the days of the summer half-holidays; he delighted in the springtime displays of lilacs, peonies, and tulips; and he planned and entered into the store anniversaries with zest and enthusiasm.

In February, 1931, Arthur was elected president of the company. Father continued to go to his office every day to attend to his correspondence and outside affairs. As Chairman of the Board of The Marston Company he presided at the annual meetings of the stockholders. His grandson Hamilton recollects his bringing skates to one of the meetings in order to lose no

time in getting to the Ice Skating Club, of which he was the oldest member.

During these years father liked to stroll through the departments in the late afternoon, stopping to chat with the employees. These little social calls are remembered for their humorous sallies and their friendliness. Remembered too are the Christmas Eves—scarcely a one did he miss—when he stood at the door with Arthur and Hamilton as everyone left for home to wish them each and all a Merry Christmas.

Church, Sunday School, and Missions

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION held father's wholehearted and lifelong allegiance. The services of worship and the activities of the church were important in his life. His longest association was with the First Congregational Church of San Diego, of which he was a co-founder and for which he shared the responsibility of its present location at Sixth Avenue and A Street. In its organization he served repeatedly as trustee and deacon. In 1921 he and Mr. Gilmore were elected honorary deacons for as long as they should remain in the church. To the General Congregational Association of Southern California, meeting in San Diego in 1901, he gave the address of welcome. In 1909 he was elected the first lay moderator of this association. He was a delegate to the Triennial Council in Portland, Oregon, in 1898, to the same council in Kansas City in 1913, and to the International Council in Boston in 1920.

One of father's contributions to the church was his long-continued service in the Sunday School. As superintendent he gave the opening exercises dignity and importance; at the same time he made them interesting to the children. He secured the best song books; he led the singing with intriguing enthusiasm. He loved the special occasions, such as Christmas and Children's Day, and he worked hard to make their celebration significant and beautiful. The influence of his personality on many a boy and girl is revealed in the words of a friend, herself a teacher distinguished for her warm and lasting interest in her pupils:

1777 Campus Road, Los Angeles

My dear Mr. Marston

April 18, 1946

Many times I have thought I would write you; today I am going to put my thought into words. I want to tell you how I treasure the memories of the early days of the old Congregational Tabernacle and your part in its life. I remember your pleasure in our Sunday School songs. "Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky—" was one of my favorites. It was in a dark red song book; do you remember?

You were still—or again—superintendent of the Sunday School when I returned from college—and I felt at home.

At Pomona College your faith in the college and your part in carrying it through many hard days made me proud to remember the days in San Diego.

And so I am grateful to you for being *what* you are, for your faith has strengthened my own stand. Also I'm grateful that you happened to be just *where* you were when I came along so that I didn't miss seeing you and knowing you.

Very sincerely yours,

Elizabeth A. Wood

During the exposition of 1935 Religious Education week was observed in the Ford Bowl. Father, then eighty-five years old, gave the following address in honor of Sunday School teachers:

If any class of people are worthy of an Exposition day for public acknowledgment of their service to the community it is the rank and file of the Sunday School teachers. I am therefore glad that this hour is set apart for such a tribute. . . .

Sunday School teaching service is a labor of love. These teachers are voluntary workers; no pay, precious little praise, hours of study and preparation,

school attendance on Sunday morning, besides many special affairs like Easter and Christmas celebrations, Rally Days, and Children's Day. Also time given to looking after absentees and calling on the sick. This takes real devotion, deep interest, a true Christian spirit. . . .

Sunday School teachers are criticized for superficial teaching. But is the teaching in our schools superficial? Possibly so, measured by the standards of public school and college instruction. However, that is not a fair comparison. Our Bible teachers are not professionals. The most of them are busy housekeepers, or otherwise engaged through the week. And yet many of them give an evening every week to preparation and another evening once a month to Bible class study. There is now a steady trend for training in the best educational methods.

But we are not here to be apologetic for our teachers. No indeed. We have come to voice our commendation and praise. Considering all the circumstances, the excellence of the teaching, the high standards set up, and the results attained are worthy of high praise.

But there is another phase to look at and it is probably more important than teaching. I refer to the personal influence of the teacher. This is intangible and hard to measure, but it is real. If used aright it is the good seed of the Kingdom. To guide into the Christian life is the Christian teacher's object. Example as well as precept, persuasion as well as instruction, are means to this end; and these are personal qualities.

The true teacher is a friend and this friendliness is the greatest element in the teacher's treasure house. Because they are doing this friendly service to the boys and girls of our community and in every part of our country we greet them today with honor and grati-

tude. This appreciation should be not for a day only. The church itself should set a higher value on the Sunday School and give a stronger support than it does to its teaching group. If the nursery of the church is not sustained in its personnel and equipment, if the sympathy and fostering care of the church is lacking, where is the church to find its next generation?

This question leads into many more concerning the religious life of our day. Is the religious education of childhood and youth at all adequate to its need? Does the Sunday School reach all the children of its own church parish, not to speak of the larger numbers outside? What is the church doing to stem the tide of irreligion that is turning youth away from Sunday School and the church itself?

As just before suggested, there are two phases of this great problem: the church parish field and the greater field of the non-church community. In respect to the former, the present organizations are adequate as organized bodies for their work, but they need more enthusiasm and energy, still better methods, and a deeper spiritual animation. This fuller life cannot be obtained unless the Christian ministry, the officials and general lay elements of the church sense the vital importance of the Sunday School and unite to place it in its primary place as the fountain head, socially, of future church life. I say, "fountain head socially," because the family still holds its place as the divine foundation.

The most serious fault we see in contemporary religious life is that fathers and mothers are failing to lead their children in the way of religion. The old Bible instruction, "Train up a child in the way he should go" is turned over to the public and church schools. This throws a greater responsibility on the latter.

I can imagine Sunday Schools and youth societies of such strength, beauty, and spiritual power that their call to our youth would be all compelling. Such a renaissance in our Christian life will only come in the wake of a new crusade, a nobler enthusiasm and a more vital spiritual power than that of Richard the Lion Hearted and Louis the Saint. Every true Christian prays for this advent. The faithful Bible teachers are evangelists for that better day. Their patient, steady service is a promising sign. They are faithful in their time and place, and their reward will surely come.

Teachers of our Sunday Schools, we salute you as true followers of the Lord and Master who came not to be ministered unto but to minister unto others. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of God's children ye have done it unto Him.

For about two years in the early twenties father taught an adult Bible class. It was called the *Truth Seekers Class* and its aim was to consider both conservative and progressive views of the Christian religion. Father's own views had changed very much from those of his youthful years and they were to grow more liberal as he advanced in age. He had followed with sympathy the ideas of Horace Bushnell, Theodore Munger, and Henry Drummond. At this period he read and used as a text for his class *The Old Testament in the Light of Today* by his son-in-law William Bade. He was also interested in writers who, like Professor Walter Rauschenbusch, were concerned with the application of Christianity to social problems. In his later years he enjoyed books of a more philosophical character, such as Dr. William E. Hocking's *Living Religion and a World Faith*. A study of astronomy, taken up for recreation, further broadened his religious concepts. However, religion had always been to him far more a spiritual experience than a matter of creed.

Religion was the motive power of father's life. It gave him

practical guidance as well as inspiration for living. It gave him world-wide interests. It led to his endeavors to better race relations and to his part in the movement within the church for social action. It influenced his business principles and his political views.

Father's Sundays were completely different from other days. From his early life when church and religious meetings filled the hours until his later years when afternoons and evenings held social gatherings as well as reading, walks, and rest, Sunday had a different quality from week days; bringing him refreshment and inner strength it was one of the sources of his vitality.

On May 3, 1933, father took the place of the minister at the morning service at Plymouth Church. He spoke on the subject *The Essentials of the Christian Religion*, using as his text the words of Jesus:

Thou shalt love the Lord
thy God with all thy heart,
and with all thy soul, and
with all thy mind; and thou
shalt love thy neighbor as thy-
self. On these two commandments
hang all the law and the prophets.

The fellowship of the church was a reality for father. Many of the members were close and lifelong friends; for all he felt a special concern, even the odd or difficult person was seen and enjoyed with eyes of sympathy and humor. Because the ministers of the First Church and their families were very dear to father, their names should be included in an account of his life. The first seven in order of their ministry were Dr. James H. Harwood, Rev. J. B. Silcox, Rev. W. C. Merrill, Dr. S. A. Norton, Dr. Clarence T. Brown, Rev. Willard B. Thorp, and Dr. Roy Campbell.

In a 1937 exchange of Christmas letters with the Thorps, who had moved to Palo Alto, Mrs. Thorp wrote to father:

I was helping Willard find a tune he wanted the other day when we came across "Rachael" to the words: "I heard the bells on Xmas Day." We had to stop right there and sing it—for, I told Willard, it always reminded me of Mr. Marston singing the tenor part in a Wed. night meeting near Xmas. How we loved singing those beautiful hymns! Our booming choir jigs them off too fast to suit me—now. Let's have a reunion and sing hymns—our own favorites—and sung at our own tempos.

Father wrote back to Mr. Thorp:

Josephine can always captivate me by even referring to our singing duets. How well I remember one night after prayer meeting when you were saying goodbye to the parishioners that we were sitting on the piano bench and singing together Christmas carols or Sunday School songs. You soon came in and said, "It is time to go home, Josephine," and I am sure I wished you were a thousand miles away! I don't have any good times like that nowadays. Getting too old, I suppose. It is partly that, but more because there aren't any Josephines and Willards in our neighborhood now. Please take a six months' vacation and come down and live here for a while. There are a few old cronies left and I think you could have quite a reunion.

Between the Brown and the Marston families there was an especially close bond. The daughters Geraldine* and Harriet,** classmates in high school, were devoted friends. They spent many nights in each other's homes. These visits and the parents' mutual interests cemented the family friendship which

*Mrs. Charles W. Gilkey.

**Mrs. Leal A. Headley.

has grown with the years and continues today with warm affection.

During Dr. Campbell's pastorate the First Church assisted the small church now known as Plymouth Congregational Church to become established in its present building on University and Pershing avenues. To help give it strength and stability father and mother associated themselves with its work and after two or three years transferred their membership to it. Father liked the young pastor, Mr. William Forshaw, and the fellowship he found at Plymouth Church. Until 1928 he was active in the Sunday school. On May 9 of that year the church gave mother and father a very lovely reception in honor of their Golden Wedding anniversary which had occurred on May 3. Many and warm were the expressions of love and friendship that they received.

In 1943 father returned to the First Congregational Church. Conditions had changed at Plymouth. The church was without a pastor and, because the neighborhood had become less residential, there was some question as to the need of continuing the church. Father thought that at his age he could not be helpful in solving the new problems. Also, after mother's death in 1940 he felt drawn to return to the church of their early associations.

In all of father's church work he showed a characteristic breadth of sympathy. New or needy churches, not always of the Congregational denomination, often received his help. The Chinese and Japanese churches owed much to him. Dr. William C. Pond, revered and loved throughout California as the devoted friend of the Chinese, stayed with us on his visits to the San Diego Chinese Mission. In 1905 the "K St. Park" Mission Sunday School was struggling to give the neglected children of that neighborhood something worth while on Sunday afternoons. Enlisting the assistance of his daughters and some of their friends, father gave it a new lease of life for a year or two.

A bulletin of the Mission Hills Congregational Church, dated

November 14, 1928, in a brief account of a dinner honoring father and mother, says: "Mr. Marston was the man mainly instrumental in founding our church, with Judge William A. Sloane and the first pastor, the Rev. John Doane. With his splendid pioneering spirit he came out to found and teach a Sunday School when Mission Hills was in its infancy."

A paragraph from a letter of Dr. Stanley Ross Fisher, formerly a Congregationalist but at that time Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Hanover, Massachusetts, written to father on May 15, 1946, illustrates the place father held in the affection and esteem of church people. The article to which Dr. Fisher refers was written by the Reverend O. R. Warford while minister of the First Congregational Church in San Diego.

Dear Mr. Marston

I write to tell you of how deeply interested and greatly touched Mrs. Fisher and I have been as we have read in the April number of *Advance* the article in appreciation of your 95 years of beautiful and useful service. We have often thought and spoken of you, and only a day or two before reading the article we were calling to remembrance your great kindness to us when forty years ago we came as home missionaries to So. California—first to Ramona, where your interest and generosity were real factors in the building of the little Gothic church, and then to The Church of the Messiah in Los Angeles, where once again your words and deeds of encouragement were generously given and most highly valued. We have never forgotten those early days in our ministry, and although we have travelled far in miles and experience in these forty years we still remember with affection and gratitude the vital and glowing personalities of John L. Maile, Willard Thorp, E. E. P. Abbot, Pres. Gates, AND Mr. and Mrs. George Marston. It is a real

pleasure now to reach across the years to assure you that the part you have played in these memories is one of the abiding satisfactions.

Ever cordially,

Stanley Ross Fisher

Both father and mother were interested in the work of the American Boards of Home and Foreign Missions. They believed that in their religious, educational, and medical activities America was sharing its best with other countries. Not only the well-known Christian Colleges of China, the Doshisha of Japan, and the Near East Colleges but kindergartens, preparatory schools, and hospitals received their help. Their correspondence with Dr. and Mrs. Watts O. Pye, Dr. and Mrs. Percy Watson, and Mr. and Mrs. Donald Hsueh of Fenchow, China, and with many missionaries in other parts of the world attest the personal interest and the encouragement as well as the financial help father and mother were ever ready to give. Visitors from the four quarters of the globe were welcomed in our home. Vivid Jean McKensie of San Francisco, just returned from equatorial Africa, Dr. Thomas Christie of Beloit, who spent almost a lifetime in Turkey, Miss Mary Porter and her nephew Dr. Lucius Porter, also from Beloit, distinguished for their work in China, were notable among our stimulating guests.

Schauffler School and Berea College in this country were among mother's special interests, while many Negro schools and colleges, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the Urban League were helped and encouraged by father. When Booker T. Washington, president of Tuskegee Institute, spoke in San Diego in 1900 or 1901 father entertained him as a distinguished guest in our home and introduced him to a large audience at the evening lecture. On the platform were several representative San Diegans, among them father's good friend Mr. Cassius Carter, a Virginian.

One of father's later missionary ventures became a colorful episode in his life. His contributions to the Haskell Folk School in Pordim, Bulgaria, brought him a handsome medal from King Boris III and an expression of appreciation from the mayor and citizens of Pordim in the form of a bound testimonial, illustrated with peasant scenes exquisitely painted in water color. On the left-hand page was printed the Bulgarian text; on the opposite page the translation, which reads:

HONNORED SIR,

THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL IS HAPPI TO INFORM YOU,
THAT YOU—GEORGE W. MARSTON HAVE BEEN NOMI-
NATED HONNORARI CITIZEN DE PORDIM FOR ALL TIMES,
IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF THE GREAT HELP GIVEN
TO THE FIRST NATIONAL PEASANT UNIVERSITY, AS WELL
AS FOR THE INTEREST THEREIN DISPLAYED.

THE STREET FROM THE SQUARE CAROL I TO THE
UNIVERSITY WILL FROM NOW ON BEAR YOUR NAME.

PORDIM
APRIL 1940

MAYOR
TN. BOJINOR

The school, patterned on the folk schools of Denmark, had been started by Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Haskell who spent a furlough year, 1927-1928, in Claremont raising funds to make it possible. Mrs. Haskell's concern for the wretchedness of life in the Balkan villages had led to this plan of "schools where village youth of both sexes could be trained in the practical arts of life, and through study and practice, and observation, could be prepared to create happier and more hygienic homes." Although agricultural subjects were taught, it was not strictly an agricultural school. Handicrafts, domestic science, and hygiene were important studies and a kindergarten made possible the study of children. The institution was dominated by a spirit of service. The young people who took the two-year course were carefully selected with the view that on returning home they would be-

come leaders in their villages. The Bulgarians showed their pride in the school by calling it their National Rural University and their affection for the Haskell family by incorporating "Haskell" with the legal title.

The depression of the early thirties in the United States made the maintenance of the school impossible for the Haskells. In 1934 they gave it to the Bulgarian government which had shown great interest in its educational methods. Thenceforth it was administered by the Department of Agriculture. It was to the Minister of Agriculture that father sent his second donation, which was to make possible a building for the men's department, a department which had been temporarily given up. The school director who took Dr. Haskell's place and the one who followed were sympathetic with the aims and methods of the founders. Even as late as 1946 their policies were in effect. The Claremont Church, which had sponsored the school, reported in one of its bulletins that the Haskell School had become a model for rural schools not only in Bulgaria but throughout the Balkans, that the villages in which the graduates worked had shown a "marked transformation," and that the number of village kindergartens had grown from three to twenty-five hundred.

Father also assisted the editor of a weekly newspaper in Sofia, a Bulgarian who had the idea of a Traveling Folk University. In the second-hand Ford that father helped him to buy, trips were made to the villages on Saturdays and Sundays. Talks and discussions were held in reading rooms or on the commons. Mr. Markham, correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, and Bulgarian friends, teachers, and doctors, sometimes accompanied him. The arrangements were made by students from Pordim. During the second year the Red Cross sent a nurse on the trips and provided gasoline for the car. Students at the American College became interested in playing games and singing with the children. The government, seeing the value of the work, started similar educational caravans.

Father's correspondence with his warmhearted acquaintance

is interesting for the insights it gives into Bulgarian life and character. Mr. Tsakoff wrote with breadth of view and with understanding of people. He sent father many beautiful gifts of Bulgarian craftsmanship. It was at his suggestion that the royal decoration was bestowed. Although father considered this distinction quite unmerited, the medal contributed a bit of romance to his adventure in international friendship.

Young Men's Christian Association

F *****
 FATHER'S WORK in the Young Men's Christian Association commenced in 1881 as a member of the California State Association. On March 17 of the following year he invited some of his friends to meet in his office to discuss the founding of a YMCA in San Diego. On April 20, 1882, the organization was completed with twelve founding members; father was elected president. He remained a member of the board for sixty-two years, serving as president for as many as twenty-two years of that time. He was chairman of the state committee for seven years. Presiding at the opening session of the Sixth Annual State Convention in Los Angeles in 1886 was one of his early duties. General O. O. Howard was elected president of the convention. Long years afterward when father was unable to attend the fiftieth annual meeting of the state board he wrote to the members:

One of the rewards of my connection with the Young Men's Christian Association has been the acquaintanceship with its outstanding national leaders, Gen. Howard, John Mott, Sherwood Eddy, Weidensall, Brockman and others. The visits that these men made to the local fields were of inestimable value. You are privileged today in meeting the present leader of our National Council, President Francis S. Harmon, who is nobly fulfilling the great traditions of his office. I regret that I am missing the personal pleasure of introducing him, but I join in the welcome you are giving.

In its early years the local YMCA used rented quarters. In 1905 the Burnham property at Eighth and C, the site of father's

old home, was purchased. The house, with the addition of a gymnasium, was used until 1912. The present building was dedicated in March, 1913. The pepper trees left on the Eighth Street side were planted by father's father.

Two \$150,000 campaigns, in each of which father took an important part, were successfully waged, the first in 1911 for the building fund, the second in 1919 to clear off an indebtedness and to enlarge the scope of the work. Both were looked upon as great civic undertakings. After the remarkable feat of raising \$150,000 in seven days in 1919 father invited the workers in the campaign—there were several hundred of them—to a picnic luncheon on our lawn. It was a successful party, perhaps because everyone was in high spirits over the victory. Father always remembered by that day the age of the four oak trees then newly planted on the grounds.

The training of troops in San Diego for the first World War had increased the association's responsibilities. On a Sunday afternoon, May 12, 1917, father spoke at a meeting of eight hundred soldiers in the Plaza of the park. Father was president of the local association during the entire period of the war. The Golden Anniversary folder says of him:

He was also Chairman of the State Committee of the War Work Council. With Ernest L. Mogge and various leaders of the Association he spent considerable time in organizing the work in this State, which required his presence frequently at headquarters in San Francisco. One pleasant feature of this period, in Mr. Marston's recollection of it, was the temporary affiliation of the Young Men's Christian Association with official Catholic and Jewish organizations of the State, and the fraternal spirit shown by all in the common cause.

From April 1917 to April 1920 he was a member of the National War Work Council, which required his presence at

meetings in New York. From 1916 he had been on the International Board. When the great United War Work Campaign took place over the country he was vice-chairman for California.

Ever since the First World War San Diego has teemed with service men. To meet their needs the Army and Navy YMCA was built in 1924. At its dedication on November 4 of that year father made a short address:

Not many years ago, certainly within the recollection of middle-aged men and women, it was the accepted idea that soldiers and sailors, when off duty, would find their habitation in third and fourth class houses. Waterfront rookeries and the cheapest hotels took care of the most of them. This is different. It means that the men who stand guard for us, by night and day, on the land and on the sea, shall have, when they stay for a few days in our city, as good a living place as we have.

They deserve it, and they shall have, at the least, comfortable rooms, clean beds, wholesome food, rest, recreation, amusements and friendly hospitality. We want them to have even more than this—something more than good bed and board, something of the real spirit of life: a sense of human brotherhood and the divine fatherhood, a sense of the ways of peace and goodwill working in the world to overcome war and selfishness. This building, and the humanities that shall find shelter here, is a symbol of the value of life and the beauty of the world; it is an expression of faith and hope and love.

We dedicate it to the service of the men who have dedicated themselves to the service of their country.

Writing to father in 1933 Mr. Paul W. Brown, executive secretary of the Army and Navy "Y," said: "We are constantly reminded in so many ways of the debt which this Association

owes to you. It must be a real satisfaction to you to know that your efforts in the early days toward making possible this institution have provided a 'home away from home' for almost ten million men in nine years."

It gave father pleasure to be able to help in the establishment of a permanent boys' camp at Pine Hills. Camp Marston was named for him; the swimming pool for Colonel Fletcher, and the main building for Mr. M. T. Gilmore. The three men had a common interest in the "Y" and in the Pine Hills Association, which made the camp possible.

Many tributes of affection and gratitude were tendered father by the different branches of the association which he served for so long. Upon his return from Europe in 1914 dinners were given in his honor in San Diego and in Los Angeles. At the sixtieth and the sixty-first anniversaries of the founding of the association in San Diego he was the guest of honor. At the latter occasion father unveiled the portrait of the London founder of the YMCA, George Williams, the gift of the president, Mr. W. E. Kier.

In 1944 the Centennial Anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association was observed by a meeting in the First Methodist Church. Father spoke on "'Y' Developments since 1882."

For nearly a third of the century which we are celebrating today this Methodist Church and the Young Men's Christian Association have been very close neighbors. Like the United States and Canada there are no walls of defense between us. We get on well together and for over twenty years your Church has given our Association two remarkably good General Secretaries—Mr. Herbert Holmes and Mr. Charles Crumly.

We meet today to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the founding of the Young Men's Christian Association in London, England in 1844. In 1851 the Associ-

ation was established in the United States. As I was just one year old at that time I positively disclaim any particular credit for founding the organization in America.

It was my privilege to help organize the San Diego Association in 1882—62 years ago—and in the few minutes that I speak let me briefly mention some noteworthy developments in our local history.

First, and perhaps most important, a definite liberation of thought, especially in the last 25 years. This may sound rather abstract and needs explanation. It means a freedom from certain restrictions of our Puritan heritage—a new sense of the essentials of the Christian faith and an acceptance of the principle that Jesus set forth when he was condemned for breaking the Sabbath, saying the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.

Many practical results have come from this liberation. Let me give you one simple but important change. We used to disallow billiard playing in our game rooms. To hit a ball with a mallet was right. To hit with the point of a stick was wrong! This didn't make sense and the Association has for some years past put billiards in for the men and boys who want a real game. We do not see that this has affected adversely their Christian life.

Secondly, the opening of summer camps for the teen-age boys. We know that this is one of the best things in our work. Scores of fathers and mothers hail this outing as a God-send and shower our camp managers with thanks and contributions. In these camps the triple symbol of mind, body and spirit is very real and vital.

Another development is the cooperation that is taking place between the Young Men's and the Young

Women's Associations. It is not yet fully developed, but the trend for it is gaining. For years there seemed to be impossible barriers to a closer connection, but the way is now opening naturally and effectively. There is great promise in this for both Associations.

Another step forward in our "Y" is the network of branch Associations in the City and the spread of "Y" clubs in the County. There is a lot of detail in this development with which I am not familiar, but our administration board and executive staff are giving it very competent attention.

In the general country-wide celebration of this century of progress I presume that the extension of the YMCA service into all the principal countries of the world will receive the most attention and our local Association is contributing liberally to this movement. It is a wonderful and thrilling story. The little acorn planted by Sir George Williams has grown into a mighty tree—a tree of life and healing throughout the wide world. May the second century surpass the first in the new era we hope and pray for—the era of peace and good will among men.

A summary of father's services by Mr. Charles L. Crumly, the present secretary of the San Diego Association, reflects the happy atmosphere surrounding all of father's relations with the YMCA:

As a "Y" layman, Mr. Marston
Gave constant encouragement to the employed
officers of the Association.
Recognized changing conditions and approved
new strategy over a period of 64 years.
Quietly offered to make initial gifts to
launch new enterprises.

Sought to expand the "Y" message and program
around the world.

Constantly expressed the Christian emphasis
of the Association movement.

Modestly deferred to other laymen in posi-
tions of leadership and responsibility.

Often relieved tensions by an ever bubbling
sense of humor.

Kept secretaries humble by turning in a
better score card at golf.

Relief, War Work, and Local Welfare

I T IS impossible to tell of all the relief projects in which father engaged. In every time of need his services were available and often his part was a leading one. In a letter to Mr. Charles Rossier he lightly touches on the assistance sent from San Diego at the time of the San Francisco earthquake.

San Diego, California

April 27, 1906

My dear Charley

I have been thinking all the week of writing to you but couldn't find time. So I'm going to do it now at half past twelve which is just my lunch time. You didn't have time to eat, probably, last week and perhaps were lucky if you had the food when you had the time. I trust that no injury befell you.

It happened that a good many San Diegans were in S. F.—among others, Dr. Powers, L. A. Wright, Mr. Doolittle, Drs. Fred & Charlotte Baker. They tell us the story and I have spent hours reading various accounts. Two Wellesley College girls were at our house, the mother of one of them being in S. F. and the other's family in Oakland. It was several days before they got news. The lady in S. F. was burned out from her hotel and took refuge in Oakland. Mr. Nash has written that their house was unburned. They sheltered a woman one night who departed in the morning with their *roast turkey*, a *mandolin* and *opera glasses*! "It is more blessed to give than to receive" and one enjoys thinking what a jolly time the woman and her pals may have had with turkey and music the following night.

I have been shipping new clothes, old clothes, bedding, tents, etc. for the past week, Mayor Schon having appointed me chairman of that line. Llewellyn's old stock happened to be on closing out sale and I bought \$250 worth of shoes for the relief committee. Got L. S. & M and Burt shoes for 50¢ to \$1.00 a pair, antique styles of the vintage of 1888, away back of pointed toes in the square toed period. If you were wandering about barefooted I hope you got two or three pairs of these relics of bygone days. This was the only lot of old stock that I was guilty of shipping off. The rest of my purchases were up-to-date goods.

San Diego's contribution is \$25,000 cash and several carloads of provisions. Mayor Schon has directed matters very admirably. Only a few refugees have arrived so far. They stopped at nearer-by places. Yesterday I met a young Englishman who came as far as Los Angeles in pajamas, overcoat, slippers and cap. He got a suit of clothes there and came on here later.

If I can be of any help whatever to you at this time, do not hesitate to call on me.

Sincerely your friend,

George W. Marston

In May of 1915 at the instigation of President Wilson the American Red Cross undertook to assist the Mexican people whose internal wars had brought their country to the verge of starvation. On father, as a member of the State Board of the Red Cross, fell the major responsibility for raising funds in San Diego. Mrs. G. H. Ballou, president of the local chapter, shared in the effort. It was difficult to enlist interest, chiefly because the city was absorbed in exposition affairs. However, by means of one public meeting and many newspaper solicitations, contributions were secured and sent to headquarters in Washington.

In 1916 San Diego was confronted by a local flood disaster.

Never had we experienced such heavy rains as fell throughout the county that January. The rivers from Tijuana to San Luis Rey were in flood. Soil, homes, and in some cases entire farms were washed away. Livestock and even people were drowned. The crisis occurred on the twenty-seventh when the Lower Otay Dam gave way. A temporary Citizens General Relief Committee, which did valiant work, was followed by the Rural Relief Association formed for further relief and rehabilitation. As executive manager of this association father gave his services for years, endearing himself to many families by his friendly and sympathetic help. One fine old man requested father to conduct his funeral service. In due time father complied with this request. Years later a dairy farmer's wife, on returning from a trip to Denmark, brought mother a damask tablecloth woven for a Hans Christian Andersen anniversary. In her accompanying note she wrote: "Let this be in your Home for a Remembrance."

Father describes the early days of this work in a letter written March 11 to his daughter Helen at Wellesley College:

The winter in San Diego has been very unusual & the flood, as you know, was extraordinary. It is said to have rained 12 inches in 12 hours on Palomar mountain on that terrible day—Jan. 27th. Here in town it has only rained 12 inches in the whole season, and even that is 2 inches more than the average for a year. There were thirty lives lost according to the latest information. To the farmers I think the property loss was upwards of a million dollars and probably that much to the highways and railroads.

I have taken the office of "Executive Manager" of the Relief Association and spend eight hours a day in the work. Have a secretary, stenographer and two field helpers. At present my time is almost entirely taken in listening to and writing down the statements of those who are applying for assistance. \$15,000 has al-

ready been expended in provisions, clothing, rent, shelter, etc. and we are now making loans at small interest to those who are reinstating themselves either on their old or on new ground. In the Otay valley most of the farms were flooded out completely, even the soil carried to the bay. But in other valleys the sand and silt are deposited in some parts and new channels formed in other parts. Great damage was wrought by trees and debris carried down by the force of the water. Since the flood the weather has been exceptionally favorable for vegetation, with some showers and warm days intervening. The country districts outside of the flooded areas are now looking very fine and even in the river bottoms new crops are being planted. We are distributing a car load of White Rose seed potatoes and lots of seeds received from Washington. I have been to Tia Juana, Otay and Lakeside in three different days. When the office work gets lighter I shall be free to make more trips.

Father's report of August 1, 1916* gives a full account of the flood damage and of how the work of the association was carried on. When a staff was no longer needed father carried the work alone. When he finally brought it to a close he received the following letter from the trustees:

San Diego, California,
June 7th, 1928

Mr. George W. Marston,
Executive Manager of the Rural Relief Association,
San Diego, California

Dear Mr. Marston:

The undersigned Trustees of the Rural Relief Association have received and read with pleasure your favor of June 5th, which shows that the total indebted-

*See Appendix A.

ness of the Association has been fully discharged and that there is now a cash balance of \$203.84.

We beg to express to you collectively and individually our appreciation of the very excellent, generous and efficient service you have given to the victims of the flood of 1916. We do not know where or when you will get any reward except the satisfaction that comes to a public-spirited citizen like yourself of having been able to perform a service for those whom misfortune has overtaken. The Trustees have virtually been relieved from responsibility by reason of your devotion to the work which you undertook and we feel that even we do not appreciate the sacrifice you have made in looking after the distribution of the funds. . . . We are quite sure that the public generally has no conception of the time, the labor and sacrifices which attended your acceptance of the position of Executive Manager. . . .

We hereby respectively authorize you to expend the cash balance now in your hands in assisting such flood sufferers as have not been wholly relieved from their losses. . . .

In conclusion, we cannot too highly express our appreciation of the generous and unselfish work which you have done in behalf of and for the relief of those who were the victims of the 1916 flood.

Yours very truly,

H. H. JONES

W. T. DORLAND

J. W. SEFTON, JR.

MELVILLE KLAUBER

LEROY A. WRIGHT

Trustees of the Rural Relief Association

The Santa Barbara earthquake had a particular interest for father because he was in Santa Barbara when it occurred. It happened that he, mother, Helen, and I were taking a holiday trip that June of 1925, a trip which from a personal standpoint has always been an amusing one to remember. It was our first extended automobile trip together. Pebble Beach, with its enticing golf links, was our destination. We left home in the late afternoon, the car rather crowded with ourselves and our luggage and Helen's protege, a little Mexican boy with his luggage. We spent the night at the Stratford Inn in Del Mar. The next day, although the weather had turned extremely hot, we were obliged to go inland in order to leave Johnny at Chino. We spent the second night in Pasadena in the pleasant Hotel Maryland, where cooling off too quickly gave colds to all of us. Betwixt our colds and the heat we spent a miserable next day. We went no further than Ventura where we dined and retired hoping to have a pleasant evening reading in bed. But hundreds of insects pouring through our screenless windows put an end to that prospect. After three whole days and nights on the way, we arrived at El Encanto Hotel above the Mission in Santa Barbara, keenly anticipating a few restful days. We had just one. Early on the second morning the heaviest earthquake shock we had ever felt almost shook us from our beds. We soon learned that the damage to our hotel was slight but that there had been great damage to property and even some loss of life in the downtown district. Santa Barbara was quickly deserted by tourists, but we stayed on for nearly a week. We were unable to light a fire in our fireplace when the evenings turned cold and for several days we ate out of doors around a campfire, on which the chef, said to be the best in Santa Barbara, was obliged to cook all the meals. We could not have left if we had wanted to, for father, to add to our misfortunes, had developed a carbuncle on his neck and had to stay for daily treatments. When we did get away we ignominiously left our car in the hotel garage and went north by train. Returning about ten days later we were met at the station

by our favorite bellboy, who announced: "Mr. Marston, I saved your automobile for you!" Santa Barbara had barely escaped a second disaster from the forest fire that swept over the hills to the edge of the town, where by a tremendous effort it was stopped. The fire had reached the hotel garage and had singed some of the cars. After a day or two, in which we saw the devastation caused by the earthquake, we left for home. We succeeded in making the return trip in a single day and without incident.

Among father's papers are three that have to do with his efforts to help the stricken city. In July he wrote to Mr. Bernhard Hoffman, of Santa Barbara, commending the resolve of the citizens to rebuild in a substantial and artistic way in Spanish-Colonial style. This letter was published in a Santa Barbara newspaper to give encouragement to the movement. The second is an article for the *San Diego Union*, written August 7, endorsing contributions for Santa Barbara's relief, and the third is a plea he made at a Rotary Club meeting in September because contributions were lagging.

In the *Union* article he said:

I was very much gratified when it was announced that the California Development Association was undertaking to raise one million one hundred thousand dollars for the benefit of Santa Barbara. . . . Our Chamber of Commerce and a cooperating committee have very properly assumed the quota of \$38,200 allotted to the County of San Diego and they are asking all citizens to contribute. Let me emphasize this appeal with unusual personal feeling and special knowledge of the large need.

I happened to be in Santa Barbara at the time of the earthquake and for several days after. Although it might have been worse it was still a disaster of great proportions. The first reaction of the people was one of courage and determination. They faced the disaster

without dismay and brought order out of chaos with great speed. "Let us build a bigger and better Santa Barbara," they said. It was really cheering to see the vigor with which they attacked the job. The Plaza of the Spanish Center was a beehive of activity. There were outdoor restaurants (of the "hot dog" order), improvised banks and telegraph offices on rough lumber boards, Red Cross tents, police quarters, San Diego marines, temporary booths for all sorts of business, lines of workmen getting their coffee and beans, and the surrounding streets swarming with pedestrians and automobiles. It was an admirable show of the spirit and resources of a reliant people.

A week later I was again in Santa Barbara. The work was still going on, but the first flush of enthusiasm and high courage had faded away. The nights and days of toil and the extent of the devastation had brought some gloom and fear. The coming years of debt and the struggle to get back loomed up darkly. It stirred my pity to see the older men and women, who have borne the heat and burden of other days, thrust back into a still harder life.

At this time I had the opportunity of walking up and down State Street where visitors had been forbidden to go in the first days. One may compare State Street with either Fifth Street or Broadway in San Diego. A loss of five to eight millions in Santa Barbara is commensurate with fifteen to twenty millions in San Diego. Imagine Broadway an avenue of broken down walls from the Santa Fe Station to the First National Bank. Imagine the Court House and Jail thrown completely down; the front of the San Diego Hotel in the street; one wing of the Grant Hotel thrown across the street into the Plaza; the First National Bank, the Granger Block and a dozen other fine buildings

cracked and irretrievably injured. It is easy to say that capital will be loaned for rebuilding; that State Street will be finer and more beautiful than ever; that the rebuilding will make good times; and that it isn't so bad as it might be. While there is a measure of truth in all this there is an inescapable loss and an immense amount of unknown suffering to be endured by thousands.

It is quite impossible for me to picture the desolating burden that has fallen upon the Santa Barbara people. They can, and they will, mortgage the future for rebuilding. This means a load of debt and interest; with higher taxes, and assessments to repair the public water and sewer systems, to rebuild the Court House, the schools and hospitals. Besides these requirements that are met by taxation, think of the ruined churches, community houses, museums, libraries, old people's homes, orphanages, etc. Excepting the churches, it is these last mentioned institutions that we are asked to help rebuild.

Santa Barbara will take care of her business structures, residences, churches, and such buildings as can be provided for by taxation. But the other cities are called upon to help restore her buildings for charity and welfare work, which are more needed now than ever. Let San Diego do her part, both from civic pride and a fine sense of human sympathy.

In 1916 America was awakening to the appalling needs of the war-devastated countries of Europe. Father commenced his war-relief efforts by acting as secretary of the San Diego Committee for European Relief. In a long statement he said in part:

A few days since, an appeal was presented to the public for a comprehensive contribution to the principal war

relief commissions, namely Belgium, Northern France, East Prussia, Poland, Armenia and Servia. This effort is a part of an international movement, allied to recognized national commissions, and under a responsible local committee, of which Dr. H. N. Goff is chairman and Mr. G. A. Davidson treasurer. It is hoped that at least \$20,000 will be raised for these six relief funds.

I shall be ashamed of San Diego, our proud and prosperous city, whose fame for daring enterprise has gone far abroad, if she fails to do something worthy in this greatest distress that the world has ever known. We have in our community several thousand German and French people, several hundred Servians and Poles, and a few Armenians. They are good citizens and add to our wealth and well-being. Let us help them in their struggle to give some succor to their fatherlands. A few Servians here, all poor men, have sent back over a thousand dollars to their national relief commission. American physicians and nurses have not hesitated to lay down their lives to save the Servian nation from the typhus plague.

When we think of these heroic sacrifices, and also realize that there are hundreds of men and women ready to volunteer for the toil and danger of active relief service, shall we withhold the money and supplies that they must have?

In 1917 father was appointed by Governor Stephens to a committee of seventeen organized for the purpose of looking after "local social conditions affecting the welfare of the soldiers and sailors in the State." Governor Stephens wrote: "The work will have two distinct sides. The first will be that of seeing to it that vicious conditions are not permitted in the neighborhood of military camps or posts or in the cities where soldiers and sailors are gathered or through which they must pass. The second side

of the work, and one at least as important as the first, will be that of seeing that men in military services have the opportunity for relaxation and entertainment of a proper character. The work on this side will consist largely in coordinating and assisting the efforts of other organizations which are already engaged in it." The first meeting of the committee was held in San Francisco on July 14. War Camp Community Service, on which father served throughout the period of United States participation in the war, carried out the purposes of this committee in respect to recreational facilities and opportunities.

In 1918 father was on the War Donations Committee of the San Diego Division of the State Council of Defense. In writing to his daughter Elizabeth in Berkeley on the ninth of December he said:

California reached its quota. San Diego just barely did it, but the big army and navy meet at the Stadium on Thanksgiving Day added \$4500. I was Ch— of the Decoration Com. and got up with the help of Alice Klauber, Architect Mead and others, a Liberty Statue, two American Eagle and two shield trophies of flags, along with allied colors on poles, that set the great stadium in the finest array that it has ever been.

Since I came home San Diego has had (besides the Influenza) the United Drive, one Peace Parade, one Campaign Parade (both big affairs), two astonishing air parades (212 planes in the second) and the great stadium celebration. I am going to stay at home and at the store now for a while and catch my breath.

January 18, 1919, he wrote: "This week closes up the Armenian campaign and I think we are going to have a rest from campaigning for at least *two weeks*."

After the war was over General Pershing visited San Diego. At the banquet given in his honor at the U. S. Grant Hotel, Jan-

uary 27, 1920, father gave the address of welcome. Perhaps it is fitting to include it here.

Mr. Chairman,
Ladies and Gentlemen

I will address myself to our guest of honor, General Pershing:

We greet you tonight with sincere gladness. It warms our hearts to have you here and to see you face to face. We have loved you at a distance, but distance hath no enchantment like the happiness of your very presence.

To have you here and to be glad—such simple words. But you yourself, at the tomb of the great French patriot, uttered three little words that went ringing round the world. You said: “Lafayette, we are here.” For this lighter occasion, permit me to paraphrase them, and to say, General, you are *here*.

“Here” means a great deal to us native inhabitants, but it may not be amiss to tell you that the soldiers and sailors, and the marines and airmen are also falling in love with San Diego. This love sickness is attacking the officers even worse than the men. They are marrying our daughters and sisters so fast that a civilian has no chance. And the higher the rank, the more catching it is. General Kuhn, who has been here only a few months, has joined the Old Timers Club and is considered a pioneer citizen. General Pendleton says that this is “Home, Sweet Home” for him; all these Admirals and Commanders, who ought to be singing Barry Cornwall’s “I never was on the dull tame shore, but I loved the great sea more and more,” are buying houses and lots. And now the press dispatches inform us that the President himself has set his eyes on San Diego as the proper headquarters for the Commander

in Chief. But more than that—(and this is in strict confidence, General Pershing) I want to tell you that San Diego is setting her cap for *you*!

Now, in more serious vein, it is my high privilege, in behalf of all our citizens, to add to the welcome of hospitality the greeting of our profound respect and admiration. We salute you, sir, as the first soldier of the New American Army.

Your inestimable services as the Commander of the American Army in France have given you this distinction. And it was won by real worth and achievement. What extraordinary demands the great war made upon the minds and hearts of its directing leaders! Because it was a war of nations against nations and not a mere clash of military forces, the problems were vast and vital beyond those of any previous war. We can only faintly imagine the weight of responsibilities and decisions that was cast upon you. We only know that you bore the heat and burden of your day with wonderful fortitude and patience, with wisdom, skill and energy. In a few months the untried soldiers of America under your superb leadership, were welded into a conquering, exulting power.

We might acclaim you a military genius that burst suddenly upon a wondering world. But let Time set its glorifying seal upon your fame. For the present, we think of you as a great citizen who has reached his commanding station, step by step, on the same pathway of opportunity that is open to every American boy.

My fellow citizens, General Pershing began that onward march in the little Missouri schoolhouse and in the Laclede school for Negro boys where they affectionately called him "Black Jack." That march of study, training and experience went on through West

Point, the Lieutenant's command in the 10th Cavalry and the Indian wars; in Cuba, in the Philippines, in Mexico. His royal road to leadership was right along the common roadway of life. Was his strength and speed superior to that of others? Ah! There is a goal "That is not gained by speed, but only by the Spirit's lead." Yes, it is indeed the spirit of his life that has exalted General Pershing. And that spirit came into his heart when he was a boy. Let me give you Wordsworth's thought:

"Who is the Happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought."

General Pershing, you have wrought mightily, not for glory, but for God and your country. We are glad to join with our fellow countrymen and with our allies over the seas, in the tributes of honor and gratitude that you have so nobly earned as a great soldier. And yet, in the last word, let us touch a higher level, the level of your honest, simple manhood. We honor you, sir, for the stern virtues of your character: integrity, justice, courage, power; we like you for the sweet traits of your nature: sympathy, kindness, modesty, friendship. We praise you for what you have done; we love you for what you are.

May your days be long in the land you have served so well.

From his youthful days in the San Diego Benevolent Association until his appearance at the age of ninety-three at an opening of the Big Sister League Home father gave encouragement and support to the local charitable and welfare agencies. He

helped to organize the Community Chest and stood staunchly behind it, making pleas for its support in difficult campaigns. In later years, except for the YMCA, he served the agencies more often in an advisory capacity than as a board member. His sincere interest, his practical wisdom, his generosity of time and money made his counsel much sought after and brought him the gratitude of many organizations.

His sympathy for the blind gave him a special interest in the Braille Club. For some time he served as a director of its board; always he was ready to help with his advice. It was at his suggestion that talented blind persons were given music lessons through the auspices of the club and that Christmas sales of blind-made products were started. The sales were first held in his store. These lines of Lucien M. Lewis speak for many of the blind people of San Diego:

A blind man told me this; it's true
He had no thought that I'd tell you;
I tell precisely what he said,
Though put in simple rhyme instead.

We who have lost our outward sight,
Are often blessed with inner light;
Just as birds fly from pole to pole,
Not knowing how they reach their goal.

So when George Marston spoke before
Our little Braille Club here, the door
Had scarcely opened when I knew
That he was genuine and true.

I "saw" him plainly, though stone blind,
And knew that he was good and kind;
He spoke, and though I could but stare,
I knew a man of God stood there.

Politics

I N POLITICS father called himself an “Independent.”

 As a young man he was a Republican, following in his father’s footsteps. In 1884 he voted for Cleveland. I remember his saying that the writings of Henry George converted him to free trade. He continued to believe in the principles of free trade all his life. He was an internationalist in the sense that he recognized the interdependence of peoples and felt that a strong country like the United States should have a concern for the welfare of all nations. It is likely that he remained a Democrat until the campaigns of McKinley and Bryan when he voted for McKinley and the gold standard.

I do not know how father voted in every election, but in his files there are a few papers that explain his positions on various occasions. He would have liked to see the traditional English two-party system of Conservatives and Liberals in this country. Incidentally, he admired Gladstone, especially for his integrity and his untiring vigilance in fighting for his political beliefs. For years he kept a picture of Gladstone in his room. His own liberal views stemmed directly from his generous nature. When our political parties tended to have little difference in their issues he voted for the presidential candidate rather than for the party.

In state politics he worked actively with the Progressive Party that elected Governor Hiram Johnson. He was the first president of the San Diego Lincoln-Roosevelt Club. Writing to Governor Johnson, April 17, 1911, to recommend an old-time Republican of proved ability for an office in San Diego County, he said:

Will you kindly allow the suggestion that some non-partisan appointments could be of exceptional merit

by virtue of the character and capacity of the man appointed.

I am myself an ardent Progressive in politics and strongly opposed to the old Southern Pacific machine rule organization, but I very plainly see that some of the workers on both sides are more after the loaves and fishes than they are for better government.

Among members of the California Progressive Party in San Diego were Judge M. A. Luce, Edgar Luce, William A. Sloane, Dr. F. R. Burnham, Joseph P. Smith, Captain Schon, J. H. Swallow, Ed Hinkle, and Thomas O'Halloran; in Los Angeles, Marshall Stimson, and in Fresno, Chester Rowell. In 1937 Mr. Stimson wrote to father: "I can't tell you how much I appreciated the acquaintance of a man of your high standards both in business and political life. It meant a great deal to me to be associated with you in our endeavors to better the political conditions of California more than twenty-five years ago."

Father expressed his reasons for being a Progressive in a speech at a weekly meeting of a nonpartisan organization known as The Progressive Forum, on February 6, 1914, when he said:

The Progressive Party in the state stands for the betterment of the social order.

It has been charged that it has been responsible for a great deal of freak legislation. It is true that there have been a few laws of that nature, an unavoidable circumstance under our present conditions of legislation. However, it can not be denied that the party has always had the vision of the essential things of life and has stood by real social issues rather than obsolete principles and precedents.

In September of 1922 the following interview with father appeared in one of the daily papers:

George W. Marston was asked yesterday how he stood on the vote for Governor. "I am for Stephens," said

Marston. "It may be politically inconsistent, as I was formerly for Senator Johnson and am now for Moore. But I have never been 'regular' and so I don't care about political inconsistency.

"In my opinion, Stephens has given us a good administration. He has shown a great devotion to the welfare of the state and even his opponents admit his uprightness, patriotism and fine personality. The only serious criticism of the Stephens administration is that of extravagance. We tax payers don't like to pay the higher taxes, but I fail to see that the state has exceeded the general increase in the business and personal expenses of its citizens. There is a great deal of exaggeration about it. Figures generally lie anyway. When the Richardson men quote them, they omit the big facts of growth in population, great extension in public school system, better care of the insane, the sick and indigent, better roadways, better supervision of public utilities and scores of other progressive measures. These things are making the state a great commonwealth and California is prosperous under the wise administration of Governor Stephens."

In national politics in 1912 father was enthusiastically for Theodore Roosevelt and the insurgent Progressive Party. Woodrow Wilson was elected, and soon the problems of the First World War were paramount. A letter of March 16, 1916, to his daughter Helen throws some light on father's views:

It may not be good citizenship, but I find it far more interesting to read about the war in Europe than about the war preparations in the United States. I do not believe we are in serious danger of attack by either Germany or Japan, and I have not been willing to join any of the Defense Leagues or Army and Navy Leagues that are clamoring for great gov't expendi-

tures. However, I think that we need a better preparedness for possible war. Therefore I am in favor of strengthening both the navy and the army, not so very much in size as in perfect preparedness in every particular. This means that when a call for military service comes, as it does this very month on the Mexican border, there should be an instant readiness, not only in men and arms, but in every possible equipment. As our country has grown larger in territory in the past twenty years and in very recent years has come into closer relations with foreign states, I think it is natural to increase the naval and military forces. But I do not believe in changing the general policy of the country in establishing ourselves as a great military power. It seems to me that Pres. Wilson made a great mistake in saying at St. Louis that this country should have a navy second to none other in the world. And I don't like his talk about protecting our honor. I've always noticed that the people who talk most about "honor" are the ones who get into fights the most easily. I admire our President, but I think that our moral protest against the German invasion of Belgium would have been far more honorable to us than some of the talk of retaliation for loss of American citizens in armed merchant vessels. As to *politics*, I am beginning to hope that Roosevelt will be nominated by both Republicans and Progressives. Notwithstanding his anti-pacifism, I trust more in his vision, sagacity and power for leadership than in any other man's.

Roosevelt was not nominated, so father voted for Wilson. He voted for him again in 1920. In 1924 La Follette challenged the two old parties. Father was in accord with the general principles and spirit of the new party, which called itself the Progressive Party, and voted for it. He was very proud of his daughter

Helen who took an active part on a San Diego women's committee during the campaign. In 1928 he cast his vote for Herbert Hoover.

On July 8, 1931, during Mr. Hoover's administration, father wrote to a friend:

It is very gratifying, I think, that the response to President Hoover's offer of a moratorium has produced so much good feeling everywhere. Our country is unduly hard, I think, about the collection of these debts and a postponement for one year will only give temporary relief. Yet it is a good sign and the results show what great good can be accomplished by generosity and good feeling among nations. The constant effort of every country to grab all it can for itself and to show nothing of the spirit of neighborliness, which characterizes individuals, is a never-ending cause of distrust and rivalry.

On December 1, 1931, father sent President Hoover the following telegram:

Mr. President, permit me to express my great satisfaction and gratitude for your forceful leadership in behalf of disarmament. I think your course is gaining support in the country and trust you will carry on notwithstanding opposition.

On July 15, 1932, this telegram was sent:

My dear Mr. President, I have been a San Diego merchant for sixty years and am familiar with business affairs between upper and lower California. In my opinion the recent opening of the border line from 6 p.m. to 12 p.m. will be detrimental to the real business interests of California including San Diego. There is no question about the moral injury. Night life in Tia Juana contributes to gambling, drunkenness and

vice. It was demoralizing before and will be again. I urge you to accede to Representative Swing's remonstrance. I take this occasion to thank you for your international proposal to limit national armaments.

In 1932 father wrote to a Republican friend who was seeking a campaign donation from him:

Referring to your letter of September 19th, I wonder how you got the idea that I was a Republican. I did vote for Hoover four years ago and sent you a check for the campaign, but I also voted for Wilson and for Cleveland and very much prefer the political platform of the Democrats to that of the Republicans. However the Democrats are deteriorating badly these days and are controlled by the big financiers of the country as the Republican party is.

In our little San Diego field you and I are both in the plutocratic, aristocratic and big financial privileged class! But there is this difference between us. I am willing to admit that we get too big a share of the good things of life and that we ought to be good enough democrats to let the people in general have a larger share. So long as high tariffs continue and big military expenses, etc. this will never come to pass. Therefore, I am still a non-partisan, entertaining hopes that sometime a liberal, progressive party will be established in the United States. I am not a Socialist, but this year I am inclined to vote for Norman Thomas as a protest against both of the dominant parties.

Father did vote for Mr. Thomas that year. The last years of his life he voted for Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Democratic Party. The social aims of the New Deal were in accord with his political beliefs.

Pomona College

A *****
 MONG father's extra-vocational interests perhaps the dearest to his heart was Pomona College. The record of his association with the college is amazing. An active member of the board of trustees for more than fifty years, president of the board for twenty-six years, he had an essential part in the making of the college and in its achievements. This brought him great satisfaction and joy, and deeply felt privileges too. It brought him devoted friends, stimulating associations with scholars, and opportunities for working creatively with men of like ideals. It involved hundreds of trips to Claremont and Los Angeles, hundreds of meetings, formal and informal; its duties included making addresses, presiding at dinners, inducting presidents (not to mention finding them), hard work of many kinds; but the anniversaries, the celebrations, the fellowship, how he enjoyed them! And how warmly he was appreciated and how richly honored! It was a mutually happy relationship.

From this association came his deep and lasting friendship with President James A. Blaisdell, a friendship very precious to father and to our family. On the occasion of the tenth anniversary of Dr. Blaisdell's inauguration, February 22, 1921, in expressing his appreciation of Dr. Blaisdell's services to Pomona College father said:

Dr. Blaisdell's contribution to the College is the gift of ten years of his mature life, the period of vigor and productiveness. The largess of his abundant life has been overflowing. What devotion! What capacity! What inspiration of mind and heart! His idealism and

practical sagacity are so harmoniously blended that they are like one element.

This rare union of thought and action has given to his achievements a singular unity and completeness. Things material and spiritual are fused into a comprehensive wholeness. His imagination is constructive; thoughts turn into deeds.

More than any other, he is the creator of the Greater Pomona.

In 1924 the college bestowed the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on father. The ceremony took place at the June commencement exercises. President Blaisdell had sent the family a special and secret invitation. Not until three of his grandchildren—Hamilton, Annalee, and Elsa Marston—and Arthur and I arrived did father suspect that something unusual was going to happen. It was a proud moment for us when Bishop Johnson presented father for the degree and President Blaisdell conferred it. President Blaisdell said:

George White Marston: Beloved by us all; high-minded citizen of California; blending with the business career the rarest and noblest culture as a Christian gentleman; devoted to all good causes; talented and yet modest; earnest and yet tolerant; serving the interests of higher education through this college for a third of a century; we who have been your comrades, Trustees, Faculty, Citizens, rejoice to confer upon you the degree of Doctor of Laws.

On October 20, 1934, a dinner was given in father's honor to celebrate the twenty-five years of his presidency of the board of trustees. It was held at the El Cortez Hotel in San Diego, President Edmunds presiding, and it was distinguished by the wit and charm of the speeches and by the singing of the men's glee

club. A booklet describing various phases of father's services as a patron of education and as a citizen was given to each guest. A specially bound copy was presented to mother. Dr. Blaisdell's contribution to the booklet contained the following tribute:

The association of a board of lay trustees in the organization of an institution of higher learning is uniquely an American development.

It has been the great good fortune of Pomona College to obtain the very best which this form of collegiate organization can offer and to have from the beginning a Board of Trustees which has given unlimited devotion to the young and growing institution and at the same time has honored and respected the partnership in responsibility which is sustained by an instructing Faculty.

In the fulfillment of this noble and delicate responsibility of the Board of Trustees of Pomona College one man has stood out as the acknowledged and beloved leader. It was an especially benign Providence that gave to the first Board the comradeship and devotion of the young San Diego merchant, George W. Marston, and it was with evident fitness that twenty-five years ago he became the Chairman of the Board. In all generosities he has been the inspiring leader. In all hours of important debate which otherwise might have been divisive he has been the genial, trusted, and wise councillor and conciliator.

To specify the physical manifestations of this generosity—Frary Hall, the central Quad, the new Pearsons Hall, and many other benefactions which have taken material shape—is to offer wholly inadequate testimony to Mr. Marston's service. These splendid additions to Pomona's physical equipment have been magnificent but Mr. Marston has also chosen to give

with constant self-forgetful generosity toward those objectives which, while less conspicuous, make the real substance of college efficiency. He has appreciated the need of resourcing the inner life of the college in all those procedures of daily routine which make the essential but unspectacular medium of effective service.

In addition to, and quite beyond, all these great gifts of financial resource has been the contribution of the wise, constructive, and dynamic spirit which Mr. Marston through his own personality has made to the formative life of this institution. For all these years those who understood the struggle of the college have looked to him for courage and wisdom and in these difficult times he has never failed. Beyond anything that they can ever know the generations of college men who have served in the Faculty or have studied in the classroom are indebted to this scholarly Christian gentleman. His best endowment to Pomona College has been—himself.

Various publications of the college contain many of father's addresses, including his inductions into office of President Blaisdell and President Edmunds, his Memorial Day address entitled "Our Spiritual Heritage" in honor of those who died during the year of May 25, 1930, to May 25, 1931, and his address on "Libraries" given at the dedication of Harper Hall in 1932. In his "Recollections" written for the fiftieth anniversary in 1937 and printed under the title *Over the Years* he introduces us so delightfully to his colleagues on the board and to their duties that I cannot resist reproducing most of it here:

"The Story of Pomona College"—its first twenty-five years—was written by the man who knew it best, Dr. Charles B. Sumner, and there is little need of my adding to its historical content. A few personal recollec-

tions may be worth while, as my fellow trustees have asked me to contribute something of that nature for the coming 50th anniversary. No one else on the Board has had such a long, varied and colorful experience in the trustee's office as I have had. If I had a good memory and a talent for writing I might produce quite a book.

To begin with, in 1887, I was the youngest man on the Board of Trustees, and now, in 1937, I am the oldest. The first meeting that I attended was at Mr. Sumner's little house on the west side of San Antonio Avenue, in Pomona. The members present were Blanchard, Ford, Hill, Hunt, Palmer, Sheldon, Sumner, Wells and myself. The principal business in hand was the adoption of By-Laws of the college corporation. Everybody knows that "By-laws" is, or are, the most uninteresting thing in the world for an evening's entertainment. After working on the job all day we just debated, discussed and argued through the evening till after midnight. The most of us had to stay overnight with Mr. Sumner and his dormitory accommodations were meager. I slept either in a chair or on the floor. This was my introduction into the noble work of founding a college. Since that day and night I have always evaded By-law meetings.

My first visit to Claremont was probably in 1888, about the time when the Preparatory Department was opened in "Hotel Claremont." The great boom of '87 had spent its force here in building a hotel and laying down a narrow side walk along its main street, now College Avenue. Nothing else was to be seen in the proposed city but sand and rocks. Before the realtors and promoters had worked their civilizing schemes upon the place it was probably a pleasant bit of desert. It was now a nondescript thing in the "wash." At first

it was only regarded as a temporary location for housing the few students who were taking preparatory studies at Pomona. Dr. Sumner gives a whole chapter to "the College Site." Of all the sites that the trustees examined between Los Angeles and San Jacinto mountain this was the worst. And yet that boom hotel and sidewalk tipped the scale for Claremont and made a foundation for all that is here today. The rocks have been crushed into gravel for concrete skyscrapers, the sandy wastes are now orange groves, the old hotel was moved from Main Street and transformed into the Administration Building. So in these fifty years the desert has bloomed and blossomed into a college campus of charm and beauty.

The Board of Trustees had a membership of fifteen, seven clergymen, seven business men and, fortunately, one judge to act as umpire. In the main we cooperated very pleasantly but there was always some cleavage between the ministers and the business men. The former were for going ahead and trusting in the Lord, while the latter wanted to go slow until we got the money. It was Faith versus Works. Mr. Blanchard and I, supported by Minister Hunt, as I remember, led the conservative side, but we were beaten by the men of faith and vision. In the period of President Baldwin's administration from 1890 to 1897 the optimistic policy flourished and notwithstanding drouth, debts and the depression of '87, the little college grew in hopefulness and vigor. How it could do it in the face of its finances is a kind of miracle. Perhaps faith did work better than money.

But even the ministers got scared in 1895. A special committee of trustees made an investigation of accounts and reported on the years '91, '92, '93 and '94. As there was no bookkeeper on the staff Prof.

Brackett presented the statement for the first two years, as follows:

1891		
RECEIPTS	EXPENSES	DEFICIT
\$5473	\$10,583	\$5110

1892		
RECEIPTS	EXPENSES	DEFICIT
\$7754	\$13,939	\$6185

The Professor was a mathematician and astronomer. He could calculate an eclipse of the sun but he couldn't manage an eclipse of the deficit.

There may have been a bookkeeper for 1893 but he did worse than Brackett:

1893		
EXPENSES	RECEIPTS	DEFICIT
\$26,243	\$11,216	\$15,027

In '94, wonderful to tell, there was a surplus of 56 dollars and 51 cents, sufficient to pay ten cents on each hundred dollars of indebtedness. This may be amusing to us now but it wasn't very cheerful at that time. Notwithstanding the great popularity of Dr. Baldwin as a man and friend among students, and faculty and trustees also, the trustees after months of deliberation, finally came to the opinion that the interests of the college required an administrative head of experience and capacity for its financial affairs. But there was an embarrassing moment in the Board meeting when the deciding step was to be taken. The hesitation continued. Then I thought to myself, these other trustees live up here in close, friendly contact with Dr. Baldwin. I'm so far away in San Diego that I can better escape the criticism of bolting against the president. So up I stood and said "Mr. Chairman, I move that

President Baldwin be requested to resign." This blunt, undiplomatic motion shocked our gracious and dignified President, Mr. Bent, and he managed to get it modified to some polite and parliamentary form. It passed however and became effective.

Dr. Sumner says in his book: "In the summer of 1897, after seven years of service, Dr. Baldwin resigned the presidency, and his resignation was accepted. In withdrawing from the college work he left a host of friends and no enemies." This is quite true, and his generous spirit is revealed in the letter that he wrote to me immediately afterwards:

"Dear Mr. Marston: I am very sorry that in our official relations we have been brought into such sharp and hard conflict; for in our relations as men I have had for you nothing but the highest esteem. These official relations are too artificial; they are irksome to me. I covet the meeting on the grounds of manhood and now that the conflict is over I sincerely hope that we may meet as men with all the old time fellowship and appreciation of each other. This is a great compensation for the termination of official and artificial relations between us. This will end all strife I hope.

Yours hastily,

C. G. Baldwin"

I have no copy of my reply, but I hope I had the grace to respond in the same kind spirit. After forty years I see more clearly that the two parties were both seeking the same goal and that President Baldwin's work enriched the college in its spiritual and mental life.

Mr. Blanchard and I were probably as responsible as anyone for the change to the presidency of F. L.

Ferguson, but Dr. Sumner and Dr. Day joined with us. He was strongly recommended by the Congregational Education Society, Dr. D. K. Pearsons (our Pearsons Hall giver) and by several of Dr. Sumner's eastern friends. He was quite an opposite type from President Baldwin and pleased the trustees much more than the faculty and students. His brief term of office, less than four years, was marked by material improvements, increase of resources and better administrative methods. After seven years of idealism and deficits the college needed a touch of business practicality. But it needed something more, and in the intellectual, and moral leadership of George A. Gates, D.D., LL.D., which commenced January 1st, 1902, the college began a new era of educational progress. Dr. Gates was an admirable president. The trustees were proud of him even when he confessed his inability to cope with finances. His engaging personality, eloquent address, ripe scholarship and rich spirituality gave great dignity and worth to the young college. In his seven years with us the college became a substantial institution of education and gained a country wide repute.

Dr. Gates can be credited with a large share in this advance. He was an inspiring leader. But even he wasn't quite perfect, at least from a trustee's standpoint. I remember distinctly a Board meeting in which he presented some unfavorable facts about receipts and expenditures. After expatiating with his usual eloquence over the glorious opportunities for college progress and the distressing lack of funds, he held up his hands in despair and said, "There, gentlemen, that is the terrible situation. What can be done? I am a child in Finance and Business. Finance is a monster to me. You must tackle him." So we did, and

it was a pleasure to ease the president of this burden. On the platform Dr. Gates could face five thousand people with courage, wit and persuasive force, but in the little arena of business affairs he was nonplussed. If he had had a bit of Baldwin's promotional energy and a pinch of Ferguson's shrewdness, what a wonderful college president he would have been! How much we demand of our leaders! They should all be allowed a few faults and deficiencies.

In its first twenty years the college was sustained by the loyalty and devotion of its faculty. I knew them all of course; the contact between trustees and teachers was closer then than now. Only Professors Norton and Brackett are with us now and I count it a great joy to have been associated with them for fifty years. We were sub-founders with Dr. Sumner, the first and only Founder.

I wonder if there is another instance of a man establishing a college at the age of fifty, being in vital connection with it for forty years, and at last seeing his early vision completely fulfilled. In the first three years of Pomona College Dr. Sumner was virtually its president, and also a trustee, secretary, business manager and financial agent. And besides this he taught a class and preached a sermon on Sundays in the Community Church. In the eloquent words of Amy McPherson's mother: "What a man!" It has always seemed to me that we trustees missed it badly in not honoring him by changing the temporary name of Pomona College to Sumner College. But the students wouldn't have it; and what could we do when Rah-Rah-Rah rhymed so nicely with Po-Mo-Na!

Chapter V of Sumner's "Story of Pomona College" is entirely devoted to "The First Trustees." As already mentioned I was closely associated with Nathan Blan-

chard who signed so many college notes and was the donor of Blanchard Park. He was for many years the leading horticulturist of Ventura County. I was a much younger man than he and regarded him as a kind of Nathan the Prophet.

There were two very active and influential ministers on the Board whom I very well remember, Rev. James T. Ford and Rev. Theodore C. Hunt. Mr. Ford was an intimate and helpful friend to Mr. Sumner. The Ford home was a kind of college house in early days. Mr. Ford died in 1892 at the age of seventy-five. Mr. Hunt did a great service in getting the owners of our present site to give it to the college. It has turned out better than it looked!

Mr. Henry K. W. Bent, the father of our present trustee, Arthur S. Bent, was President of the Board for several years previous to 1900. He was greatly loved and respected. Mr. Bent understood the art of presiding, and I feel quite sure that during the writer's term of presiding, the members of the Board who knew Mr. Bent must have thought to themselves (when the said writer was unusually giddy) we *once* had a chairman of dignity and parliamentary knowledge.

The other trustees in the early period were Messrs. Palmer, Sheldon, Hill, McLean, Hutchins, Brunson, Harwood, Wells, McPherron, Marston. Dr. McLean, father of our present trustee Mrs. Olney, was pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland. Dr. Hutchins was pastor of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles. I was quite a boy among these grave and reverend men. All have passed away except Mr. Hunt and myself. After his absence from California, forty years I think, it will be a great pleasure to meet him on Founders' Day.

At the close of Dr. Gates' administration the Col-

lege organization was twenty-two years old and had reached a stage of relative maturity in a pioneer community. The date is a familiar one to me because it was such a busy year. In 1909 I was elected President of the Board, was Moderator of the Southern California Congregational Convention, spent considerable time looking for a new president and made my first trip to Europe. Between times, going to Claremont and Europe, I was running a dry goods shop. This was a very critical year for the College. It seemed as if our young educational enterprise could not get the resources necessary to maintain the teaching staff. Its distinguished president for the preceding seven years had resigned because of broken health and discouragement. It was a dark time and light did not dawn until February 1910 when James A. Blaisdell became president and took an instant leadership which restored confidence and opened a new era. Looking back over the history of fifty years I wish to record my judgment that Sumner and Blaisdell are the two great figures in the creation of the life that exists in Pomona, Scripps and Claremont.

After reviewing the administration of President Blaisdell and his successor President Edmunds father returns to his fellow trustees.

In the second decade the one I remember best is Albert K. Smiley, who was a great asset to our Board. Mr. Smiley was a genuine and charming Quaker of the Old School, but a man of the world and abreast of modern life. Dr. Warren F. Day and Judge Harwood were great figures among us. What a rousing banquet we gave the Judge on his 100th birthday. Dr. Kingman was a fine trustee and he could talk like a Wendell Phillips or Woodrow Wilson. A little later on three of

our alumni came on the board, and have long continued—Edwin Hahn, Arthur Dole, Llewellyn Bixby.

I can recall a score of men who deserve recognition, but must limit my account to four names, and these four have all passed away in recent years.

Bishop Joseph H. Johnson gave distinction to our Board of Trustees. But how fraternal and companionable and pleasant! When I was in the chair presiding he could laughingly concede that I was the “Bishop” for the time! Bishop Johnson brought to us his broad catholic views, sane educational principles and warm human aspirations.

Col. Seeley W. Mudd is preeminently associated with Claremont Colleges as its great benefactor. His interest in that institution was awakened while a Pomona trustee and in contact with President Blaisdell. Col. Mudd was a perfect trustee, combining educational and spiritual ideals with the wisdom of affairs. His gracious personality can never be forgotten by his associates.

Mr. E. P. Clark’s monument is the fine, stately Men’s Dormitory where our boys live like princes now (as compared to their former habitations). Mr. Clark was Vice-President of the Board for many years when I was President. I stuck to my office with such tenacity that he never had a chance at it! As he was the leading Conservative of our group and I might modestly claim to have been the leading Radical (being the only one), we sometimes differed in our opinions. But always quite pleasantly. Mr. Clark was a genial man, thoroughly sincere and decided in his convictions. He was kindly to everybody and so particularly kind to me that I’m a bit sorry now that I didn’t let him be President!

John Treanor came on the Board in 1927 and his tragic death occurred in 1935. Mr. Treanor became in that short time a very influential member. I am inclined to think he had the keenest and most logical mind of any business man ever connected with the College. As a chairman, I relied on him to grasp and deal very alertly with any difficult situation. In analysis and judgment he was superb. Mr. Treanor's passing in the prime of life was a deplorable loss and filled our college community with deep sadness.

In behalf of all the men trustees I wish to pay a tribute of respect and gratitude to the four brave women who were the first of their sex to accept the office: Mrs. Susanne Bixby Bryant, Mrs. Mary McLean Olney, Mrs. Mary Clark Eversole, and Mrs. Elizabeth C. Treanor. They are indeed the Graces of our Board and worth a dozen men. Mrs. Bryant will never forget her first appearance as the only Woman. She had been somehow detained in her coming and was forty minutes late. As the gentlemen all rose to greet the First Lady she was a bit embarrassed and apologized in charming confusion for her tardiness. I rushed to her relief by saying, "Mrs. Bryant, we have been waiting forty years for a Woman and forty minutes more cuts no figure. We give you our grandest welcome." If I had only recollected her first name I should have called on the men to sing Hosanna to Susanna. As this is the best "Initiation of Members" speech I ever made I wish to have it historically preserved.

We are proud of our two Marys, not only for their fine personal service but for their middle names which pleasantly recall trustees McLean and Clark, their fathers, whom they worthily represent. In Mrs. Treanor's acceptance of her husband's trusteeship we

recognize a memorial service which is beyond praise and has our reverent homage.

These fifty years have passed by very swiftly. They are already gone! What a difference between looking backward and looking forward! What will the next fifty years bring forth? Somehow I have a distinct and pleasant feeling of relief that I won't be a trustee for it! I am already enjoying the comparative ease of not being a chairman. To say the formula "Those who favor the motion, say aye: those opposed, say no" several thousand times in the course of a quarter century becomes wearisome. I thank Mr. Frank Harwood for taking my place. And I now thank all my associates for their friendly support and cooperation in the twenty-six years of my chairmanship. My function was very simple—to restrain them in stormy sessions and to keep them awake in the dull ones. The only remarkable thing about my official career is that the more radical I became in my social and educational views the more surely was I reelected by my conservative friends. Perhaps this was as astute as friendly. A chairman is pretty well tied up.

This little paper of mine is so much about trustees that it may give the impression that I regard them as the superior power in the college. On the contrary, I believe that teachers mold the college life and are far more important. Trustees have a legal authority but in reality teachers are in vital command. As much as I differed with President Baldwin I supported him in his idea of a "Faculty College." That does not mean quite so much as it sounds. It is the principle of a co-operating control in which the teaching body has a fair share of influence and power, and also a large measure of freedom.

In the main, Pomona has pursued this mutual and

liberal course in the past. But in the broad field of universities and colleges the present trend seems to be toward trustee authority and restriction of faculty influence. If I were to be an active trustee in the future I would stand with teachers in their struggle for "Academic Freedom," as it is called. May I say this last word to my associates?

Remember that history shows that the classes holding wealth, power and privilege have generally opposed equal suffrage, free speech and social progress. At least they have resisted progressive ideas until compelled to accept them. On the other hand poor professors and threadbare visionaries, who do the deep thinking for the world, have been in the vanguard of the social advance. We trustees don't do much downright thinking (I'll except Dr. Patton and the ladies) and even if we did we would be afraid to express anything new. Our teachers are very sensible men and women (a few exceptions!) and they are seekers for the truth. Let us give them a wide berth. We can trust them.*

At the fiftieth Founders' Day Convocation the three men—Dr. Frank P. Brackett and Dr. Edwin C. Norton of the faculty and father of the trustees—who had been associated with the college from the beginning and who were still serving it were signally honored. They were given bronze plaques, the work of Mr. Cyril Jurecka of the college faculty, the bas-relief representing torchbearers, the Pomona symbol of the transmitting of knowledge.

In Mrs. Eversole's beautiful presentation speech to father she said:

*See Appendix B for a semi-humorous treatment of this subject in father's address at a joint meeting of the trustees of Colleges and Universities of the Pacific Southwest on February 18, 1937.

When she* told me of her great disappointment at being unable to come, we talked long of the rare experience of being associated with Mr. Marston, of all his engaging and endearing characteristics, of his sense of humor and of how often she as the first and only woman trustee among thirty men had been the target for his humor and for the glint of mischief in his eye, but that it had always been a gracious humor so that being a target was a delight.

It is that quality of graciousness of spirit that has always distinguished him among his fellow men and that has made him understanding and tolerant at moments when his convictions were strongest and his opinions and purposes most definite and that bound his board together in affectionate allegiance to him throughout the years.

It was not only the women who recognized father's gift for presiding at meetings. Mr. B. A. Woodford, a fellow trustee in 1928, expressed the same judgment in saying: "It has been a great pleasure to me to be one of those who is fortunate enough to sit in the meetings over which you preside with such rare good judgment and so happily. That alone has been an education in itself."

On December 20, 1930, Mr. John Treanor wrote to father: "There are only a few people like you in the world. Do you realize how you transform a company of dull, bored persons into cheery, amused, social beings, just by your presence? You strike the chord of humor and tolerance—the rest of us vibrate to it as a matter of course."

In writing to Dr. Blaisdell on October 18, 1934, Mr. Treanor said: "I think I have told you more than once that attending Pomona board meetings where Mr. Marston is to preside is not

*Mrs. Bryant, who was to have spoken.

work to me—it is pure refreshment. The meeting opens and soon we find ourselves under the spell of that completely harmonious nature. Who can resist such cheer—such a sense of fun? How can anyone in Mr. Marston's presence doubt that the separation which he has made of the important from the little things of life is the right one—in short, how can anyone, being with Mr. Marston, fail to want to adopt his philosophy of life in toto?"

Dean Norton's wit and the humorous sparring between Dr. Blaisdell and father enlivened more than one college banquet that I had the pleasure of attending. Father's story of his first meeting with "little Jimmy Blaisdell" in his baby buggy at Beloit, "such a wonderful baby that even then the idea of Claremont Colleges system was undoubtedly germinating in his brain," brought the instant response from Dr. Blaisdell that *he* remembered it to be the pretty nursemaid who had received father's attention. Father's story of the Passamaquoddy duck, which "is unlike any other duck—it always flies backward," was introduced delightfully by Dr. Blaisdell as an illustration of what he did not want to be: "I want to see the things that the future has in store, the achievements that are to be won, the crowns that are to be worn." The duck thus distinguished led to the following correspondence.

Dr. Blaisdell to father:

. . . in a recent letter to you I mentioned the real name of the Passamaquoddie Duck. I have since lost the memo. Do you happen to have that letter or recall the name I gave for the duck? I need it!

Father to Dr. Blaisdell:

Replying to your note of the 13th, received today, I am obliged to confess that I threw your last letter in the waste basket, having carefully filed all your other letters for thirty years. Yes, I ducked it into the basket,

because I am sure that you are heading some conspiracy to change the name of that duck. I want to advise you that I have letters patent on Passamaquoddy (not Passamaquoddie) and that the name can not be changed. The American Geographical Society and the Royal Society of Great Britain are standing behind me. Besides that, all the lumber jacks in the State of Maine and the ducks too. We are all united. We will fly both forward and backward in keeping this name.

The real reason that I put your letter in the waste basket was that I didn't want to remember that short and utterly commonplace name that you said belonged to my duck. How come a poetic soul like you ever thinks of ignoring Passamaquoddy? I think it is the most musical and interesting name of any bird in the world. I am glad I can't remember the name. Even if I did, perhaps I wouldn't let you know what it was. Anyhow I am glad you have forgotten it. Let it die in oblivion.

But why is it important? What have ducks to do with the great cause of education in which we are both enlisted? The only importance that it has is in its name and that name is immortal.

As the years went by father found great satisfaction in the growing beauty of the Pomona campus. He loved the splendid eucalyptus trees planted in the early days along College Avenue, the live oaks encircling the outdoor theater in Blanchard Park, and the sycamores exquisitely placed by Ralph D. Cornell, landscape architect and Pomona alumnus, on the margins of the great central square so happily named Marston Quadrangle. That so much of the charm of Claremont was achieved through landscaping, the art that he knew best, afforded father a very

special pleasure. He admired the North Gates with Dr. Blaisdell's beautiful inscriptions:

THEY ONLY ARE LOYAL TO THIS COLLEGE
WHO DEPARTING BEAR THEIR ADDED RICHES
IN TRUST FOR MANKIND

LET ONLY THE EAGER THOUGHTFUL AND
REVERENT ENTER HERE

He rejoiced in the dignity, beauty, and utility of the new buildings and in the achievement of a worthy environment for the college he loved.

